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THE Atlantic

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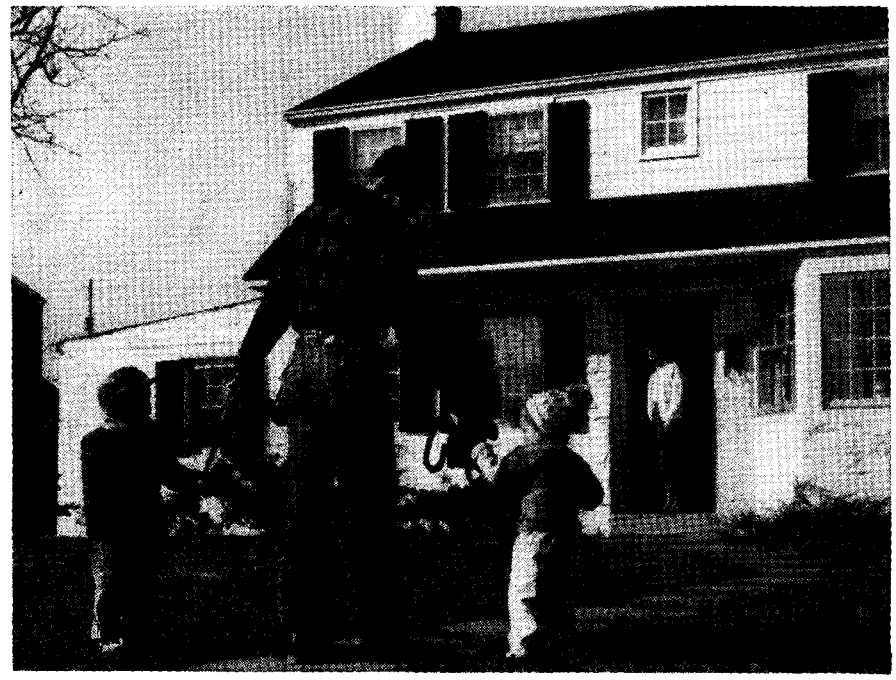
A HOME-TOWN BUSINESS



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APRIL

ATLANTIC

1958 VOLUME 201 NUMBER 4

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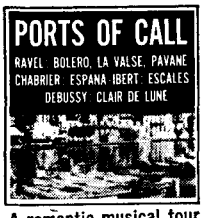
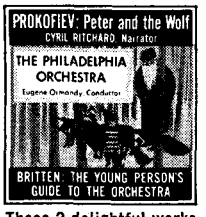


A romantic musical tour—Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra

Mozart's last work—which has been called an "opera for the angels"



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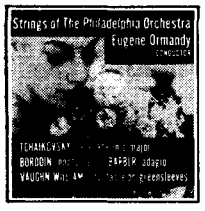

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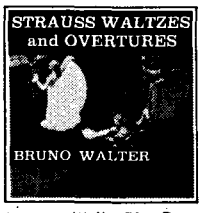

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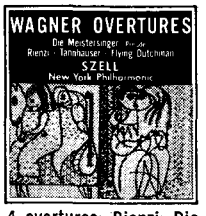
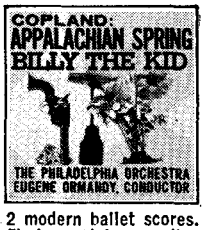


4 overtures: Rienzi, Die Meistersinger, Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser



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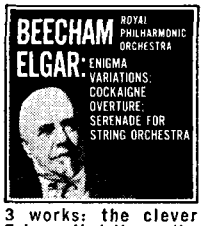
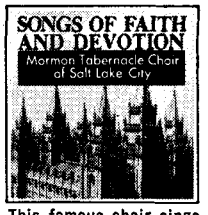
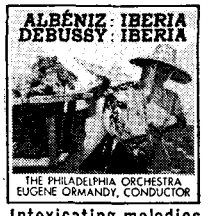


3 works: the clever Enigma Variations; the haunting Serenade; etc.



This famous choir sings 11 songs: Come, Come, Ye Saints; Clouds; etc.



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7. Brahms: Symphony No. 3
8. Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky Violin Concertos
9. Bach: Goldberg Variations
10. Strings of The Philadelphia Orch.
11. Peter and the Wolf; Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra
12. Mozart: Requiem Mass
13. Vivaldi: The Seasons
14. Sibelius: Finlandia
15. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite
16. Copland: Appalachian Spring
17. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
18. Bach's Royal Instrument
19. Chopin: Nocturnes Vol. II
20. Beethoven: Quartets 9 and 11
21. Elgar: Enigma Variations
22. Wagner Overtures
23. Songs of Faith and Devotion
24. Albéniz and Debussy: Iberia

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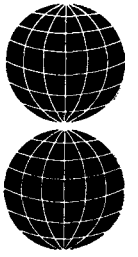
The Atlantic Report  *on the World Today*

THE MIDDLE EAST

ARAB unity has been a catchword so long, and its peaceful attainment seemed so improbable, that the latest Arab initiatives have come as a shock. The failure of the Arab League to provide anything but a sounding board for propaganda has been an embarrassment to Arab idealists. So, until the Suez attack, have the petty quarrels between Hashemites and Saudis.

Another divisive force was the 1948 Palestine debacle, which helped to disperse rather than unify Arab leadership. This dispersal moved in two directions. Cairo, after the 1952 revolution, began to attract the active reformists, the young men in a hurry. Baghdad became the stronghold of old-fashioned nationalists, clinging to royalist symbols and tight upper-class control in the face of rising popular revolt.

This polarization has been emphasized by the widening gulf between the haves — the oil-rich states of the Persian Gulf — and the have-nots of the Levant and Egypt. It has been further intensified by outside factors: Anglo-American support favoring resistance of the oil states to Cairo's influence; the placing of substantial counters on the side of Cairo and Damascus by Russia and the satellites. It took the attack on Suez to break up this pattern.

Arab solidarity

Suez marked a turning point in Arab affairs in two significant ways: it caused a closing of ranks against the West and a revival of the old ideal of unity. Saudi Arabia cut off oil to the refinery on British-controlled Bahrain. Iraq seriously threatened to leave the Baghdad Pact. Syria cut the pipeline of the Iraq Petroleum Company, largely owned by British and French interests. Nasser's "martyrdom" gave fresh impetus to the revolutionary tide in Baghdad, Riyadh, Damascus, and Amman. The star of the Syrian Ba'ath (Socialist Resurrection) Party began to rise. The Ba'ath program calls for erasing the mandate frontiers set up forty years ago, or, failing that, federating all the Arab states. Its structure is horizontal, embracing active branches in Iraq and Jordan.

Frustration in Jordan has caused the Ba'ath to look more and more to Cairo. A natural rapport exists between it and the Nasser government. Both believe in socialist solutions to Arab economic problems. Akram Hourani, young head of the Ba'ath, has attained political leadership after a twelve-year struggle against the Syrian landed hierarchy to improve the lot of the fellah. His influence helped to shape Syrian legislation which calls for land, labor, and tax reforms.

Neither the old-school parliamentarians nor the young militarists have been able to institute these new programs. But they remain enshrined in the documents which are now being reconciled with the new Egyptian constitution. The aims of both are similar enough to provide a common constitutional base for the United Arab Republic.

Back of the urgent Syrian appeal to Cairo for action was a threat to the entire Ba'ath-nationalist coalition. The immediate threat was that fellow-traveling Defense Minister Khalid Azm would attempt to take over the government under Communist auspices. The unmentioned strings on Soviet aid were beginning to manipulate Khalid Azm toward the Syrian presidency, and Hourani and his colleagues in the army foresaw a hopelessly rigged election.

The wooing of Syria

Political instability has been proverbial in Syria ever since it emerged as a political entity in 1945.

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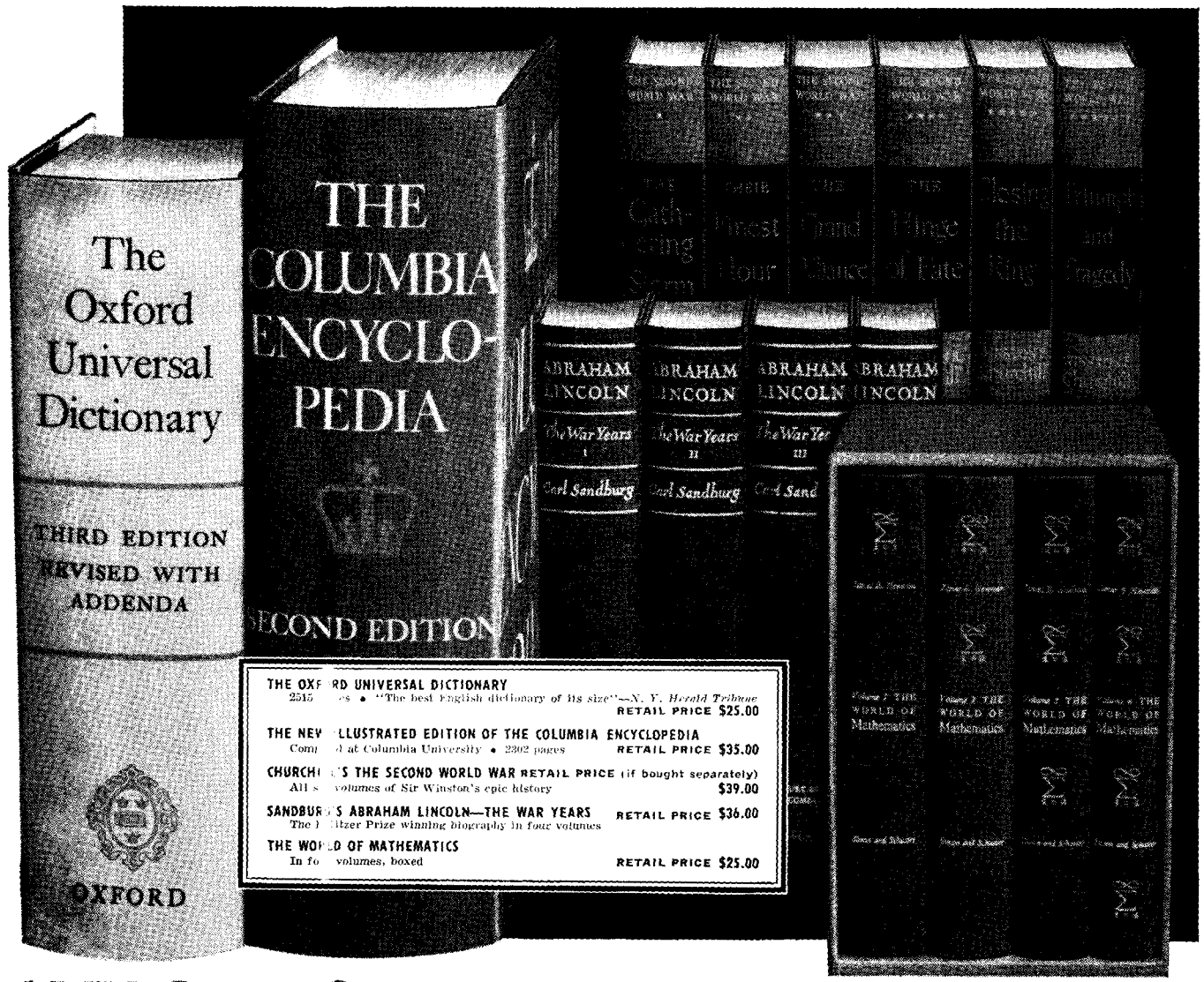

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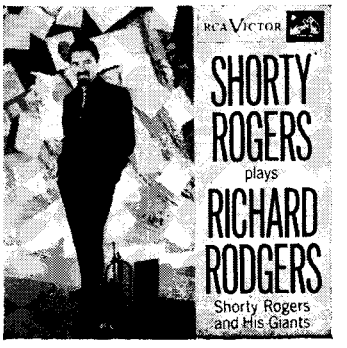

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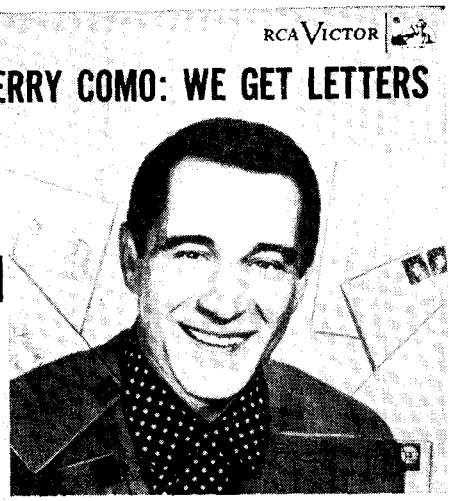

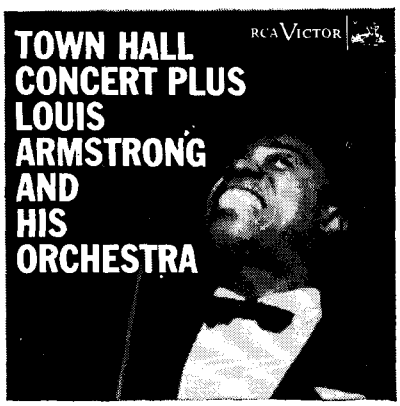

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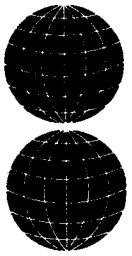

Some of the reasons date back to the struggle against the French mandate. During that period there was no tradition of civil service to replace the habits of conspiracy acquired under Ottoman rule. Furthermore, Syria, as it appeared on the map after 1939, was a truncated state, deprived of Alexandretta because France needed to placate Turkey. This arbitrary transfer cut off normal trade between Aleppo and its port. Meanwhile, Beirut, Syria's second historic outlet, was allotted to an independent Lebanon. This left Syria much reduced when independence was finally conferred upon it.

As a result, Syria's short independent history has been clouded over by a sense of deprivation and suspicion. Xenophobia has been inevitable. In addition Syria is plagued by factionalism and a surplus of political prima donnas. The conservatives, based largely at Aleppo, have favored alliance with Iraq. They were supporters of the Fertile Crescent scheme of the forties. Opposed to them has been a mixture of nationalists and young reformists, many from the army.

The fortunes of these younger men were much improved by the success of the Egyptian revolution. The ideals of a neutralist and socialist welfare state seemed just what they wanted. Nasser became a popular idol, his picture appearing all over Syria. Egypt's isolationist foreign policy was rechristened "positive neutralism." It did not have to be changed.

It was natural, too, once Egypt had made dealing with Russia respectable, for Syrians to start their own missions to Moscow. Even solid nationalists like Shukri al Kuwatly made the pilgrimage and received the gold-plate treatment at the Kremlin. Czech and Russian aid began to flow to Syria a year ago. By this past winter its whole development program was being underwritten by a $200 million, 2.5 per cent loan from the U.S.S.R.

Khalid Azm had initiated the preliminaries to this aid last summer without authorization from Damascus. Azm is an opportunistic politician, frustrated in his determination to be President of Syria. He was defeated by Kuwatly in 1955. Last October he saw Akram Hourani elected speaker of the chamber, Syria's second highest office. All of this has made Azm an easy mark for flattering Soviet attentions, particularly those of Parkhalid Bagdash, leader of the Communist Party in the Levant.

Communist influence has reached into the army as well. It successfully eliminated a nationalist chief of staff last summer and installed Communist Colonel Bizri in his place. Had the Communists been content with this quiet progress, Syria might well have been completely subverted by now. But Moscow felt it necessary to feature its new identification with the Arab cause last fall by launching a campaign against the Baghdad Pact. The campaign was focused on the sensitive border between Turkey and Syria, just as a reminder of chronic grievances.

The synthetic character of this affair was easily exposed at the United Nations. Also exposed was the extent of Arab anxiety over too close a union with the U.S.S.R. When Nasser sent troops into northern Syria in October, one of their assignments was to take over from the Russians the training of Syrians in the use of Czech and Russian arms.

The union of Egypt and Syria

In effect, the sudden union of Egypt and Syria has rescued Syria again. President Kuwatly's journey to Cairo in January was perhaps the last in a long series of appeals for help. This time he had the Ba'ath with him, determined to hold its recent gains. Nasser's price, the abolition of parties in Syria, was not too high for the group who could expect to dominate anyway from now on.

It was a bold stratagem. No one could be against it, though the silence from Moscow was thunderous. Perhaps it would cure the Syrian neurosis over encirclement. At the same time it might provide refuge for a few of Egypt's hungry unemployed. A joint committee on agricultural policy and migration has reported favorably on this. An economic unity agreement was signed last September providing for considerable integration of the two economies.

On the surface the obstacles appear formidable. Syria, with a population of only five million, is the more prosperous partner. In the last ten years its cultivated area has been doubled; grain production has increased by 64 per cent and cotton production eight times. Syria exports nearly half a million bushels of wheat a year. Mechanized farming has transformed the northern plateau region. All of this has been done with private Syrian capital, a unique accomplishment in the Middle East. And Syria has brought about considerable industrial expansion.

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REFERENCE: "Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

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As a result, there is a labor shortage and fairly general prosperity. Only the financing of public improvements, dams, railroads, and heavy industries has become a problem and led Syria to seek Russian loans when Western terms seemed politically unacceptable.

Egypt presents a darker economic picture. Its loss of trade from Western Europe has driven it further into the Soviet trading system, depriving it of much choice of economic alternatives in the future. Its central problem of poverty and overpopulation is more acute than ever. Only substantial foreign or Arab aid can therefore rescue it for economic neutralism. Integration with Syria must involve far greater disparities than those which plagued the existence of divided Pakistan.

In the short run, federation of Jordan and Iraq may reduce tension, saving Jordan from immediate and violent partition. Israel may look more favorably on an extension of the forces of the United Nations (UNEF) all around its borders. Jordan itself may now benefit from a greater flow of Iraqi capital. Its expanding potash business and new refinery will provide new payrolls to entice a few more refugees off relief. Saudi army units now in Jordan may remain there and may be joined by Iraqis in the future.

There is a definite prospect that the Yarmuk River will be partially diverted into an East Ghor canal to open up new farmlands in the Jordan valley. This plan was shelved during the Johnston negotiations. Now it is being dusted off hopefully. Syria's rights as an upstream user of the Yarmuk were duly considered in a joint agreement with Jordan in 1953.

At that time Egyptian influence was brought to bear in favor of a generous share to Jordan, perhaps because of Egypt's desire to establish the prior rights of a downstream user in the Middle East. In the new unified counsels on this question the Egyptian view will probably prevail again. The present plan channels 60 per cent of the Yarmuk into the new canal. Tacit agreement by Israel to this appears likely.

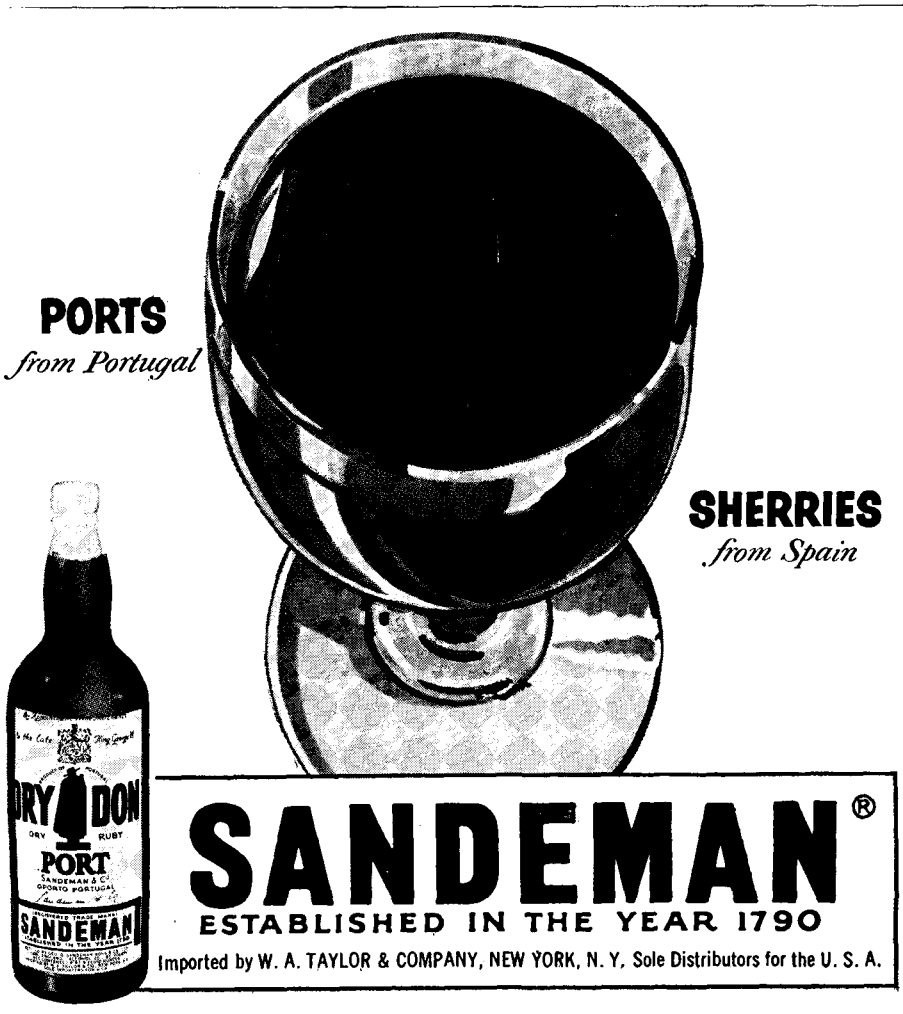
U.S. aid to Jordan will continue. It is, like Lebanon, to have Western show-window treatment. The job will be easier if the haves in Iraq begin to share with their have-not cousins on a significant scale. This will give the new federation real content.

In the long run an assumption of responsibility by the rich Arab states for the poor ones may be the really important result of the latest reunions. Saudi Arabia and Iraq have been sharply challenged to justify their political existence. If they play their high cards well, and if they themselves stake the revolution against poverty, they may gain a voice in the affairs of the Arab federation. But the token investments they have made so far in general Arab welfare will not be enough to save them from Radio Cairo's insistent subversion.

Arab oil

Realization of this fact seems to lie behind the increasing talk on the part of the haves in favor of oil-financed development. The Iraqi minister of finance has suggested that a proportion of oil income should be put into a general development loan fund. Iran's Washington Ambassador Amini has urged that all Middle East oil income be pooled for common needs. It has been pointed out elsewhere that the 2.5 per cent interest paid for Russian loans is equivalent to the earnings of Kuwait's great surpluses in London.

Arab unity on keeping the flow of oil within Arab territory is already established. It remains to be seen who will control the terms of future oil supplies to Western Europe and how an anticipated $15 billion in oil income will be shared during the next ten years. The producing countries seem at this juncture to have one more chance to insure against sabotage or a takeover by Nasser's ambitious "cooperative" plan. That chance seems to lie in a prompt response to the genuine needs of the aroused populations still feeding chiefly on propaganda from Cairo.



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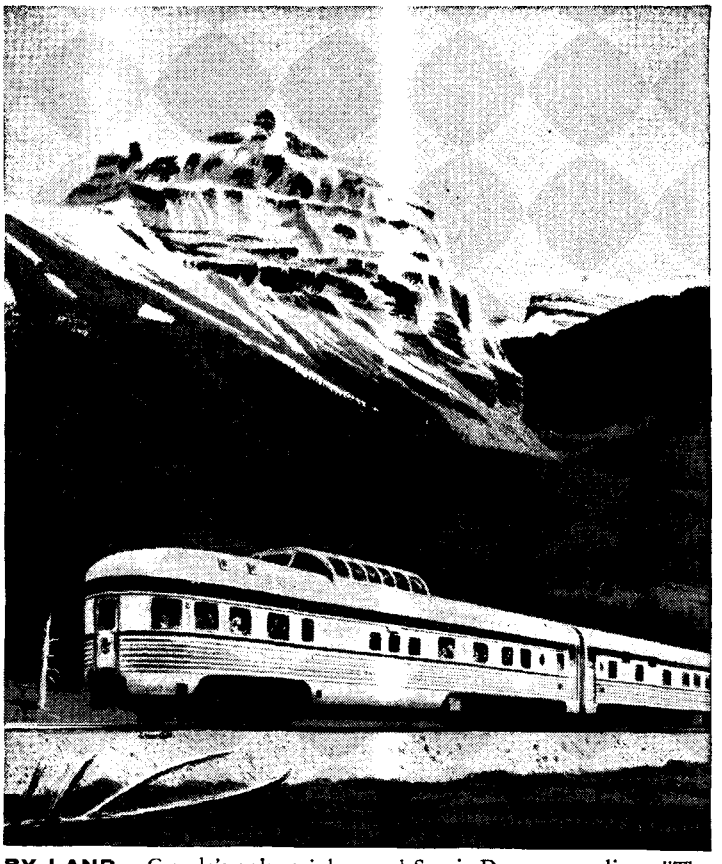

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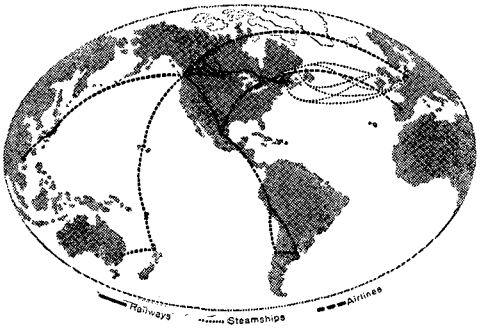

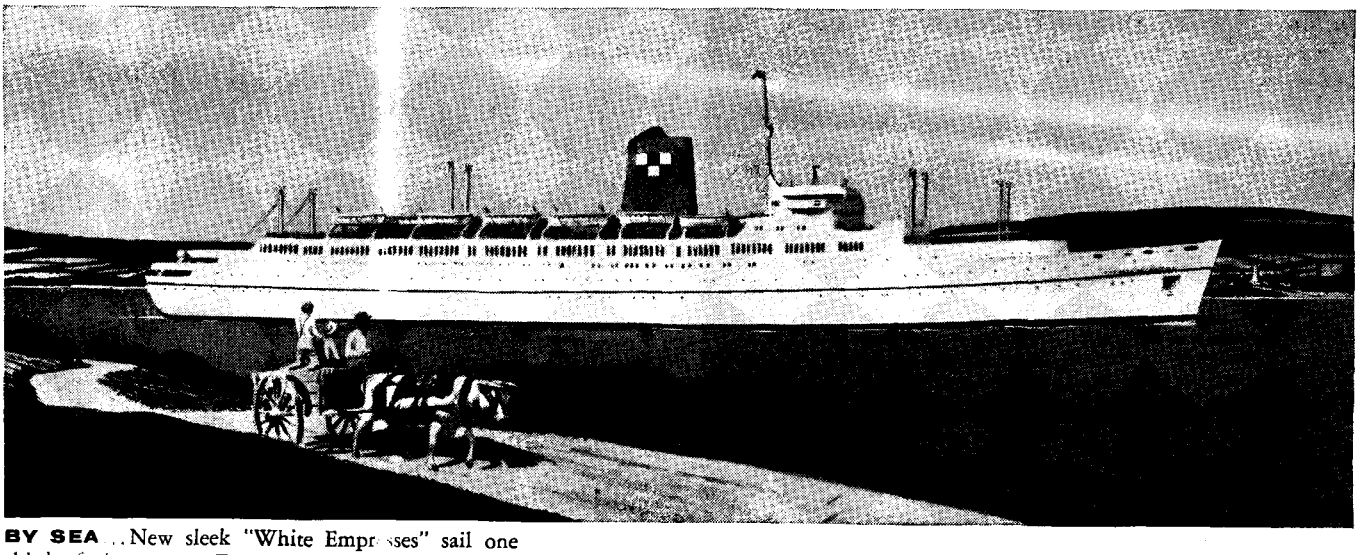

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RED CHINA'S TRADE

Communist China plays an important part in the Soviet economic offensive, which started under Stalin but really got under way in 1954. This offensive has been marked by an increase in trade with the free world, the extension of credits to countries outside the Soviet orbit, and the provision of technical assistance to all who will take it — particularly the uncommitted countries, the main target.

There have been a rapid flowering of bilateral and barter agreements with many countries in Asia and some in South America, an extravagant participation in trade fairs, and a well-advertised series of state visits by those far from genial traveling salesmen, Khrushchev and Bulganin. In almost every capital of Asia, Soviet and satellite diplomats have tried to create the impression that the Soviet bloc has nothing but the most generous intentions toward countries which wish to modernize their economies and preserve their independence.

Communist powers have always traded with the rest of the world, but credits and technical assistance outside the Soviet bloc are new developments. The granting of credits at 2.5 per cent interest on a long-range basis, with no strings attached, is obviously designed, among other things, to embarrass the United States and the international monetary agencies, which charge 4.75 per cent and demand careful investigation of every project. The contributions which the Soviet Union now gives to the United Nations Technical Assistance Fund, which it boycotted and denounced up till 1953, are made in rubles, and all technical training must take place in Soviet bloc countries, contrary to the established pattern.

Otherwise the Soviet approach is not dissimilar to that of the United States, except that the recipient country usually pays for the service and there is heavy emphasis on the industrial arts. There are hundreds of Soviet technicians in India working on steel, petroleum, coal, and diamond mining projects, and there are more than seven hundred Indians studying in the Soviet Union.

Russia is also building technical training institutes in the host countries — for example, the Bombay Technological Institute, the nuclear reactor establishment in Egypt, the technical institute in Rangoon. Soviet bloc scientists are on tour lecturing in the Middle East and other parts of Asia, and visitors to the Soviet Union report on the large numbers of Asian students and visitors traveling or studying in that land. For political reasons many technicians from the East European satellites are sent abroad, and even Communist China supplies a few technicians to Cambodia and India and has encouraged students of neighboring countries in Southeast Asia to come to the mainland for training.

China looks to Russia

Communist China goes along with the general policies of the Soviet bloc, but it plays a special role within the bloc and in Southeast Asia. The Soviet Union and the satellites are very active in Burma and Indonesia, and at the meeting of the United Nations Regional Commission in Bangkok in March, 1957, the Soviet Union offered to expand its trade and increase its economic cooperation with member countries of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East. The Soviet proposed to extend technical and economic assistance without strings, supply scholarships and fellowships to the Soviet Union, assist Asian nations in their economic planning, and contribute toward establishment of an Asian institute for technical research and studies in nuclear science.

The Soviet delegate naturally warned Asian nations against imperialist monopolies which, he said, encouraged agricultural rather than industrial development in Asia. This year the Soviet Union will hold a seminar on economic plans, and Asia will be invited to send participants to learn from Soviet experience. Southeast Asia is clearly an important target for all the Soviet bloc countries.

Communist China is in no position to export heavy industrial goods to its neighbors in Southeast Asia. The fact that Peiping's export of light

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industry products is not the result of excess production over domestic needs clearly means that other objectives are dominant. There is probably a need for foreign exchange for use in trading with other bloc members, but the main purpose seems to be political.

It is well to remember that the Chinese Communists first of all completely reoriented their trade to the Soviet orbit in the early years of the regime, at a time when they had access to Western markets by virtue of British recognition, and at least 80 per cent of Communist China's trade is now with the Soviet bloc. Such moves as were made toward the non-Communist countries were directed mainly toward those countries where the political atmosphere was favorable — Burma, India, Ceylon, Indonesia, Nepal, all of which recognized Peiping by August, 1950. Then came the Korean War, the freezing of Chinese assets, and the UN denunciation of Communist China as an aggressor. It was during this period that Peiping concluded its first barter trade agreement with India in January, 1951.

The importance of barter

The political significance of this act, at a time when Communist China was an outcast, was much greater than its economic importance. Peiping had broken the line. This success was followed in September, 1951, by a rice-rubber agreement with Ceylon. In 1952 Peiping concluded a private agreement with an unofficial Japanese trade delegation which was not important economically but was certainly a political triumph, because it gave an opportunity to tempt Japan with prospects of large Chinese-Japanese trade in the future.

The first trade agreements with Pakistan and Indonesia followed in 1953. By the time that SEATO came into being in September, 1954, the Chinese Communists were sending trade delegations to many countries, and everywhere they spoke of trade, peace, economic development, and the reduction of international tensions. At the Bandung Conference, Chou En-lai presented Communist China as the harbinger of peace, negotiated a new dual-nationality agreement with Indonesia on the status of the overseas Chinese, and reached out to Thailand, Japan, and the Philippines, its not too friendly neighbors. Then began a long series of state visits, trade delegations, and other devices to "ease international tensions."

Communist China's total trade grew from around $2.3 billion in 1952 to $3.7 billion in 1955, and of this, around $800 million was with non-Communist countries, an increase of about $200 million. For those who argue that Peiping is strongly interested in developing trade with the West, it is worth noting that during this period Peiping's trade with the Soviet bloc also increased: it rose from 72 per cent of its total trade in 1952 to 80 per cent in 1955.

If there were any doubts as to Peiping's overriding political objectives before this time, they were cleared up by Mao Tse-tung in his definition of Peiping's policy in September, 1956: "We must endeavor to establish normal diplomatic relations on the basis of mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty, and equality and mutual benefit, with all countries willing to live peacefully with us. We must give active support to the national independence and liberation movement in countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America as well as to the peace movement and righteous struggles in all countries throughout the world."

Dual motives

Communist China's political motivations are twofold: to build up Communist China as a powerful, industrially based military-economic power, and to penetrate and subvert the neighboring countries of Southeast Asia. The trick is to make the one serve the other. The Chinese Communists have to export in order to import certain selected items as determined by the needs of their economic development plans, and they are apparently determined to

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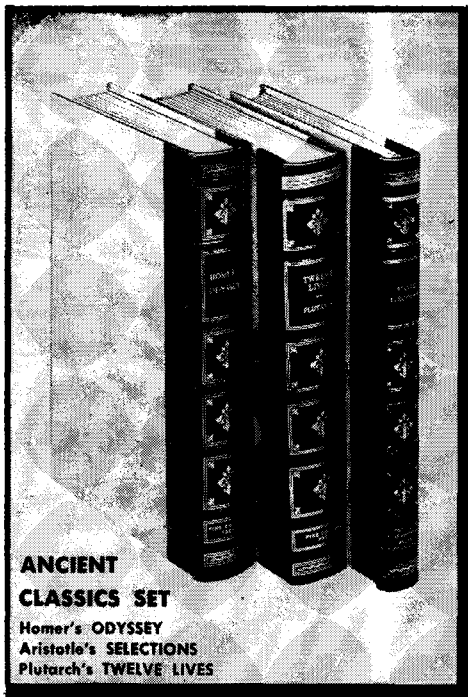

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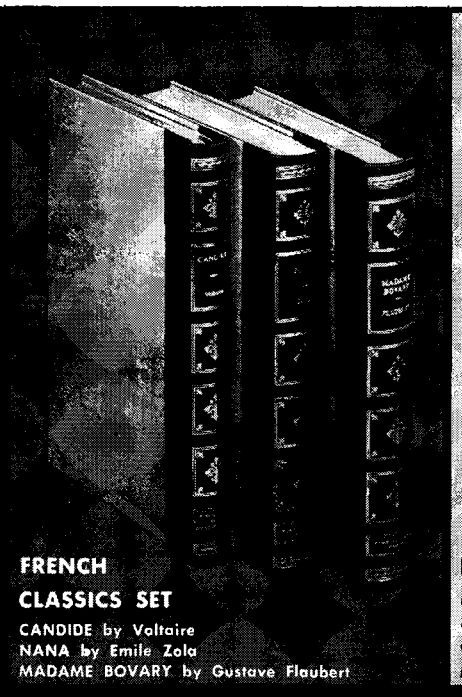

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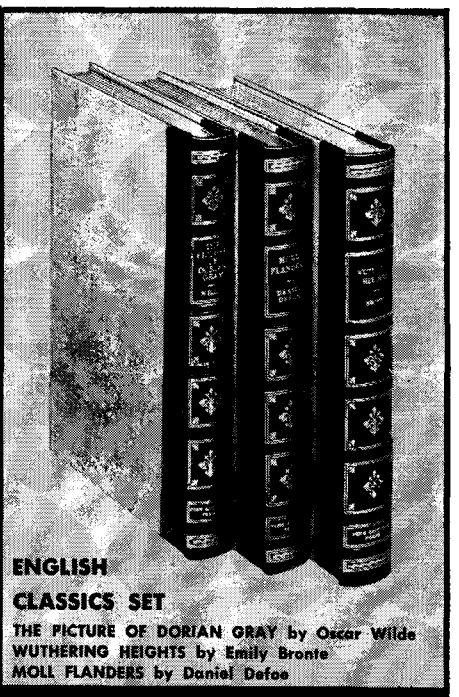

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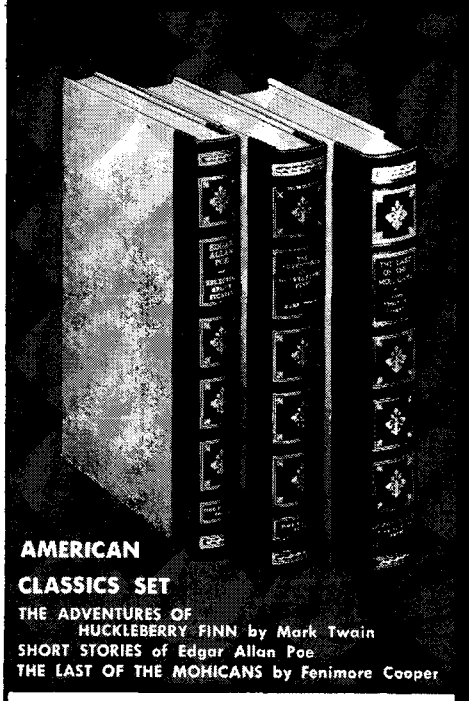

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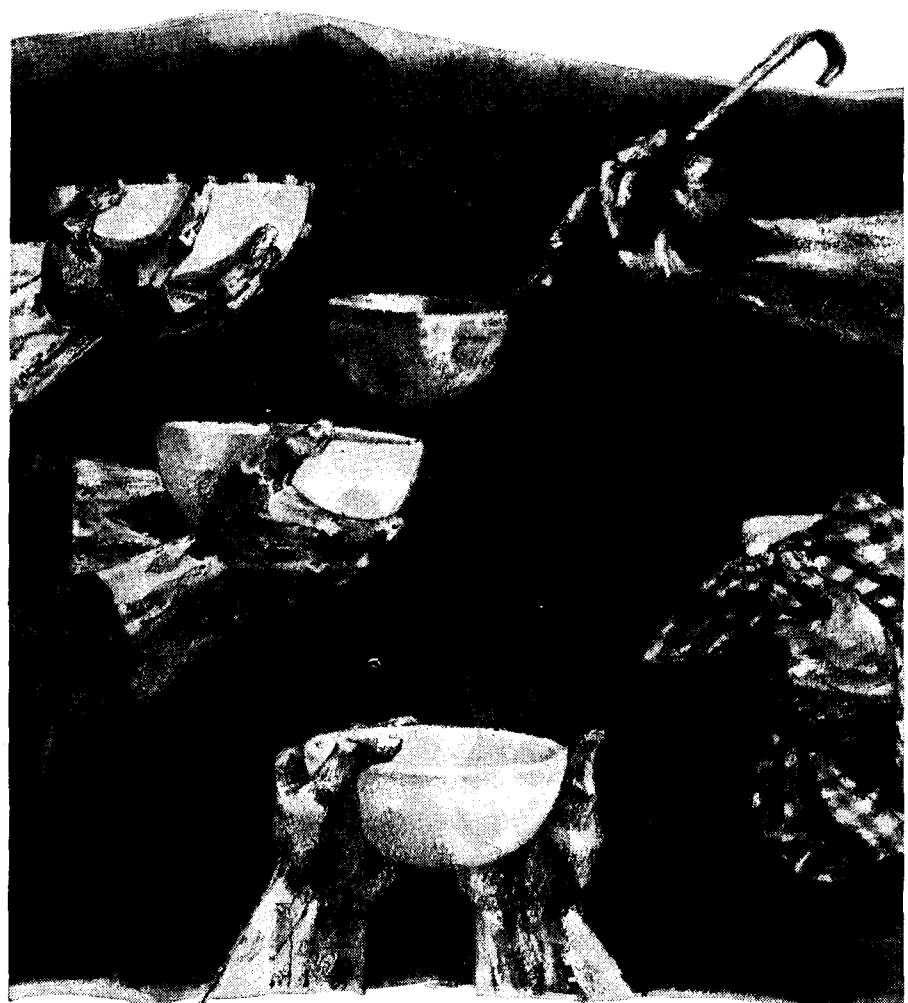

Joseph Hirsch

The COLUMBIAN NATIONAL
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77 Franklin Street, Boston, Massachusetts

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maintain a favorable balance of trade with the free world in order to help pay for the goods they get from the Soviet bloc or from the free world by way of the bloc.

The more the Chinese Communists earned in their trade with the free world during the last five years, the more they bought from the Soviet bloc — an awkward piece of information for those who argue that our trade restrictions have forced Peiping to trade with Moscow.

The degree of success that Communist China has in building up a favorable trade balance will have a bearing on the pace of Communist China's industrialization. This is an important consideration and one for which great sacrifices would be made. As most, if not all, of the favorable trade balance comes from Communist China's trade with Southeast Asian countries and Hong Kong, this consideration has a great deal to do with the way in which Peiping pursues its political objectives in those areas.

From the point of view of its industrial base and communication system, Communist China is really a heavily armed cripple, but so long as it is allied with Moscow it is a power to be reckoned with, and in any case it towers over those neighbors that are trying to be neutral. This military posture is coupled with a pervasive propaganda, which is most persuasive when men are most afraid. Political power, as Mao so delicately put it, grows out of the barrel of a gun; behind the Five Principles and the public wooing are covert pressures. These pressures are applied largely through the overseas Chinese minorities in Southeast Asian countries.

Pressure on the Chinese overseas

Because of the presence of Chinese minorities in the countries of Southeast Asia, Peiping is in a position to make a unique contribution to the

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Mont Orgueil Castle in Jersey, one of the four Channel Islands (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark).

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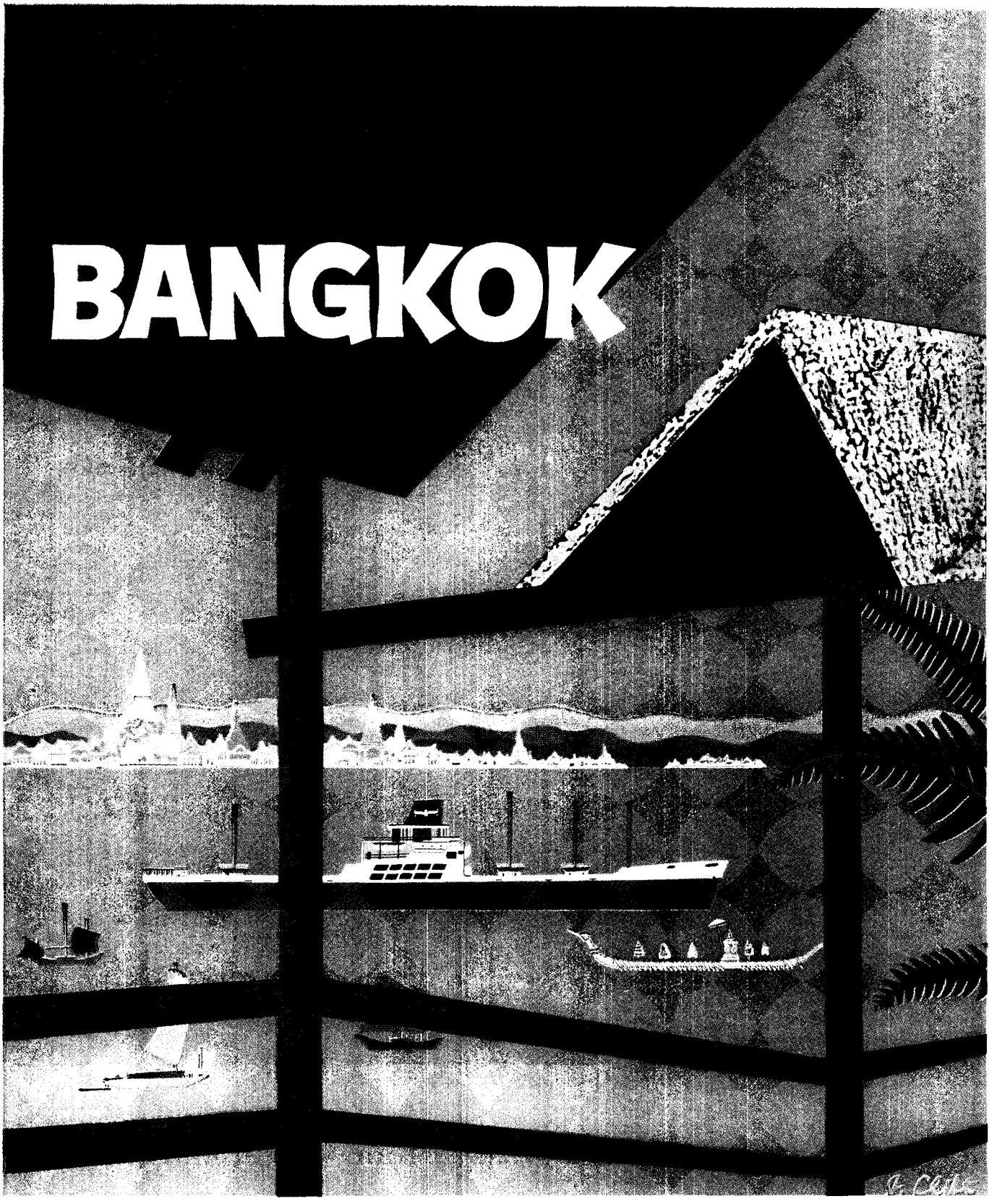

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

SERVING 50 PORTS ON 4 MAJOR TRADE ROUTES

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"new look" of the Soviet bloc. Here economic and political advantage go hand in hand. While the shadow of Peiping's military power lengthened over the lands to the south, the Communist Chinese went out of their way to encourage the flow of investments from the overseas Chinese by giving them advantageous terms as to interest rates, taxes, landownership, and freedom of travel — all of which are denied to ordinary citizens.

These measures have had some effect, even though it is a short time since the brutal treatment of businessmen on the mainland in the three-anti and five-anti movements during the Korean War. Money is moving to the mainland through the Overseas Chinese Investment Companies, which were formed for the special purpose of attracting savings, and there is considerable coming and going between the home country and Chinese settlements abroad.

Trade with Communist China is growing even in Thailand. As trade and political infiltration steadily move ahead, the overt attitudes of overseas Chinese toward Peiping begin to show measurable changes, but the pace is not forced nor will it be until the time is ripe. Nothing is done to scare the host government at this stage; the flag will follow trade.

One of the most important weapons in Southeast Asia for Communist China is prestige. In this regard, the grants made by Peiping to Cambodia and Nepal are particularly significant. In June, 1956, Peiping announced a grant of $22.4 million to Cambodia for two years to be spent on materials for the construction of textile mills, cement, paper, and plywood plants, universities, hospitals, youth and sports centers, roads, bridges, and power plants. The following month nine Soviet experts arrived to survey the possibilities of industrial and agricultural investments.

This grant was followed by a trade and payment agreement with Czechoslovakia by which manufactured goods were to be exchanged for Cambodian rubber, corn, pepper, rice, and leather. Czechoslovakia also promised scientific and technical equipment and technicians. But China had made the biggest splash, in spite of Chou En-lai's mock modest statement that "Because of our limited economic strength the assistance we can provide is rather insignificant."

Bases for subversion

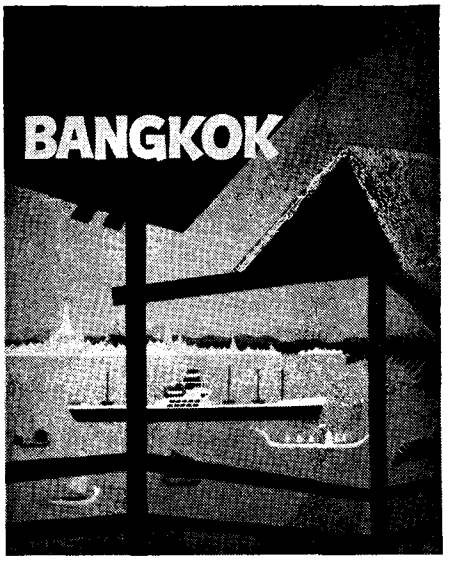
When the Cambodians discovered that the Chinese were trying to deduct the expenses of their good-will mission, including a football team, from the grant, they were a little disappointed. One of the weekly papers said, "Members of the Chinese economic aid mission in Cambodia, not yet having given anything to the Cambodians, are only engaging in political activities in our country."

In October, 1956, Communist China made a grant of $12.6 million to Nepal, one third in money (paid on time) and two thirds in capital goods. Here again it is not the amount of money involved that is important, but the fact that the Soviet bloc has entered this strategic area and therefore has a base for infiltration and subversion.

Where Communist China has diplomatic missions, subversion is that much easier — witness the Communist influence in Chinese schools in Indonesia and the open training of cadres in Burma. Peiping immediately recognized Malaya when it achieved independence, a compliment not yet returned, but prudently keeps up the flow of indoctrinated Chinese students from Singapore to the guerrilla forces in the jungle.

Friendly relations with Thailand also are sought on the diplomatic, cultural, and economic levels, while cadres are being trained in the Thai autonomous area just across the border.

All around Communist China's borders, infiltration and subversion are the main threats, the real price that has to be paid for economic relations, cultural missions, and technical assistance.



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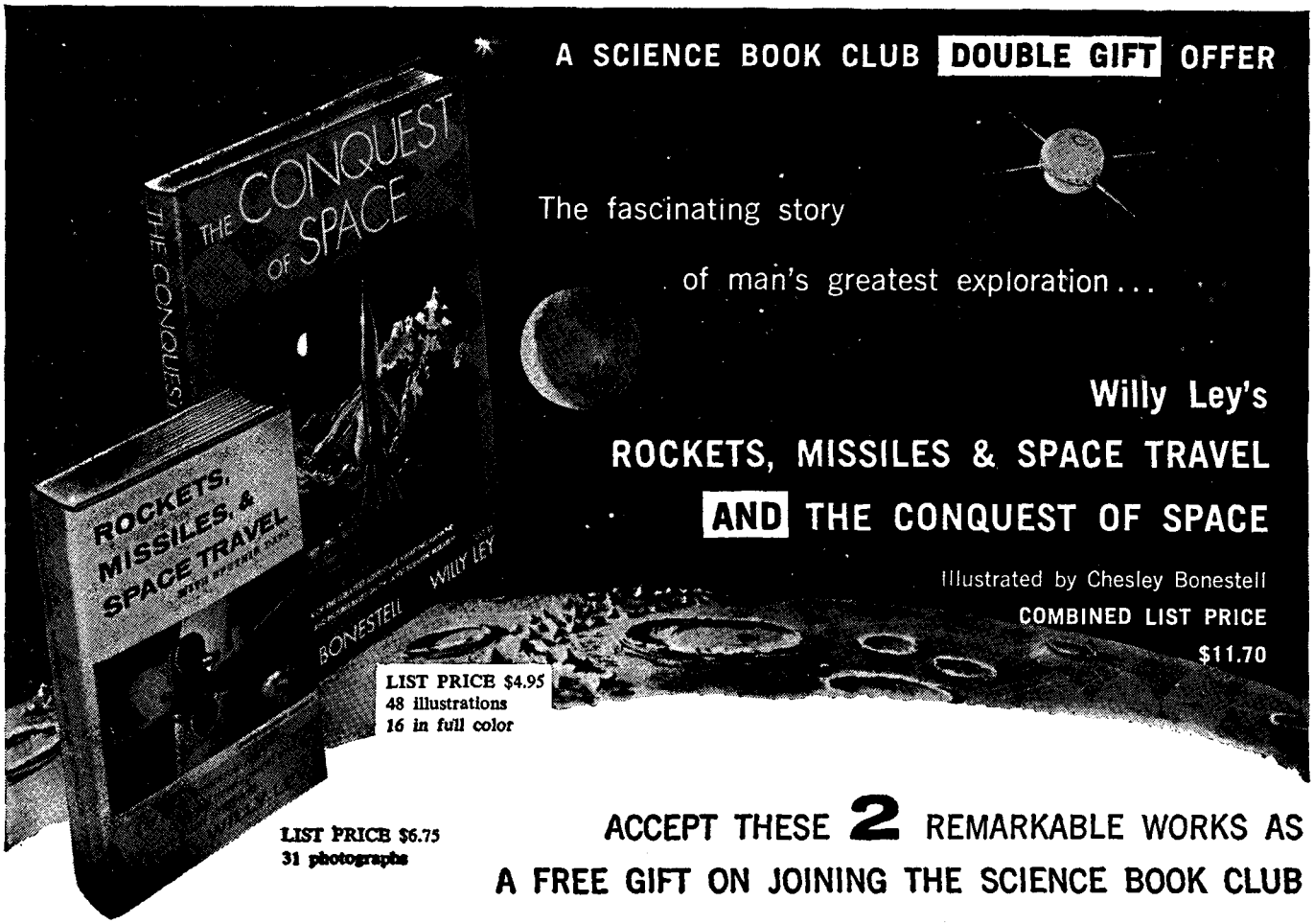

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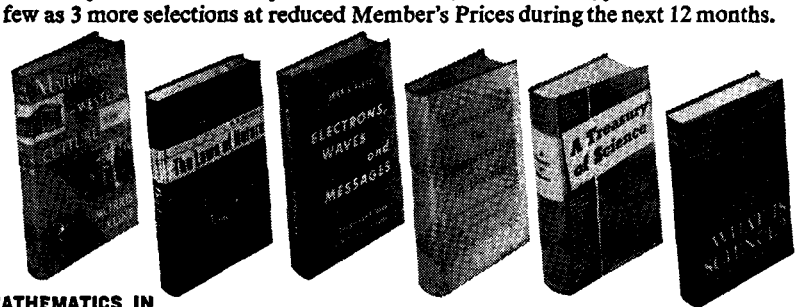

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

As UNEMPLOYMENT figures hovered about the five million mark, both Democrats and Republicans in Washington were feeling the pressures from back home for national action. Republicans, led by Senator Knowland, told the President they simply could not live, politically speaking, with the domestic cuts in his proposed budget.

Senator Lyndon Johnson called to the Senate floor the leaders among the Democrats in all sorts of domestic fields: education, housing, anti-monopoly, banking, and other aspects of what was clearly and rapidly becoming a national economic recession. Additional funds for unemployment insurance payments shot through Congress faster than did a couple of billion additional for missiles and other military needs.

A bill carrying $434.4 million for the Labor Department's Bureau of Unemployment Security passed both House and Senate on the same day, a rare show of legislative speed, and was signed by the President two days later, which is about as quickly as the necessary paper work could be done. The ordinarily frugal Senate Appropriations Committee took the unusual step of authorizing, in advance, its chairman to bring the bill to the floor the moment it had passed the House.

This and some other supplemental appropriation measures have demonstrated the phony nature of much of the budget cutting which Congress indulged in a year ago during the so-called "battle of the budget." More than $2 billion had to be voted for farm subsidy payments, payments required by congressional action but money for which had been cut in trimming Eisenhower's overall budget request by some 8 per cent.

Another $294 million had to be voted for the Veterans Administration to make up the $163.7 million economy cut of a year ago and to pay for the $129 million worth of additional pensions Congress had then proceeded to vote, together with other items. Public assistance grants to the states, cut last year by $79 million, this year had to be boosted by around $17 million.

Few of these new money bills, which slip through Congress without much fanfare each spring, contain much in the way of funds reflecting this year's unemployment. Those bills will come later, some of them in appropriations for the new fiscal year beginning July 1, some, perhaps, in further supplementals asked by the White House before this fiscal year is over.

The FCC under pressure

Congress reluctantly got its teeth into an investigation of the quasi-independent regulatory agencies, now run almost exclusively with Eisenhower appointees of one party or the other.

Hardly anyone in Washington had any expectation that the probe of these agencies by the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight would get down to real pay dirt, despite the fact that Speaker Rayburn himself had fathered it. There was every reason to believe that that judgment would have been the correct one had not House Commerce Committee Chairman Oren Harris of Arkansas, sponsor of the natural gas bill and for a while the owner ($500 cash and a $4500 note) of part of a television station, mistakenly thought that a man named Bernard Schwartz would be an innocuous counsel. It turned out that Schwartz was a scrapper, although rather naïve, and that he got some substantial help from a couple of newspaper reporters who suggested he turn over some of his papers to Senator Wayne Morse, the Oregon Democrat.

These two newsmen helped keep the probe alive by revealing from time to time some of these documents and the contents of a wire recording of a conversation by Schwartz's staff members with FCC Commissioner Richard A. Mack. The commissioner, a so-called Eisenhower Democrat from Florida named by Eisenhower, could not legally be removed by the President, but discreet pressure from the White House accomplished the same thing. If Mr. Mack is to serve as a scapegoat, the question is how much deeper the investigation will delve. There are certainly other FCC rulings as suspect as the one in Miami.

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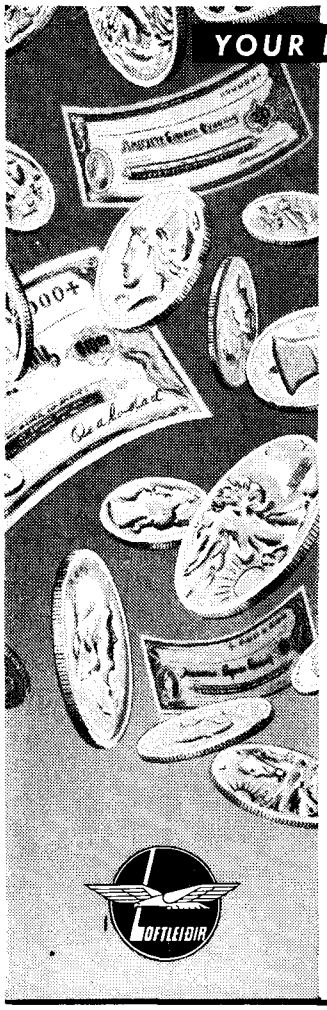

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Report on Washington

The regulatory agencies, largely sprung from the New Deal reforms, have often been called the fourth branch of government, so great is their power over major segments of the American economy. The truth is that the dedicated public servants on the top rungs of these agencies, men of the caliber of the late Joseph Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, are today few and far between.

The Truman Administration and now the Eisenhower Administration both loaded the agencies with defeated members of Congress and others to whom they had political obligations. It is very difficult to get men of high ability to serve at salaries which are only a fraction of those received by the principals and their lawyers who appear before the commissioners to represent the American businesses the agencies were set up to supervise.

Reciprocal trade treaties

The economic slump has added to the Administration's difficulties in getting Congress to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act. Congressional voting in the last couple of years has shown a steady drift of Southern Democrats away from free trade principles toward protectionism, generally attributed to the movement of the textile industry to the South. A good many of the holdouts against protectionism, both North and South, are expected to fall into line this session because of closed factories or curtailed production back home, while competitive goods continue to arrive from abroad.

The Administration, under the general direction of the popular and capable Deputy Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, C. Douglas Dillon, has been trying to rally support for extending the trade act without crippling amendments; Eric Johnston, the Administration's utility man, put on a big bipartisan show to back the trade policy; the Presi-

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dent and Secretary Dulles have spoken again and again for it; and Vice President Nixon has taken on what is considered the worst of vote-getting chores in trying to convince members of Congress to support Administration policy.

How the trade act will emerge in the end may depend on the state of the domestic economy in late spring and perhaps on new evidence (or lack of it) of Soviet economic penetration in the uncommitted world. The Administration has been working hard to show the value of trade commitments to key uncommitted nations.

Harry Truman appealed to Democrats in Congress to back the Administration's aid program. "If the Democrats," he said, "refuse to spend at least as much for foreign economic assistance as this Administration recommends, we will never, never be able to explain it. People will forgive us for spending too much in the search for peace; they will never forgive us for refusing to spend enough."

The East-West stalemate

The Chief Executive cannot escape from the constant pulling and hauling by friend, foe, and neutral abroad on the question of meeting once again with the Russians in a summit conference. His disposition remains ever hopeful, with a willingness to attend if there is any reasonable expectation of agreement. But the Soviet positions on all the conceivable agenda items became even more frozen as Eisenhower and Bulganin exchanged letters over the winter months.

A number of people in the Administration insist that there are points of mutual interest — all related to the desire in Moscow as well as in Washington to avoid annihilation through miscalculation — on which a new East-West conference could be sustained with profit to each side.

Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin's February 1 letter to the President, with its thinly veiled attack on Secretary Dulles, certainly did the Russian cause no good. Yet even in his tough reply to Bulganin, the President, however belatedly, suggested that "leaders of thought and influential citizens within the Soviet Un-

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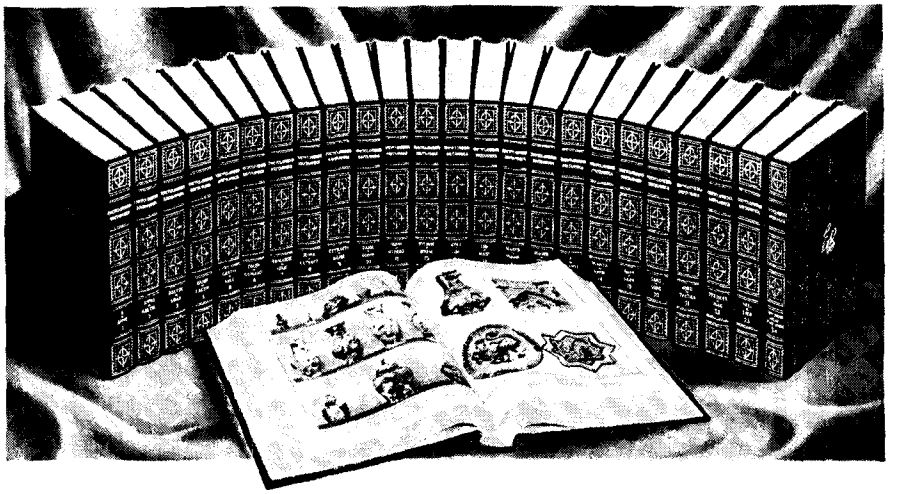

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Report on Washington

ion" visit the United States to shake their "totally false conceptions" of America and how it works. Here the President was thinking of the second- and third-level leadership, such as members of the Communist Party Central Committee, the "legislative" body known as the Supreme Soviet, and the heads and ranking chiefs of the manifold Soviet industrial and governmental ministries.

A few years ago such an invitation from Washington would have been politically impossible. Today it is clearly possible, even though any Russians who do come from that group will almost certainly have to face some heckling. What good such visits would do is not easy to calculate, but to many in Washington it seems the least that can be tried when the East-West gulf is widening instead of narrowing.

Mood of the Capital

As the November elections approach, every legislative move, each speech, all public statements from candidates and potential candidates (including would-be presidential candidates for 1960) get a fine combing in Washington. This is the season when American diplomats and American newsmen caution their opposite numbers in Washington not to believe everything they hear.

The Democrats this spring are sure of a big sweep in both House and Senate next November. But the big guessing game in the Capital is: Who will be the Democratic candidate in 1960? Most of the candidates are senators: Kennedy, Symington, Johnson, and Kefauver once again, though in the far distance. But the last senator to be elected to the presidency was Warren G. Harding. The generally accepted fact is that governors not only make better Presidents, apparently because of the administrative similarity of the two jobs, but have the advantage of escaping the roll calls the senators cannot duck for long.

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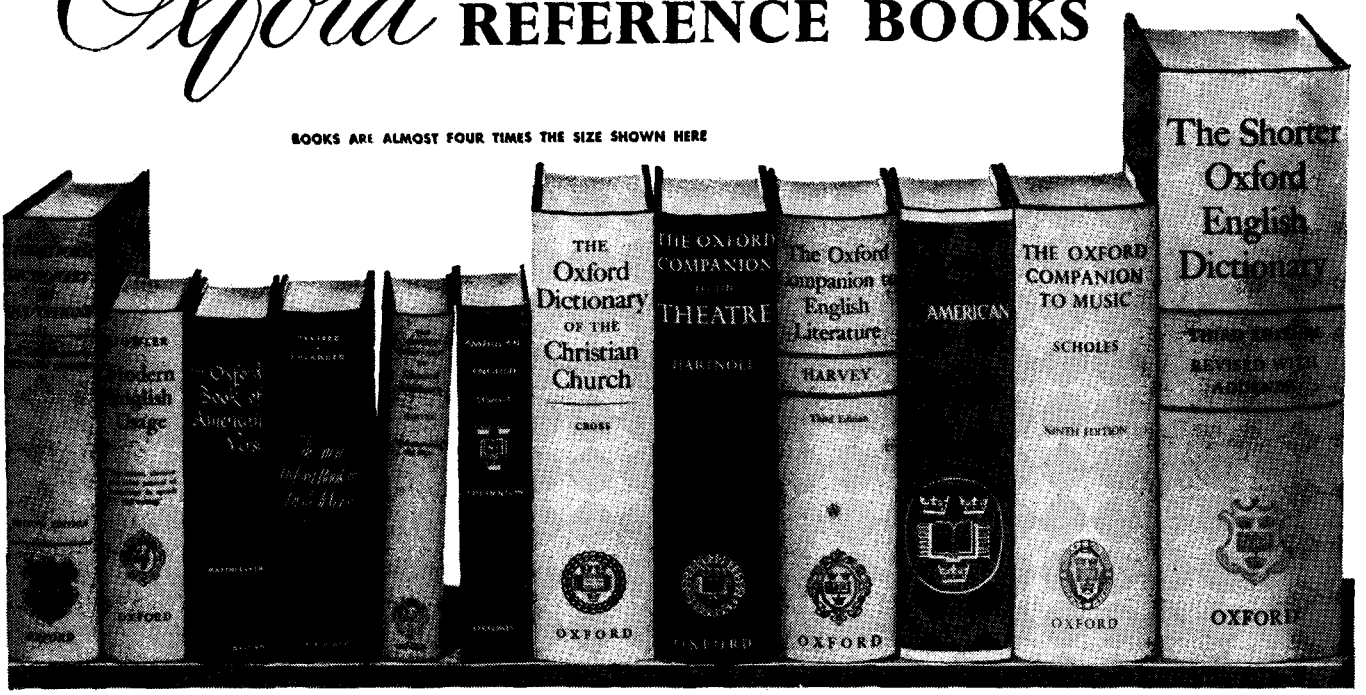

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Race and the schools

SIR:

In her article on Negro-white relations in the January *Atlantic*, "Race and the Schools," Agnes E. Meyer adds one more notable public service to her distinguished record.

She says things that badly need saying. Few others could have said them with equal authority and with an equal right to immunity from any challenge concerning motivation.

As she so effectively points out, the heart of the matter is the need to keep in mind our common purpose. It has been said that the essence of fanaticism is a tendency to rush feverishly onward in a direction originally chosen for a purpose, long after the purpose itself has been forgotten.

The objectives of integration in the schools are genuine equality of opportunity; selection and advancement on the basis of individual merit; and the right of each boy and girl, Negro or white, to realize to the full his or her potentialities for growth as a human being.

It is to these ends that integration in the schools is a particular means, derived from an application of our objectives to the particular facts and circumstances. If integration in the schools should be elevated to a self-sufficient and controlling principle on its own, an end in itself which overrides other moral criteria and social purposes, the effect could only be to defeat the aim which we originally set out to accomplish.

MILTON KATZ, *Director*
International Legal Studies
Law School of Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I was so deeply impressed by Agnes E. Meyer's magnificent article that I must write at once to voice my admiration and thanks. I like every word of it, but am especially pleased with her brilliant summation of the situation in New York City. Because Mrs. Meyer has always been on the side of the angels, what she has written will be very influential indeed.

WILLIAM P. TOLLEY, *Chancellor*
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

SIR:

"Race and the Schools" is, I believe, the finest statement of the problem which I have read.

T. E. MCMULLIN, *Vice Dean*
School of Education, Graduate Division
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

The glaring errors of fact and misinterpretations of the recommendations of the New York City Board of Education's Commission on Integration in Agnes E. Meyer's article in the January issue of the *Atlantic* impel us to write this letter to correct a few of the major misstatements. In an area as important and sensitive as this, we believe there is a high degree of responsibility to be accurate.

We had hoped that we had heard the last about bus transportation of children. The question and answer supplement to the zoning report makes it unmistakably clear that the principle of the neighborhood school is intact. It is, therefore, untrue that "geographical districts must be ignored." Official pronouncements have affirmed that the transportation of children by bus other than in the manner carried out by the school system over the years is not intended. The simple truth is that far from bringing about sweeping changes in our schools, the integration program will have little effect on the racial concentration in a great number of schools because of New York City's unfortunate residential patterns. The opinion of Edward S. Lewis regarding the principle of the neighborhood school, quoted in the article, is irrelevant since Mr. Lewis is not a member of the commission.

Mrs. Meyer's statement, "In short, educational standards are of no concern to this Commission on Integration," must be viewed in light of the fact that one of the six subcommissions concerned itself solely with educational standards and curriculum. Its report recommended not only maintenance of good standards but improvement of instruction throughout the city's schools.

The function of the commission is to *recommend*. Mrs. Meyer's phrase, "The Subcommittee on Zoning demands," is, therefore, completely inaccurate and misleading.

The commission, appointed by the president of the Board of Education and the superintendent of schools, includes all members of the board, the superintendent of schools, the deputy superintendent of schools, two associate superintendents, professionals, officials, and civic leaders who have worked over the years for school improvements. These are the people, Mrs. Meyer would have us believe, who have worked out proposals "with complete disregard of the effect they would have upon the

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learning process and the orderly administration of the schools."

The commission suggested in its reports that "administrative discretion" be exercised by the superintendent of schools in implementing the recommendations. There is no question but that this suggestion is being followed.

The reports underline the importance of careful planning, sound judgment, and judicious timing. Haste, an impetuous disregard of practical difficulties, doctrinaire thinking — these are alien to the deliberations of the Commission on Integration. Unfortunately, the atmosphere necessary for constructive thinking has been clouded by uninformed and irresponsible attacks. This has made doubly difficult the job, emphasized in all the reports, of building community understanding and support. "*Whether in the North or the South,*" Mrs. Meyer states, "*we must not allow the process of desegregation to wreck our public school system.*" Fine! And who would disagree?

We believe that the recommended program, properly administered, makes a reasonable start toward the goal of developing each child according to his potential ability.

We call on community leaders and thoughtful citizens everywhere to consider our proposals in the calm spirit of reason. We earnestly believe that it provides a blueprint for sound, orderly integration in the North.

KENNETH B. CLARK, GEORGE K. HUNTON,
THOMAS B. DYETT, ROSE SHAPIRO,
RICHARD L. PLAUT, ROBERT C. WEAVER,
ARTHUR LEVITT, CHARLES H. SILBER
Commission on Integration
Board of Education, City of New York

SIR:

As one of the civic groups in New York that actively supported the recommendations of the New York City Commission on Integration, we were particularly disturbed by Agnes E. Meyer's analysis of the New York City integration program in "Race and the Schools."

Nearly every civic and educational group in New York City, including teacher and parent organizations such as the PEA, the Intergroup Committee, the NEA, and the PTA's, all supported the recommendations of this commission. It is indeed unfair to state that this group of persons so dedicated to preserving and extending our public school sys-

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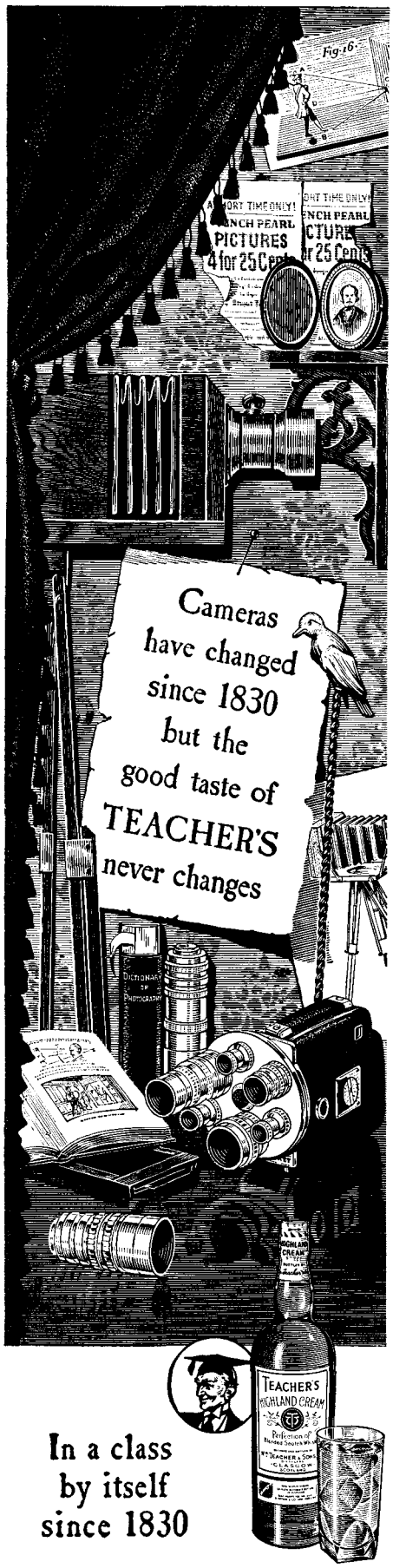


tem would support any conclusions "with complete disregard" of their effect on our schools.

As evidence to support her criticism of the report of the Commission on Integration, Mrs. Meyer stated that this commission recommended that geographical districts must be ignored in order to promote racially balanced schools and that the goal of integration in New York requires that the schools consist of one-third Negroes, one-third Puerto Ricans, and one-third whites. Nothing in the zoning report supports these conclusions. In fact, the zoning report makes it clear that all of the principles of zoning must be considered in setting up school districts.

MRS. LEONARD LEVINE
Director, Program Department
American Jewish Congress
New York City

SIR:

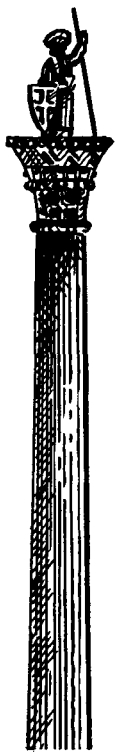
Mrs. Meyer is concerned about "hasty attempts at integration." The Fourteenth Amendment, which is the legal basis for the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, became a part of the U.S. Constitution ninety years ago.

The desegregation decision was handed down four years ago next May. Not one Negro child has been integrated in Virginia, and the state has made no plans of any kind to comply with the law. On the contrary, the state's top-level politicians repeatedly state that there will be no integration here.

For more than thirty-two years I have known the conditions under which Richmond Negroes live. They are discriminated against in every department of life. In the last twenty-five years there has been some improvement in their lives and their opportunities. Many of them have moved out of the Richmond slums in which they had been confined for generations. Teachers' salaries have been equalized locally. Educational facilities have been improved but not equalized. Registration and voting laws are more fairly administered. Wages are better.

Court decisions have played a part in these advances, but it would be untrue to say that any racial reforms have come willingly or voluntarily. When the court ordered that Negroes be admitted to Virginia Beach, the park was closed. Without the National Association for the Advance-

Corruption



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ment of Colored People, the conditions of Negroes would resemble peonage. Massive resistance, emergency legislation declaring an integrated school an inefficient school, attempts to outlaw the NAACP because of its victorious court efforts to secure citizenship rights for Negro citizens, and threats to close the public schools rather than obey the law would hardly seem to create the climate in which integration in Virginia would be possible.

MRS. JUNE PURCELL GOLD
Richmond, Va.

The chief criticism of my analysis of the report of the Commission on Integration of the New York City Board of Education is centered on my interpretation of its provisions for high schools, which reads on page five of the zoning regulations: "Efforts should be made to distribute this total population so as to have each high-school population reasonably reflect the ethnic make-up of the over all high-school population."

My article clearly states that the application of this decision concerning high schools if applied to all schools in Manhattan would result in a school population that would be one-third Negro, one-third Puerto Rican, and one-third white. This is a fair assumption on the basis of Manhattan's present population.

My special concern was the effect of these objectives upon New York City's specialized high schools and their rigorous educational standards. The zoning subcommission on page five of its report indicates that it intends to break down the present admission requirements for these high schools in order to increase the number of Negroes and Puerto Ricans now attending them. At a period when our country needs scientifically trained manpower as never before, this would be especially disastrous in the case of that unique institution, the Bronx High School of Science, which has now become a model example to our whole nation of the amazing results that can be achieved in the training of scientists at the secondary level.

— AGNES E. MEYER

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But this does not mean that there are no intermediaries between *Christ* and *ourselves*. Indeed, the whole Bible takes such mediation for granted.

When Christ commissioned the Apostles to "...teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit..." he was interposing their ministry between Himself and others. In the granting of Sacramental authority to His Church, He was obviously instituting a succession of human "deputies" to serve as intermediaries between Himself and the faithful.

In the administration of Baptism, for example, Christ dispenses one of the gifts of Redemption through a purely human agent. This is true also in the other Sacraments, and in no wise does the administrator detract from the honor due Christ or interfere with man's direct approach to God.

The Apostles repeatedly asked their disciples to "pray for us," and St. Paul admonished the faithful to "pray for one another... that you may be healed..." Indeed, if Christ did not intend to have intermediaries between Himself and men, would St. Paul have told us that "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings..." (1 Corinthians 12:28)?

Yes, others can mediate with Christ in our behalf. And their example and prayers can often work a vast miracle in our spiritual lives... for indeed "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much." How much is indicated by the words of St. Paul to Timothy, reminding him that by holding true to the doctrine, "thou wilt save both thyself and those who hear thee" (1 Timothy 4:16).

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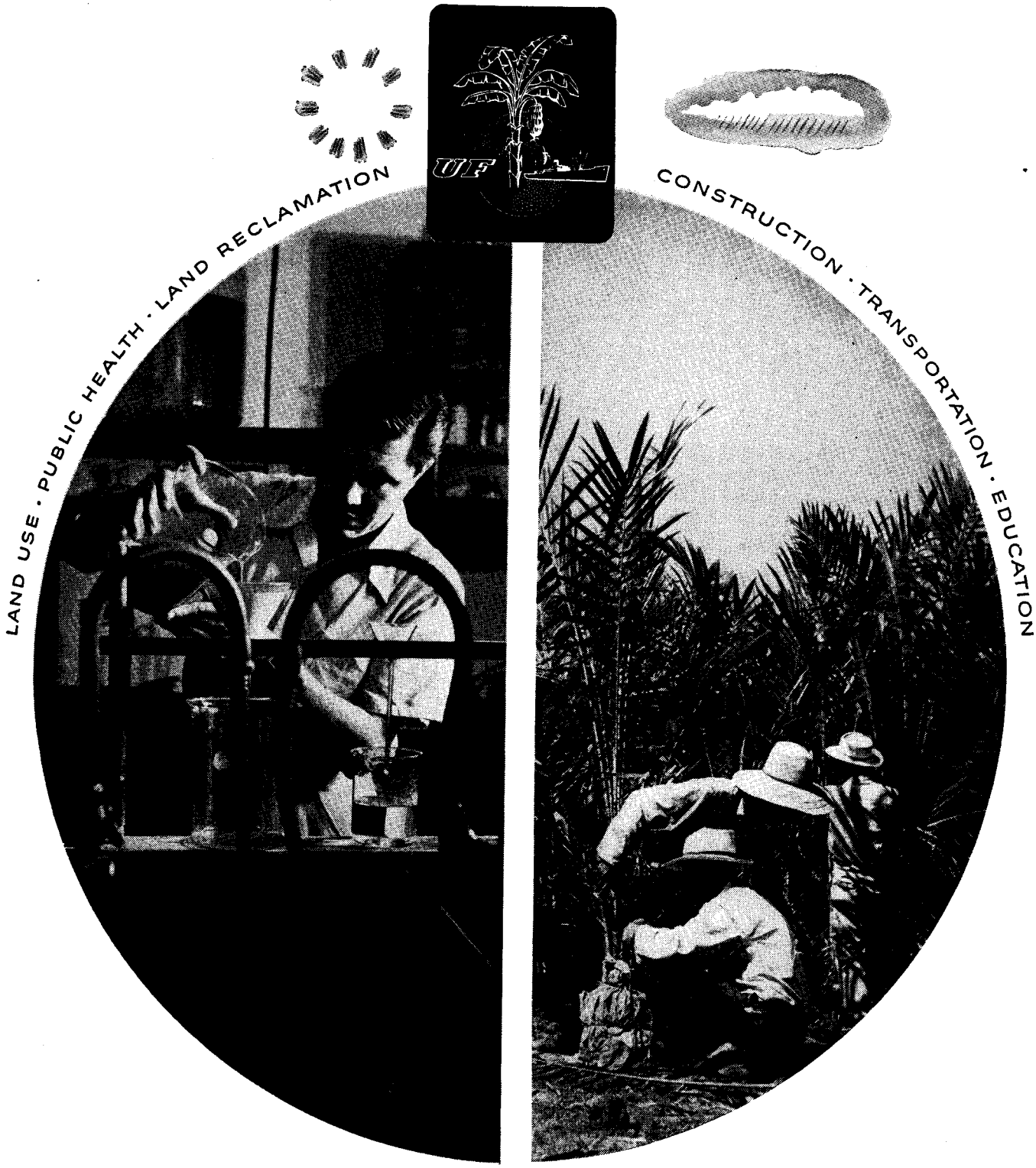

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THE ATLANTIC

MR. KENNAN AND REAPPRAISAL IN EUROPE

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

Philosopher and our leading political analyst, WALTER LIPPMANN *has had from the first serious reservations about the containment policy as it was applied by Secretary of State Dean Acheson and then by Secretary Dulles. In this paper Mr. Lippmann examines the thesis which was put forth by George Kennan in his Reith Lectures over BBC, an argument which has had a far-reaching effect throughout Western Europe and particularly in West Germany.*

GEORGE KENNAN has told us that when he was writing the Reith Lectures during the summer of 1957, he was "happily ignorant" of the "attention they would attract." This is, surely, a simple statement of fact. For nobody, I think, could have foreseen that throughout the world they would precipitate a public debate which has so many of the characteristics of an historic event.

Yet now that the debate has begun, we can, I think, see why it began when it did. Mr. Kennan delivered his lectures in the interval between the launching of the Sputnik in October and the special meeting of the NATO powers in Paris on December 16. During that time, there had occurred in the world, and particularly in Germany and Western Europe, a profound reappraisal of the balance of military power.

The basic assumption of the post-war policies of the Western allies has been that the United States is the paramount power in the world, and that in the long run, the views of the Western allies on Germany and Eastern Europe are bound to prevail. As a result of the disclosures about the Soviet's technological capabilities, which the Sputnik symbolized, this basic assumption has been destroyed. In the reappraisal which is now under way, it is widely agreed that for an indefinite number of years to come, the United States and its allies in NATO will be hard put to it to restore and to maintain an equal balance of power.

It was at the beginning of this reappraisal that Mr. Kennan spoke out. He spoke gently and quietly, as it is in his nature to do. But because nobody in authority, not Mr. Dulles, not Dr. Adenauer, not Mr. Macmillan, had anything at all to say on the political implications of the great disclosures about the balance of power, Mr. Kennan's words have resounded and reverberated throughout the world.

But while this explains why his lectures attracted so much attention when they did, there is still the question of why they have attracted so much support. My own view is that the Western allies had come to a dead end on the road which they had been following in the post-war years. The road which Mr. Kennan pointed out is the only

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alternative which has some promise of leading to the reunification of Germany and to the national independence of the East European states.

These are, I know, large words. I can explain them best if we look back to the origin of the controversy which Mr. Kennan's lectures have brought to a head. For Mr. Kennan's central thesis has a long history. I think I can speak with some personal knowledge when I say that the fundamental issue — which is withdrawal from Germany versus occupation — was already being debated in high Allied quarters by the summer of 1943; that is to say, a good eighteen months before the end of World War II.

At that time the German armies were still in Russia, around Leningrad and Smolensk, and the Red Army had just reoccupied Kiev. The Western Allies were not yet on the European continent except in Italy south of Cassino. Yet Churchill and Roosevelt had become confident of a victory over Germany, and it had become plain to them that they would need an overall plan of how the Soviet Army coming from the East and the Allies coming from the West should deal with a defeated Germany.

This led them to decide, at the Moscow Conference in November, 1943, to establish a European Advisory Commission with instructions to study post-war political problems and to make recommendations. This commission set to work in London early in 1944, and brought forth agreed recommendations on the terms of surrender, on the allotment to the four powers of zones of occupation, and on machinery for the joint control of occupied Germany.

But before the commission was set up, during the summer and early autumn of 1943, there was private discussion among the Allied planners and policy makers on a critical point of principle. Reflecting this discussion, I wrote a newspaper column on October 5, 1943, saying that we must think about "whether, and if yes, then for how long a time and in what way, the Allies mean to occupy and govern Germany with their armies. Disarmament, the pursuit of war criminals, the liquidation of the Nazi Party and of German economic imperialism, reparations — will have to be enforced. *The question is whether it is desirable and necessary to enforce our terms by occupying and governing Germany.*"

The Allies decided, of course, to occupy and govern Germany, and in the heat of war it may be that this was the unavoidable decision. But in the light of what has happened since — namely that the prolonged occupation of Germany has led to the division of Germany and of Central Europe — it is interesting to note that even as early as 1943 there were responsible and informed men who would have preferred to take a different course.

I do not know whether the official archives contain documentary evidence of this. But I was, at the time, a practicing newspaperman who often had the privilege of talking privately with some of the planners, and what I am quoting was written at the time: "it is evident . . . that to occupy and govern as big a nation as Germany is a most formidable undertaking, and to carry it out for a long period of years by the united action of our complicated alliance would call for a degree of unanimity which we have no right to count upon."

The alternative to a prolonged occupation, which was suggested by the dissenters, was to have the Allied armies enter Germany "for the purpose of disarming her, of arresting the criminals, of recovering the loot, and of making visible the reality of her defeat, and then to retire outside the frontiers, except perhaps to hold the strategic gateways and certain strategic economic resources such as the Ruhr and Silesia."

The main argument advanced for this alternative was that it would make the German people themselves, rather than the puppet governments of the Allied occupation, responsible for the solution of the German problem. There was the greatest doubt as to whether the Soviet Union would ever make a German settlement if the Red Army established itself in Germany. It is interesting to read today that fifteen years ago — when the war against Germany had still to be won, before there was a Cold War with the Soviet Union — it was possible to see that if Europe got used to a prolonged Allied occupation, "as soon as the occupying powers leave, all of Europe will tremble at what may happen, and the whole artificial settlement will be in turmoil ten or fifteen years hence." Fifteen years have now passed, and Mr. Kennan's suggestion that the occupation must somehow, sometime, be brought to an end is causing many Europeans and Americans to tremble.

This shows, I submit, that Mr. Kennan's central thesis is not a newfangled theory, the pipe dream of a mystic, the imagining of an unworldly scholar, or worse still, the design of an appeaser of Communism. Mr. Kennan's central idea points to the other road which the Allies might have chosen at the defeat of Germany, had they not been in the grip of a war psychosis and, we may add, had they been lucid and realistic about Stalin.

For while it is not certain, indeed it is not probable, that the Red Army would quickly have withdrawn from the Eastern Zone, the Western allies would have entered the Cold War, which

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was unavoidable, in much the stronger political position. The United States, with its monopoly of the atom bomb and its unsurpassed industrial establishment, was at the zenith of its military power. The Western allies would have had a diplomatic position in which they stood for the essence of a true peace, which is that the defeated country is not to be partitioned and that its territory is not for long to be occupied by foreign armies.

As it is, having opted for an indefinite military occupation, we have confirmed and consolidated all the things that we complain about: the Iron Curtain, the partition of Germany, and the satellite empire which lies behind the lines of the Red armies of occupation. The overriding fact about the post-war world is that Europe remains divided along the line of demarcation where the invading armies halted and became armies of occupation. While these foreign armies remain where they are, there can be no reunification of Germany. Nor can the captive nations of Eastern Europe recover their freedom while they are surrounded by the Red Army with its outposts in Eastern Germany and its lines of communication running through Eastern Europe.

It is, therefore, facing both ways to advocate the reunification of Germany and at the same time, to oppose the evacuation of German territory. Moreover, as Hungary demonstrated so vividly and so painfully, it is a cruel deception to talk of the liberation of the captive peoples unless there is a serious prospect of the withdrawal of the Red Army from the territory of these captive peoples.

The European policy of the Western allies was laid down by President Truman and Secretary Acheson. It has been continued and confirmed by President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. It is based on what, from the point of view of power politics, is a sheer paradox. The policy attempts to combine advocacy of unification and liberation with a stern opposition to military evacuation. The cook has promised to make an omelet but he has sworn not to break any eggs.

The defenders of the existing policy consider themselves great realists who have put aside all wishful thinking. On what calculation, then, in the power relationships of great states, do they base their expectation that Russia will withdraw from Europe while the United States and Great Britain remain, and are allowed to advance their military frontiers at least to the borders of Poland?

Because this is such an extraordinarily naïve notion of what can be asked of and gotten from the Soviet Union, there is a widespread belief in Europe that all the official talk about liberation and unification is insincere. Undoubtedly there is much insincerity in it. In Bonn, in London, in Paris, and in Washington there have long been leading persons who, when they are speaking privately, say quite frankly that they prefer a divided and occupied Germany to a reunited and unoccupied Germany. They are afraid that a united and unoccupied Germany will dominate Europe. They are afraid that a united and unoccupied Germany will make a deal with the Soviet Union. They are afraid that if there is no occupation there will be civil war in Germany. I have at many times heard these fears argued earnestly, but privately, in each of the Western capitals.

Yet I do not think that the Western policy on liberation and unification is entirely insincere. Once upon a time, at least, it was quite sincere. It rested originally on an estimate of the Soviet position, on what was once, as he has recently reminded us, the estimate of Mr. Kennan himself. The Soviet Union, it was thought, was headed for great internal trouble and would, therefore, be a declining power in the world.

I can remember an interview I had in 1953 with the head of a Western government, who told me that there was reason to believe, based on the most reliable intelligence, that the Soviet Union would be in a major economic crisis by the year 1957. Mr. Dulles is on public record as believing as recently as February 24, 1956, that such a crisis was actually under way.

The existing official Western policy on unification and liberation today is intelligible only if we recognize the premise on which it is based. That premise is that the Western power is paramount and that the Soviet power is certain to decline. On this premise, but only on this premise, can one arrive at the official policy which expects Russia to withdraw while the Western powers advance; which expects, in short, that the relative power of the two alliances is such that in Europe the Soviet Union will be compelled to make an unconditional surrender.

We are living in a time when the underlying premise of our post-war policy has been shown to be false. There can be no such thing as an accurate quantitative measure of the balance of power. But whatever the actual balance may be, it is certain beyond all doubt that the Western allies are not now superior and all-compelling. There is, moreover, no prospect whatever that the time is coming when they will be able *to compel* the Soviet Union to accept their official terms of settlement. This is the situation from which truly realistic thinking must start. The situation calls for a reappraisal of the official terms of settlement,

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and the attention which Mr. Kennan's lectures have attracted may be said to mark the beginning of that reappraisal.

Mr. Kennan has made it plain that the last thing he meant to do in his lectures was to recommend his "reflections to governments as a finished program for action. What I have tried to suggest here is not what governments should do, but what they should think about." This, I believe, he has accomplished. He has set in motion a reappraisal of the post-war situation which has grown out of the original decision, made during World War II, to occupy and govern a defeated Germany. The great public, especially in Germany, which he has attracted is aware that the Acheson-Dulles-Adenauer policy is at a dead end, and that it has become necessary for the Western allies to reorient themselves from a policy based on a military occupation to a policy directed toward military disengagement.

As Mr. Kennan disclaims having proposed a finished program for the governments to act upon, it is not necessary to agree with everything he said if one agrees with his central thesis. I myself, for example, agree with Sir John Slessor's criticism that the "weakest point" in Mr. Kennan's lectures was where he proposed that a reunited and neutral Germany should remain disarmed not only in nuclear weapons but even in the conventional weapons, except those appropriate to a kind of militia equipped to wage guerrilla war. There are, it seems to me, other highly debatable obiter dicta in the lectures — as, for example, his advice to continental Western Europe to renounce all nuclear weapons, and his assertion that rich nations, like the United States, need not feel any responsibility for the underdeveloped nations.

These dicta are, however, beside the main point, and whether they are true or false, wise or unwise, has nothing to do with the central question. It is whether the right road is toward disengagement of the foreign armies or toward the solidification of the existing military division of the European continent. As compared with the central issue of occupation versus disengagement, to make much of the other dicta is, as the saying goes, to pick fleas out of the mane of a lion.

What matters, what calls for thorough examination and debate, is that Mr. Kennan has defined an issue which the world must face now that the post-war era is ending and the post-Sputnik era has begun.

As an old believer in Mr. Kennan's side of the argument, I have often been asked several questions. The first is what our program of action would be if disengagement became the principle of our policy. The second is whether the West can be defended if Germany is neutral and the foreign troops leave. The third question is whether the Russians can be expected to agree to any program of disengagement which protects the vital interests of the West.

On the first question, I have come to believe that it is too soon to adopt a program of action. Before that can be done wisely and well the reorientation of our thinking must go much further. It must reach the point where it is the accepted and common view of the preponderant mass of the Western people. A sound program will require the collaboration of the very best minds in the Western world. That will not be possible unless they have become convinced of the principle.

For it is of critical importance that the German parties should not be so fiercely divided as they now are on the principle of a united, neutral, and unoccupied Germany. If the principle is to work well, it is an absolute necessity that German neutrality should — like Swedish neutrality, for example — rest on the united will of the people. In a European settlement, the Germans must not have any reason to feel that they have been abandoned by their friends or that they have been imposed upon by their conquerors.

The Germans are not now united in their convictions about their own future, and it will take time before they can be expected to agree among themselves. There is no rush about the actual settlement, which in any event would almost certainly have to be phased over a period of years. What is needed for the moral and mental health of the world is that there should be clear signs that among the Germans and the Western powers the process of reappraisal, reorientation, and re-education is gaining momentum.

The second question is whether Western Europe and North America can be defended if the foreign armies are withdrawn from a united Germany, with the Red Army going behind the Russian frontier of 1945, the British and American armies withdrawing from continental Europe. For my part, I assume in this that a reunited and neutral Germany will be an armed power, as Sweden is, and that the Strategic Air bases in England, in Spain, and in North Africa will remain where they are — pending a more general global settlement.

For the answer to this question, I am relying upon the judgment of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, who, as was demonstrated during the war and after, is a military strategist of the first order.

In a series of articles appearing recently in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Slessor argues that the defense of Europe in this age of long-range nuclear

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weapons does not require the stationing of non-European troops on the Continent nor the establishment of nuclear weapons in Central Europe. In fact, he believes that the withdrawal of Anglo-American-Soviet forces from the Continent (and of Germany from the NATO alliance), far from being an unacceptable act of appeasement, might well be considered by Russia as a concession "which actually leaves the West no less militarily effective than it is now."

He goes on to say:

> It would be foolish to pretend there are no risks about this — of course there are serious risks; this whole situation is a balance of risks. But let us look at it in the round. Would the danger from 500 Russian submarines be any more menacing if there were not still a few British and American divisions in Germany? Does any one really imagine that twenty-eight NATO divisions with atomic weapons could stop an invasion by the 150 Russian divisions armed with the same weapons? Can any one believe that in that almost inconceivable event the nuclear holocaust could be avoided, whether Allied divisions are on German soil or not?
>
> That perhaps is a bit over-simplified. But the point surely is this: the political advantages of this broad belt of uncommitted states between East and West, once firmly established, would surely outweigh some admitted political disadvantages. . . .
>
> I'd have thought on balance the political advantages would be overwhelming — including the obvious one that to separate in this way the military frontiers of East and West would reduce the chances of an accidental stumble into a war that nobody wants. That means that the military dangers involved in the process of establishing this new political pattern in Europe (which must take some years) must be serious indeed to outweigh its political advantages once it is established.

Sir John Slessor's conclusion is, of course, debatable and it is strongly opposed by the leading strategists of NATO. But on the military issues he speaks, I believe, with expertness and authority fully equal to theirs. His conclusion is that on balance the probable advantages of disengagement outweigh the military risks.

This brings us to the third question, which is whether the Soviet Union will agree to an acceptable settlement which has such political advantages for the West. The answer must be, it seems to me, that our primary task is to work out a policy which reflects the true condition of the balance of power. It must recognize, in short, that *we are dealing with an equal power, not an inferior one*, and that a settlement must therefore be based on bargaining.

Such a settlement must be designed not only to protect our own vital interests. It must respect the vital interests of Russia.

We do not have to prove to ourselves now that the Soviet Union will be moderate and reasonable in the negotiations. All that we have to do, and all that we can do, is to work out a program of settlement which a Russian government could find acceptable if that government were moderate and reasonable, if it were protecting its vital interests but not seeking aggressively to dominate Europe.

All this will not be easy to do. But if such a program is ever arrived at, it will be based, I believe, on the principle of disengagement.

TRANCED

BY JOHN MOFFITT

Perilous at twilight,
Perilous to lie
On bare rock by lake's edge
Watching the sky,
Gray film of cloud
And clear sky beyond,
Hearing bird's cry
And water's sound;
Nothing to strive for,
Nothing to be,
All intention
Drained out of me;
One with mosses
And moldering stone,
Steeped in a stillness
Like their own
Clean to the core
Of the brittle bone.
Perilous at twilight,
Perilous to lie
On bare rock by lake's edge
Watching the sky.

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THE WORD FROM SPACE

A Fantasy by WRIGHT MORRIS

A Nebraskan by birth, WRIGHT MORRIS *has lived at various times in California, at Wellfleet on Cape Cod, on a mesa north of Gallup, and now resides in Wayne, Pennsylvania. In 1957 he received the National Book Award for his novel,* THE FIELD OF VISION.

WHAT reassured me was how normal everything looked. In the house, as in the yard, as in the memorable scenes of my childhood, a stillness reigned that would be followed by the sound of rain puffing dust in the road. But nothing followed. The stillness reigned, but nothing else. A wind that did not blow — it seemed to rise at my back and go out of the room I stood in — made a noise at the window, then scattered the leaves I had piled in the yard. But even that was reassuring. Scattered is how our leaves usually look. They were there, where the wind had blown them, and the rake was there, where I had left it. That becalmed moment, that still point, that sudden dampness on the forehead had just been, as we say, one of those things. Through the window that I faced all seemed right with the world.

I got dressed, then I walked through the house to the carport door, where the cat would be waiting, but pressed against the door was a man who came in like a draft when I yanked it open. A mailman. Not *ours*, not the one we know, but one of those men whom neither wind nor rain, snow nor sleet, will obstruct in the performance of his duty. A little kink in the Budget might do it, but nothing else. This one looked a little small for the size of the bag he had on his back. But he had a mailman's friendly expression, the badge and key chain I've always envied, along with the hook-and-eye shoes a good mailman likes to wear.

"Hi!" he said, "here's your Xmas seals!" and stuffed a letter full of them into my hand. I didn't brighten up at that, so he added, "Only twenty-one days till Xmas" (he pronounced it exxmuss), "ain't that right?"

"I've not counted them lately," I replied, "but it sounds about right." I could see he was one of these friendly types who would talk your leg off if you gave him a chance. "Well, it's another fine day," I said, and reached for the mail he had put in my box.

"Just wait'll you see that mail," he barked, "and you'll change your mind."

He was right. There were three or four pieces

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of fourth-class mail, an airmail from Chicago with a new penny in the window, and two first-class appeals for money containing the little books you have to mail back to them.

"You should complain!" he said, although I hadn't had time to. "All you have to do is get it. I got to carry it around." He shifted his pack to the other shoulder, aged before my eyes. "Did you see the latest runaround we got from Headquarters? Holy smoke, you should be a mailman!"

"If you'll excuse me," I said, "I'm just about to make my coffee."

"Coffee!" he barked. "You're making fresh *coff*-ee?" I started to reply, but he put a finger to his lips, blew on it softly. "You know what I told Headquarters?" he whispered. I didn't. "I said, how's about a *coff*-ee-break for the mailman? All this rain, snow, wind, and sleet talk is o-kay, but how's about a coffee-break?"

"What did Headquarters say?"

"What did they *say?* You think they *ever* say? They don't say, you just bellyache to 'em."

All the guilt feelings I have in not having to be a mailman were on his side. "If you'd like just a *little* break," I said, and glanced at my watch. "I make it short in the morning."

"Just so long as it's a *break*," he said, "you know what I mean?" and stepped into the kitchen, dropped his bag with a thud. Our kitchen is a pleasant sunny room in the morning, full of some things that match, and some things that don't. One of the things that doesn't match anything is the cat's food dish, of green plastic. It doesn't match, it's hard to clean, but it's *his* dish. The mailman's eye lit on the dish, and he said, "What's that?"

"The cat-dish," I replied.

"The cat's *what?*"

"His dish." He stared at me in the way the cat does when we put down something *we* eat, but he won't. "We have a cat," I said, calmly, "and that's his dish."

"A cat-dish," he replied. "Can you beat it!"

"What's wrong with a cat-dish?"

"Ho-ho!" he laughed, like one of the seven dwarfs, "a cat-dish. Well, I never —"

"This cat's no trouble," I said. "He lives outside. One can of Pet milk lasts him three days." I paused there, then added, "If we didn't have a cat, we'd have mice."

He shrugged. "What's wrong with mice?"

I turned back to the stove and put on the coffee water. To indicate how I felt I put on less water than usual. "I hope you like it black," I said, "I have no cream."

"No cream? Imagine. Well, just so long as it's hot. What I can't stand is lukewarm coffee."

Why didn't I tell him off? I was bigger than he was. I could even write to his Headquarters and complain about him. But I had the feeling — hard to explain — that he had something on me. I heard him pull up a chair to the table, dust the cat hair from the seat, then take the morning paper and slip off the rubber band. Out the corner of my eye I noticed his big feet hung an inch from the floor. He was small, but I don't mean to say I hadn't seen almost as small mailmen.

"This your paper?" he said, opening it up.

"Yup," I said, pointedly, "but I haven't had a chance this morning to look at it."

That didn't faze him. He flicked a thumb on the tip of his tongue, leaving a spot like you find beneath a bandage, then he left his tongue tip between his lips where it would be handy later. " 'All the news that's fit to print,' eh?" he said. "How about that?"

He didn't mean he wanted to know. It was just one of his asides to himself. I glanced at him, and he read the headlines in the lead column:

MAFIA DOMINATES
CARTING IN CITY

"Who's Mafia?" he asked.

"The Mafia," I said, dusting off what I remembered, "are one of these underworld organizations. They run the gangster world. They got a finger into garbage now, I guess."

"Can you beat it!" he said. "You call that fit to print?" as if I had just printed it.

"There's a lot of dough in garbage these days," I said, "and if there's dough in it, it's news. If there's a lot of dough in it, it's news fit to print."

"Well, I never," he said, and his tongue flicked in and out like a sand viper. "Now what do you think of *that?*" he said. "Now what do you think of that?"

He wasn't asking me, really, but since I was curious I asked him. "What do you think of what?"

"A dog," he said. "A dog in a satellite."

I leaned over his shoulder to see for myself, and there, sure enough, was a picture of her. Laika, the Russian space dog, on the front page of the *Times*. The dog was lying in its space compartment, blinking, I suppose, in the light from the flash bulbs. She looked reasonably well pleased.

"That's news for you," I said, "but it's not fit for some people. The SPCA didn't like it a bit."

"Who's the SPCA?"

I'll admit that surprised me, coming from a mailman. In the line of duty they often have to kick some mutts in the teeth. "It's a society," I said, "for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

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"Ho, ho!" he laughed. "You don't mean it!"

"What's so funny about it? You've certainly heard of a dog's life?" He had. "Well," I said, "some dogs lead it."

"In that case," he came back, "what's so cruel about it? No dogcatchers out there in space. I'll bet most dogs love it. The cruelty would be in bringing 'em back — don't you think?"

Putting it to me in the form of a question threw me off. "Faced with the new active leisure," I said, "a dog needs a man. He misses being maltreated. After all, it's a profession."

He let his legs swing beneath the chair as he thought about that. "That coffee ready?"

It was. I poured myself a full cup to make sure I got it, then I poured him what was left. There he sat, on the chair I usually sat on, perfectly at home at my table. He held the paper up between us, just the way I do with my wife.

"You bellyache about Headquarters," I said, "is *this* what Headquarters is paying you to do?"

He glanced up to see what I meant. Saw it clearly and said, "Yup. I'm here from Headquarters." He said that in the friendliest way possible, but it set me back. What did he mean by Headquarters? *Whose* Headquarters?

"Hey, you," he said, "listen to this! Seven billion bucks for an anti-missile missile! Talk about your double talk. How you like that?"

I liked it even less than seeing him sitting there on my chair, his elbows on my table, drinking my coffee, and reading it to me.

"Chriminenty!" he yapped. "Would you believe it?"

"Would I believe *what?*"

"What you call fit to print," he said, and slapped his hand on the paper, enjoying the racket. Before I could comment he read aloud:

HOPE TO MATCH RUSSIAN MIGHT
IN FOUR FIVE YEARS

He lowered the paper and said, "You know, that sounds familiar?"

"I should think it would," I said, "just more of the same."

He pushed his mailman's hat back on his head, showing the ridge it had made in his brow. All the high points of his face were shiny, and it seemed to consist of nothing but high points. Nose, chin, the bumps over his eyes, he looked as polished as the head on a penny. His eyes had been closed; they popped open and he cried, "I got it! I got it! The five-year plan!"

"Okay," I said, "what's new about it?"

"They had it," he said. "Now *you* got it!"

"Not me," I replied, "I don't want it."

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed, his head tipped back, and I almost poured my coffee down his throat.

"I have not got it," I said. "We all got it. There's no place in the world that soon won't have it. We're all trapped. We all got five-year plans. What's so funny about it?"

He suddenly stopped laughing, said, "So the world *is* trapped. What's *a world?*"

Sooner or later, in my case usually sooner, that's my luck. I play the good Samaritan, and I end up with a madman in my house. Through the blinds I gazed at the beautiful morning, at the world where everyone seemed trapped, at the fact that there seemed nowhere in the world much news that was fit to print. The morning was lovely, my heart was sad, and I was trapped with a mad mailman in my kitchen.

A PENNY for your thoughts, old sport," he said, and I must say it surprised me. I mean the way he put it. The feeling I had that he wanted to know.

"When I read the paper," I said, "or even when I don't and you read it for me, honest to God if I don't think I'll go nuts. Honest to God if I don't really wonder what the hell to do." That was my thought, and I could see it impressed him.

"Why you read the dang paper, old sport?"

"It comes every morning," I replied. He didn't seem to find that odd. No, not a bit.

"Well," he said, "it beats all. There must be *some* good news — why don't somebody print it?"

"Nobody would believe it," I replied. "If it's good news it's propaganda. If it's so bad you can't bear it, you know it's the truth."

"Holy cow! What a world to live in!"

"You're telling me?" I said, and wheeled on him, spilling some of my coffee.

"Why you live in it?" he said. Just like that.

"Don't think," I said, "if there was any place to go, I wouldn't go there!" I snapped my fingers. "I'd go there like a shot."

You know what he said to that? "No kidding?"

"No kidding," I said, then added, "chum."

At that point we had a pause of the sort I have described. My forehead was damp, but the room itself seemed cool. I noticed he had gripped the sides of the chair the way a kid does at the dentist, as if the pressure from beneath might pop him out of it. "No kidding, chum," I said, clearing my throat, then I put in for the humor of it, "you got any suggestions?"

"What about a planet?"

That was more humor than I'd expected.

"Okay," I said, "what about it?"

He seemed to think that over. From my point of view, rather than his. "Let me tell you, old sport, there's more planets than you think."

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"I don't doubt it," I said, "and I couldn't care less."

"What you think of all this crazy talk about saucers, old sport?"

I didn't like the "old sport," wherever he got it, but it wasn't lost on me that he meant it to be friendly.

"I take it you mean flying saucers?" He pumped his head up and down, rocking his hat. It was large for his head and rocked like a teeter-totter on the wings of his ears. "Well," I said, "frankly it's kiddie stuff. Wishful thinking for grownups. Escape fiction for wage slaves. In a world where we're all trapped, it's a trap door into the attic. Ever notice how much the new worlds look like the old ones?"

"So you don't buy it?"

"Nope," I said, "I don't buy it. Not even on the meter installment plan."

He drummed his fingernails on the bottom of the chair, making a sound like a cat scratching. "What about it as an idea?" he said. "You know — along the line of science fiction."

"Okay. What about it?"

"Let's say you an' me just pretend," he said, leaning forward, his legs swinging.

"Pretend what?"

"Let's pretend," he said, "we got a little saucer right there in the yard." When he said "yard," he wagged a finger toward the *back* of the house. That was the part I couldn't see from the kitchen.

My mouth a little dry, I said "Okay, go on."

"Let's pretend it's a small-size saucer," he went on, "with just enough room for me an' you on it. No room for you to take along your wife, your cat, stuff like that. There's just barely room for you to take along yourself." He stopped there, and gave me the look Wise Old Owl used to give Br'er Rabbit. Like Br'er Rabbit I just lay quiet, I didn't give myself away. "Okay, okay," he said, "so far so good. Now what we got is this saucer out there in the yard, and we got four or five minutes, say we make it five, before we take off." Saying that he took from his pocket a large stem-wind watch on a heavy guard chain. "Five minutes," he said, his eye on the second hand, "four minutes and fifty-two seconds four minutes and forty-eight seconds —"

"Hey!" I said. "You counting from now?"

"Four minutes and thirty-seven seconds," he replied.

"Holy cow!" I said, picking up his lingo, and putting down my coffee cup I ran for the back. I rushed into my study, then just stood there a moment, looking around. This was a game, but like any game, you had to play it seriously. What the devil should I take? I looked around wildly at what I possessed. Books mostly, a few records, machines that made one noise or another, a typewriter, photographs of places and friends.

"Four minutes flat!" I heard him yell, and I lunged for the bookcase, snatched *Moby Dick*. It felt heavy. I swapped it for Shakespeare in a thin paper edition. Did I want Shakespeare with me in *space?* Was I trapped in clichés? Was it Dante or Huck Finn I should have at my side on my spatial desert island? Or should it be Double-crostics, Yoga exercises, or H. P. Lovecraft? From the top of my desk I grabbed the snapshot, no longer candid, of house, cat, and wife; from the drawer the gift pen said to be good for umpteen thousand words. Okay, I would write them. But what would I do with them?

"Three minutes and twenty-seven seconds," he called. He sounded calm. I wanted to yell back at him, but there wasn't time. From a lower drawer, clogged with twenty years of new and fool-proof cigarette filters, I selected a pocket microscope, in which I had often seen my own eyelashes, and a slide rule no bigger than a package of gum, made in Japan. In space — where else? — I would finally master it. In the last analysis one can always calculate.

"Two minutes twenty-one seconds," he droned, as time runs out for a man on the gallows. In something of a panic I ran into the bathroom — life *began*, after all, in the bathroom — and grabbed the newest of the two toothbrushes, the tube of chlorophyll paste, but with something like elation I left the razor in its rack on the wall. At long last I would grow, and need, that beard. Through it would whistle the fumeless zephyrs of outer space. And aspirin! It made me faint to think I had almost overlooked it. Were there headaches in space? Feeling one coming on, I tapped two out of the bottle, swallowed them.

"One minute forty-five seconds, old sport!"

In the bedroom, the corner closet, back on the shelf with the carton of fuses, I raised a pillow and gazed, wide-eyed, at the cache. Old Bushmills. Brought in tax-free from Shannon, the gift of an old friend. Saved, as I had told him, as I had told myself, as I had told everybody, for what I called a special occasion. Wasn't this it? Perhaps the last special occasion of my life on earth? I took one bottle from the shelf, and slipped it, through an opening in my shirt, into my sleeve. A little heavy at the start, but once we had nipped it, we could jettison the bottle. It would follow us, like a kite's tail, through space. A fitting reminder, in its fashion, of our life on earth.

"Fifty-seven seconds to go," cried the voice.

From a drawer smelling of moth balls I yanked a sweater, then dashed back into the study to take a leather-covered pipe, never smoked. I scooped the pouch full of the tobacco that scented the

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house like a glowing fruit cake, then turned for a last look around. In what might have been the voice of a train caller he said, "Last call!"

Why? Can you tell me why he put it like that? *Last* call. Did he mean for this world — or the next one? As a man from Space, what new world did he have in mind? There was no news fit to print in this one, but some of the unprintable news was *mine*. I was, in fact, making news, sad as it seemed, at that very moment. If *Life* and *Time* knew about it they would be out there in the yard, waiting for me to take off. Along with other news considered fit to print, tomorrow morning's *Times* would feature mine:

LOCAL MAN LEAVES THIS WORLD
FOR NEW PLANET

Would the news, on that planet, be fit to print?

THE closing of a door, the one to the carport, stirred the air throughout the house, and a last faint puff of it seemed cool on my damp forehead. What had happened? Was it pain I felt, or relief?

"*Wait!*" I yelled, and started to run, but the pocket of my coat caught on the doorknob. It swung me around, and I had to take the coat off to get free. "*Wait!*" I hollered, and ran through the house to the carport door, yanking it open just as the leaves, in the yard at the back, shot up the way they do from a roaring fire, and in the tops of the trees I heard the whirring of the grackles taking flight. What a sound it was! Like the wind rippling the cloth of a sail. I didn't move from the door, nor lift my eyes to look at the sky, nor did I need to be told that I had missed the scoop of the year. I came back to the kitchen, where I found a small corner of the paper held down by a saucer. It was the left-hand corner, that declared: "All the News That's Fit to Print." Just below it, in a clear, round hand:

P.S. Hope you don't mind my swiping your paper. Nothing fit to print on the front of it at all, but holy cow, you ever look inside? Three-turret Microscope, $4.95! Alligator Space Shoes, $8.49! Hold on till I get me a bigger saucer, then we'll clean up!

The cat came out from where he had been hiding, sniffed around the chair where *he* had been sitting, and I poured what was left of my coffee back into the pot. While it was heating up I heard some of the grackles come back to our trees. Our regular mailman, who is not so big, but not so small as some I have seen, came up the drive and stuffed the mailbox full of fourth-class mail and Christmas seals.

"Another fine day!" he said, seeing me, and I said it sure was.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY H. D.

He dragged me through the hedge,
"you used to laugh," he said, "Lizeth,
laugh and forget, be glad";

he kissed my face, "my flower, you are too pale,
I'll get you eglantine and the red pinks,
that we called sops-in-wine — do you remember?"

A bird whistled and a bird replied,
"so you see, everywhere, two and two," he said,
"under the blossoming trees, the chestnut spire,

the pear; you must have missed the garden,
that long year. London was always drear";
he drew me down beside him on the grass,

and he unfastened shoulder-clasp and band,
and cupped my breasts within his firm young hands,
"so here," he said, "are peonies — and here — no
rose is half so dear."

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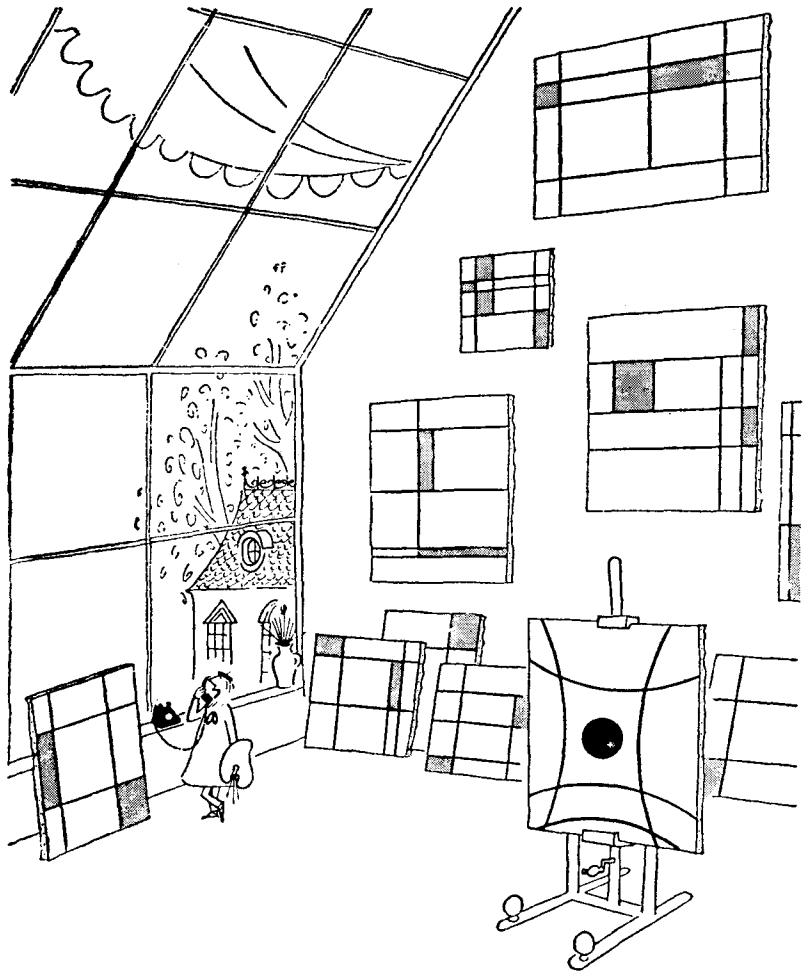
THE TYRANNY OF ABSTRACT ART



"McGraw Gallery? Dolan here. I think I've entered a new period."

BY ERNST GOMBRICH

The vogue and lure of abstraction is a burning issue in modern art. For many painters and critics, faith in abstract art is faith in the future of mankind. But, having become a faith for a few, it has also become a fashion for many, and a fashion which threatens to degrade contemporary art to a mere badge of allegiance. Born in Vienna, ERNST GOMBRICH *has been a member of the Warburg Institute in London since 1936.*

LIKE all good jokes the drawing from *Punch* above on the page has its serious and even tragic side. For it would miss its point if we took it to be a crack at the expense of Dolan the artist or his dealers McGraw. The true butts, I am afraid, are we, the art historians who introduced this solemn terminology and spread the conviction that artists "enter" into periods as planets enter into constellations on some mysterious preordained course. The artist in his studio, surrounded by his unsold sub-Mondrians, cannot help it, or so he thinks. He is only the instrument, the sensitive seismograph of the "spirit of the age." An extra bottle of whisky may have changed his universe of forms. But whatever it was, it was not he who willed it. Dolan can do nothing to divert the stream of history on which he and the owners of the McGraw galleries are both drifting, helplessly but not hopelessly, for an unexpected tide may carry them both to affluence.

Am I exaggerating? Of course I am. I mean to. But I am not, I think, inventing. There are conservative critics who think that the main trouble with modern art is that painting has become too easy, a mere splashing of colors. But the true objection to Dolan's ideology may be that it has become impossibly difficult to be an artist in his situation.

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It is a commonplace of psychology that nothing is harder to bear than complete freedom from any restraint. Add to this burden of freedom the horror of being watched, discussed, and registered, and you will see that it needs a tough mind indeed to survive the freedom of art today. Artists are rarely conspicuously tough — though they sometimes want you to believe them so. Imagine Dolan's state of mind in front of his canvas, really facing that existentialist nightmare, the responsibility for every decision, every move, without any convention to guide him, any expectation to live up to except the one of creating something recognizably himself and yet significantly different. No wonder that he seeks to disclaim responsibility, that he looks for aesthetic creeds which place the responsibility for his work somewhere else, in his personal automatisms or the collective unconscious, in the Spirit of the Age or the Class Situation.

Trained by us, the art historians, to think historically, his public in its turn will watch most eagerly where the cat will jump, ready to label any jump as a "new movement," and having docketed it wait sleepily for the next act. Gone are the days when you could shock the critics. Hang up an old stocking dipped in paint in your next exhibition and all you may hope is to go down in history as the inventor of *trickotage*. Will it catch on? And for how long? How degrading for the genuine artist ever to have to ask such a question. What an opening for Ananias the False Artist!

It was Walter Pach who, thirty years ago, coined that telling label as the title of a book in which he denounced the timidity of those in power in the world of art who wanted to play safe and bought or commissioned meretricious trash, slick, sentimental, and hollow works of art of which he illustrated a devastating series. The painting by Albert Besnard, Figure 1, commissioned by no less a city than Paris for its Town Hall to represent "Meteorology" is a fair sample of the horrors pilloried by the critic. What makes such works repellent, he rightly insisted, is their striving after fashionable effect. Besnard, to him, was an Ananias because he was less than a plodding Academic artist; he was a trickster who decked out his own emptiness with a few surface qualities borrowed from "modern art": the deviation from ideal beauty, the show of frenzy, and the rough brushwork. Besnard is forgotten. But what about the ubiquitous Trebla Dranseb, the abstract artist? The master, if you can call him so, of Figure 2, which you will surely remember from last year's show? Admittedly it is less unpleasant to look at than the Besnard. It lacks the pretentious pathos of the ugly nude, and that is something to be

FIGURE 1
"Météorologie" by Albert Besnard

FIGURE 2
by Trebla Dranseb

Figures 1 and 2 from ANANIAS OR THE FALSE ARTIST *by Walter Pach.*

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thankful for. But negative virtues are not enough; my new Ananias, of course, is none else than Albert Besnard written backwards, just as his "painting" is merely a detail of Figure 1, reversed and blown up to complete the parable.

It is not as if Walter Pach had not known of this danger. Serious critic that he was, he paused in the middle of his denunciations to consider the parable of the mote and the beam. Are those who oppose false art of one kind safe from being imposed upon by another? He knew they are not. But he thought there were two safeguards built into the modern movement which made the recurrence of such aberrations unlikely. First, there was no danger of a new Academy simply because modern artists did not teach in 1927; second, the appeal of modern art was limited to such a small minority that it would not pay an impostor to ape its accents.

But though he underrated the danger, he diagnosed it correctly: "Without the school-taught ability to copy nature, without even the academic formula for design and color, the counterfeit art of the modernist camp followers is about the poorest thing in the whole scale. It usually avoids cheap sentiment, but cheap aesthetics is just as futile. Its one chance for acceptance lies in the 'snobbism' that swallows the rubbish of the so-called moderns because it looks different from the bad things of the old school. One more chance for Ananias to mislead artists and public!"

How times have changed since these words were written! Today Walter Pach's scourge has chased the old Ananias out of the temple of art. Only in some backwater may a worthy town councilor still make welcome copy by preferring Besnard to Dranseb. But how long will even he have the courage to own up to this compromising preference?

To explain this dramatic reversal of fortunes, Walter Pach's analysis will have to be amplified. Perhaps when he spoke of "snobbism" he still thought in terms of a vanishing society. In that society a snob was a man who aspired to enter into noble circles by the reality or show of intellectual refinement.

But the very term "snobbism" implies the existence of a nobility, that is of a hierarchical society, and these conditions, with all their failings, also limited the scope of the snob. The old-fashioned squire who endangered his prestige with the ladies of Bath because he preferred Hogarth to Romney still remained a squire in his own right. His self-respect was scarcely affected by any such *gaffe*. Our own social pigeonholes are much less secure. On the one hand social mobility has immeasurably increased the rewards for the right accent, taste, or creed as a passport into the self-appointed elite; on the other hand its position is never static; "advanced" views, the feeling of being in the van of history, are among the few rewards offered by society to the struggling intellectual.

There is so much one welcomes in the tide of equality that one almost hesitates to point to a less desirable side effect. I see it in the increasing power of negative rules. Our education starts with DON'TS; we first learn what to avoid if we are not to disgrace ourselves in society. For it is not only primitive society that is based on taboos. Certain things are not mentioned, not done, not believed. These prohibitions are fairly easily learned and will secure to those who observe them an entry into the group, even if they do not make him a full member.

In matters of behavior this is as it should be. In matters of art it is surely not. An art of protest, such as modern art had been, offers some obvious DONT'S which are easily picked up. Anyone can learn without much trouble that a picture must no longer be photographic, anecdotal, or "chocolate-boxy." A Dranseb is always safe in this respect. Remove that compromising print of a pretty girl from your wall. Pin-ups are vulgar. Put an abstract into your room and you have proclaimed your allegiance to the right kind of thing. If you don't like it yet, it may be your fault; and after all, what can one not make oneself like if only one tries hard enough and if the reward of enhanced self-respect beckons at the end of the arduous road?

Admittedly there is a brighter side to this situation. In a society where art has lost so many of its former functions, it might not be the worst if it retained at least this use as a badge. After all, it is not the badge of a bad allegiance. In the complex constellations of this world of ours the room with these abstracts is likely to witness and encourage the most stimulating conversations, least trammeled by prejudice and intolerance. It will invite exploration, experiment, and that tolerance for nonconformist views which is the most precious heirloom of the Western world. As long as both the extreme Right and the extreme Left attacked it, one felt in honor bound to stand by it.

What is loosely called modern art sprang from a protest against the lie in the soul, a revulsion against false values. The cheap vulgarity that stifled our cities and choked our drawing rooms, the sentimental trash which was taken for Great Art at the time of the industrial expansion, when new classes of patrons acquired unexpected wealth and were bent on ostentation, sickened the heart of the true artists who went on their lonely and perilous way in the face of public neglect and

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derision. This, at least, is the treasured legend of the modern movement, and there is a sufficient element of historical truth in it to silence criticism before the shrines of its martyrs. No one, perhaps, has described more feelingly than André Malraux this element of almost religious abnegation, of a proud resistance to the temptations of success which made an artistic movement a moral force in society. No wonder that the movement looks back with genuine nostalgia to these days of purity and persecution and likes to picture itself still in the catacombs. The Futurists live in the past.

THERE appeared in 1956 a beautiful volume under the title *The New Landscape in Art and Science*, edited by Gyorgy Kepes and sponsored by M.I.T. The list of contributors and supporters makes impressive reading. On its glossy and costly pages we read the following quotation, written in 1953 by André Masson, a survivor of the old vanguard who was born in 1896:

> . . . that which goes contrary to the prevailing taste is, for me, the most precious of things . . . whatever is scorned, despised or not understood by the society in which one lives has prospects for the future.

Perhaps these are noble sentiments, but by now, and in this context, they are also silly. They imply that the "new landscape" must be bad because it does, in fact, appeal to prevailing taste. What is scorned by the enlightened sponsors of the book — reaction, Philistinism, slums, and vulgarity — holds prospects for a future which, I hope, we need not live to see.

"In this world there are only two tragedies," said Oscar Wilde. "One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it." The unexpected prestige acquired by an art of defiance when it became the badge of progress has turned the first tragedy into the second. The professional iconoclast who has run out of his favorite icons is a sad sight. Since Albert Besnard has ceased to matter, the Trebla Dranseb has also lost its point.

We older people are apt to overlook this elementary fact, but luckily the young generation is there to remind us. Several months ago I was asked by a group of young science graduates to address them on problems of modern art. I went there with a set of slides and explained to the best of my ability what was the driving power behind Expressionism and Cubism, Surrealism and Constructivism. When I had finished, the chairman of the group reminded me tactfully that I had really missed my subject. I had talked about history. All these movements lay far back in the century. Born, as these young scientists were, in the nineteen-thirties, they scarcely remembered the war, let alone the mood of the pre-war years and the fight against a bygone Ananias. It was not that these scientists were Philistines. They were as open-minded as befits those who work on the frontiers of knowledge. But they were interested in the task at hand, the solution of scientific and artistic problems here and now; and the emotionalism and self-pity of many of the works I had shown struck them as sentimental.

Art will have to adjust to this new world of sober empiricism. The terms "progressive" and "reactionary" once derived their meaning from the hopes and dreams of the French Revolution, when parties first arrayed themselves in that political spectrum from Right to Left which we were brought up to take for granted. But as soon as we cease to imagine ourselves drifting on a vast stream of history, it is we who have to pick our course on the uncharted ocean of time. Ultimately this breakdown of an oversimplified view of human destiny may prove a blessing to art. The fear of being found in the wrong camp when criticizing certain aspects of art has vitiated rational discussion for too long. And, paradoxical though it may sound, this reluctance has threatened to atrophy what is most vital in the Western tradition, the spirit of experiment.

This assertion may need a word of explanation. When we speak of "experiments" in science we mean something very well defined and clearly circumscribed: the arrangement, that is, of tests to confirm or refute a scientific theory about the nature of things. They serve progress in that well-defined meaning of the term which is implied in the progress of science even where it expresses itself only in bigger and better motor cars, bombs, or spaceships. What matters is, of course, that there are public standards by which success or failure of experiments can be rationally discussed.

If words like "exploration" or "experiment" are to be more than vague prestige words in art, which are to surround the studio with a spurious aura of the laboratory, we have to find some standard of success *or failure*. Obviously such standards cannot be quite as clear-cut as they are in science. Obviously, also, the success of an experiment cannot be equated with public acclaim. But I can see no other way to discuss *theories* of art, if they are to have any value at all, than by submitting them to the test of experiment and such rational discussion as is possible, to establish whether the theory *works*.

ABSTRACT or nonobjective art provides perhaps the most obvious example. The theory on which

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its experiments were originally based is much older than is generally realized. It is more than ninety years since the English critic Philip Gilbert Hamerton reported on a curious tendency which was gaining ground among the extreme classicists of Paris. "They are beginning to express contempt for all art which in any way depends on the interest of the subject." Such interest, Hamerton reported in 1867, is felt to be as degrading and as extraneous as the premiums in the form of free books which French newspapers offer to their subscribers:

> Painting, like journalism, should in their view offer nothing but its own merchandise. And the especial merchandise of painting they hold to be the visible melodies and harmonies — a kind of visible music — meaning as much and narrating as much as the music which is heard in the ears and nothing whatever more . . . when they paint a woman they do not take the slightest interest in her personally, she is merely, for them, a certain beautiful and fortunate arrangement of forms, an impersonal harmony and melody, melody in harmony, seen instead of being heard. It may seem impossible to many readers that men should ever arrive at such a state of mind as this and come to live in the innermost sanctuary of artistic abstraction, seeing the outer world merely as a vision of shapes; but there is no exaggeration in the preceding sentences, they are simply true, and true of men now living.

Reading the words of the half-forgotten Victorian critic, one is surprised that the experiments of abstract art were not made earlier than they were; that they were delayed till the first decade of the twentieth century. It is of course right that they were made. We owe it to the spirit of the modern movement that artists dared to explore the potentialities of shapes and colors with greater boldness than their Victorian ancestors. But how are we to decide whether the experiment was a success or a failure?

It is in such a concrete case that the dangers of the religion of progress to the progress of art become most easily demonstrable. What Hamerton called the innermost sanctuary of artistic abstraction is thronged with worshipers, exhorted by guest lecturers to prostrate themselves before its cult images. But there is an old German saying that "pious images are often bad paintings." The appeal to extraneous issues has proved as vitiating to art as was the "premium" of subject matter. It makes it hard to discuss the success of the abstract experiment in rational terms.

To me it seems that there are works of color music, canvases by Kandinsky which are really pleasing, just as there are fugues of shapes by Mondrian or Nicolson which command respect and interest. Many of them are quite obviously better, more interesting, and more ingenious than the works of Dranseb or Dolan (whether of the earlier or the new period) shown in the drawing from *Punch;* and even among those some are less inane than others. But when I seriously compare my reactions to the best abstract canvas with some work of great music that has meant something to me, it fades into the sphere of the merely demonstrative or decorative.

It should not be hard to account for this relative failure of the experiment. Music is more than a configuration of sounds. Something happens to the motif. It undergoes a series of transformations and vicissitudes; it returns triumphantly enriched by its passage through various keys and rhythms. Painting, of course, lacks the dimension of time. In fairness, therefore, its combinations of shapes and colors should not be compared to a symphony but to a chord. There are thrilling chords in music and empty ones; chords which sound like elementary exercises from a textbook played by a student on an old upright and captivating combinations enhanced by colorful or witty orchestration. But how good is the best chord in isolation? Not even the laconic Anton Webern ever reduced his musical meditations to one simultaneous sounding of tones, which is all the painter can give us within the four sides of his frame.

It may be argued that what subject matter imparts to painting is not so much an extraneous interest as another dimension for the development of relationships. Whatever Mr. Hamerton's classicists have felt, something happens to the motif, the nude, or the still life, as it is transposed into shapes and colors, transfigured or distorted, and this event — as Picasso and Klee never ceased to realize — is part of the complex structure we call a painting.

A FAIR trial between music and pure shapes could only be made if shapes were allowed to develop in the dimension of time, for instance in the medium of the film. Perhaps it is a pity that Walt Disney's *Fantasia* has partly discredited this rivalry of the arts by trivializing it prematurely, and that other experiments are so rarely seen in public. There may be films in which shapes undergo destinies comparable to the themes of a symphony, rearing up here into unexpected brightness, shrinking there into gloom. Such an art might even gradually build up a framework of conventions like the one which made Western music possible — that system of expectations within which the musician creates, even where he defies it. How shall we know when these experiments are successful? Only when we enjoy them for their own sake, regardless of our historical

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interest; as we enjoy Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. The notorious tag "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like" is habitually held up to ridicule in books on art appreciation. It may yet become the cornerstone on which a new art can be built.

I have chosen the musical theory of nonobjective art not because it is the only one that has been put forward but because it is both the oldest and the clearest. That there are others, I know: the graphological one, for instance, which is based on the expressive character of marks and traces; or the culinary one, which relies on the sensuous appeal of pigment. All these contain a measure of truth and even a measure of triviality. They deserve to be tested; sometimes, perhaps, even in laboratory experiments, to see how far they can take us. For why should we perpetuate that facile opposition between science and art which gives to art only what is murky, instinctive, and by definition inaccessible to rational discussion? This is the kind of "cheap aesthetics" denounced by Walter Pach. It finds no warrant in either psychology or history. Many scientists have testified to the role which creative dreams have played in their work, dreams that were hammered into rational theories by hard and inspired work; many artists, on the other hand, use the power of intellect with a lucidity and concentration that rivals that of the scientific pioneer. The cult of art as pure emotional abreaction or expression is a debased form of the Romantic belief in inspiration.

Two thousand years ago St. Paul was confronted with a similar debasement. Members of the first Christian congregations experienced strange seizures when they were "speaking with tongues," uttering what sounded like inspired gibberish. The words of the apostle in the First Epistle to the Corinthians should be pondered by all critics who feel the urge to speak with tongues about artists similarly afflicted:

> . . . except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air.
>
> I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all: Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.

What would have happened, one wonders, if these words had never been written to check the growing prestige of revivalist non-sense? Would it still have been possible to salvage the heritage of Greek rational thought through the Dark Ages, or would it all have been swept away by the unreasoning tides of history?

THE HOOKED RUG

BY LUKE ZILLES

Pluck and pull
the dark red wool.
The flames leap up and down.
Her fingers ply the catching hook
till the candle's eye is brown.

The old, the worn,
outgrown, and torn,
she loops up into flowers.
The heart of summer blooms in the hearth
through the dark of the winter hours.

This is the gown
she wore to town
when her breasts were round as a rose,
and these the rags of all her urchins'
caterpillar clothes.

Hook and pull
the mulberry wool
with dark leaves all around.
A man wears brown, a man wears black,
the color of the ground.

A rug is a wreath
that grows beneath
fingers that pluck and pull.
A woman's years are rounded all
in rags of soft red wool.

A garden blooms
in a cold room.
Who knows the heart of his wife
whose fingers pull roses of wool
out of the dark of her life?

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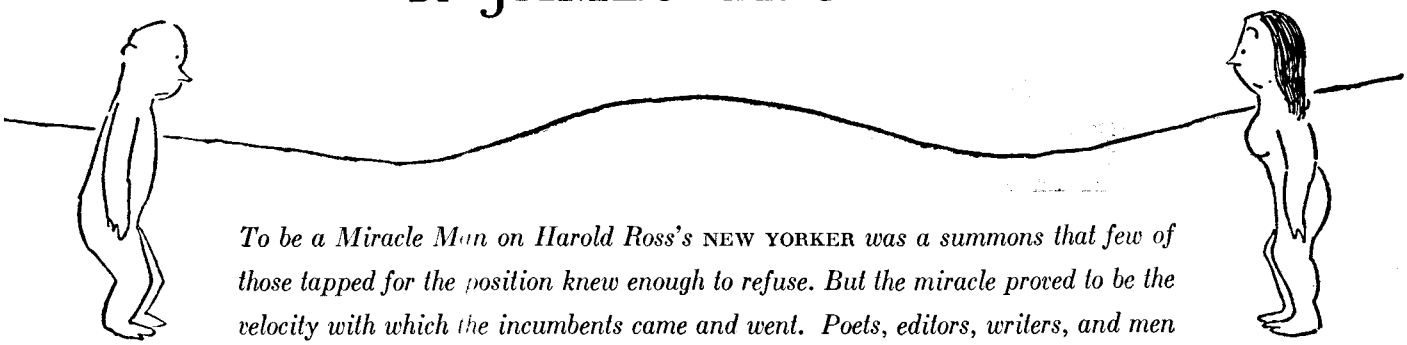
THE YEARS WITH ROSS

BY JAMES THURBER



To be a Miracle Man on Harold Ross's NEW YORKER *was a summons that few of those tapped for the position knew enough to refuse. But the miracle proved to be the velocity with which the incumbents came and went. Poets, editors, writers, and men about town were hired, only to be fired, often for nonexistent reasons, after a short and painful interval on the job. This is the sixth part of* JAMES THURBER'S *series.*

"HELL, I hire anybody," Harold Ross told Ralph Ingersoll in the summer of 1925 when Ingersoll called on the editor of the *New Yorker*, asked for a job, and got one. It wasn't as simple as it sounds, though, as those who have been attending these lectures on Ross will have guessed. Ingersoll had appeared in the editor's office dressed in a Palm Beach suit he had bought for the occasion, and Ross had talked to him for only a few minutes, gesticulating widely, when his big right hand struck an inkwell. Suddenly Ingersoll's new suit was dripping with ink and Ross was covered with embarrassment. Ingersoll had almost reached the office door on what he was sure was his way out of Ross's life when the editor shouted, "You're hired!" And then, a few moments later, sighed, "Hell, I hire anybody."

From then on Ross hired anybody, and everybody, in his frantic and ceaseless search for the Fountain of Perfection. A few of us came to realize that Ross didn't really want to find it, whether he knew it or not; that the quest itself was what kept him going. If he had found the Redeemer who, in Cabell's words, would make everything as "neat as a trivet or an apple-pie," he would have grasped his own starry scheme of things entire, smashed it all to bits, and then remolded it nearer to his heart's desire, or his mind's illusion, or whatever it was. A team of Freuds would have a hard time putting a finger on the Imp of the Perverse in Ross's psyche. I think he was looking for two separate kinds of Miracle Men: 1) the administrative genius who would sit at a Central Desk, push buttons, and produce Instant Perfection of organization, and 2) a literary wizard who would wave a magic wand over writers and artists and conjure up Instant Perfection in prose, drawings, and all other contents of the magazine.

H. W. Ross, being neither artist nor poet, was not equipped to bring "grace and measure" out of the chaos of man on earth, for his heart's ease or his peace of mind, but there was in him something of the powerful urge that has animated the human male from Sir Percival to Pasteur, from Marco Polo to Admiral Peary. He never knew exactly what he was after, since he didn't have much self-knowledge and was afraid of introspection, but I think he hoped it would be as shining as the Holy Grail, or as important as the Northwest Passage, or as rewarding as the pot of gold. He was afraid, though, that a Gorgon would pop up at any time to frustrate him, or a Questyng Beast, or a Gordian knot, and he realized that he damn well better have a Perseus on hand to help him, or a Palamedes, or an Alexander the Great. These romantic comparisons would, I am sure, move psychiatrists to ridicule; they would find in Sir Harold not the romantic that he was, but a mixed-up modern man driven by the well-known compulsion to build with one hand and tear down with the

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other. Well, that urge was in him, too, along with fixation, defense mechanism, inferiority complex, and all the rest.

Many of us who went with him on his Quest, part of or all the way, often became bored or infuriated, and wanted to quit, and there were scores who did quit and found an easier way to live and make a living. A few of us could not quit. We had put on the armor and strapped on the sword and we were stuck with them. Once, when E. B. White had taken all he could, or thought he had, he said he was quitting and went home. Ross paced his office all afternoon and then got White on the phone at his apartment. "You *can't* quit," he roared. "This isn't a magazine — it's a Movement!" Andy did not leave the Movement.

The limits and limitations of Sir Harold's quest were defined by the very nature of his magazine, and no matter how high, and ever higher, he set his goal, it was ludicrously low compared with the objectives of the great pioneers and pathfinders whose listing above would nevertheless give Ross, I think, more comfort than discomfiture. He had humor, but he was never able to see clearly the essential comedy of a shining quest confined and constricted by mundane office walls and all the mean mechanics of magazine production. Once in a while he would say that he didn't really give a damn, and that the only thing he had ever liked doing was getting out the *Stars and Stripes* in Paris. "Every magazine has its cycle," he would say, "and this one has its cycle, too. It's a precarious enterprise, at best, and I wouldn't encourage anybody to invest in it." But if you concurred in his depressive views and pretended to share his mood, he would snap out of it like a switch blade.

In the last months of his life, when he was trying to lean back and take it easy at his home near Stamford, on doctor's orders, one of those who called on him was Hobart Weekes, since 1928 a big cog in the *New Yorker* machine, a Princeton and Oxford man whose knowledge of and familiarity with make-up, proofreading, fact checking, English, and English literature frequently amazed his boss. Once Ross was about to scribble "Who he?" in the margin of a proof opposite the name William Blake, but one of those hunches or intuitions that stayed his hand made him send for Weekes. "Who's William Blake?" he demanded, and Weekes told him. "How the hell did you know that?" Ross said. He was also astonished by Weekes's knowledge of the differences, ecclesiastical and otherwise, between a virgin and a verger. (A virgin, instead of a verger, had crept into a Talk story about some church ceremony, but was hustled out by the learned Princeton-Oxford man before she could get into the magazine and mortify its editor.)

The day Weekes called on him at Stamford, Ross was lying on his bed, restless and disconsolate, smoking cigarettes against orders. "They don't need me at the office any more," said the man who had sometimes protested he didn't want to be there. Weekes straightened him out on that, implementing and underlying the *New Yorker's* need for its founder. That night, I am sure, H. W. Ross slept better.

NOTHING throws a stronger light on Harold Ross's eternal questing, his incurable discontent, and his psychological, if not indeed almost pathological, cycle of admiration and disillusionment than the case history of Ralph McAllister Ingersoll from 1925 until he quit in 1930 to become a Luce editor, later the founder of *PM*, a controversial front-page figure during the war, a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army, and the author of half a dozen books. In 1942 he was the subject of a two-part profile in the *New Yorker* written by Wolcott Gibbs. When Ingersoll was on the magazine, Ross would have bet a cool million to one that no such profile would ever be published. (Thirty years ago, when Ingersoll kept suggesting a profile of Walter Winchell, Ross said, "Dismiss it from your mind. There'll never be a profile of Winchell in this magazine." St. Clair McKelway's *New Yorker* profile of Walter Winchell in 1940 ran to six parts.)

Ingersoll, not yet twenty-five when he was hired by Ross, was a graduate of Yale's Sheffield, and he had been a reporter and a mining engineer, but all this meant little to his employer. What meant a lot was that Ingersoll was a grandnephew of Ward McAllister and knew his way around Park Avenue and Long Island. "He knows what clubs Percy E. Pyne belongs to, and everybody else," Ross once told me. "He has entree in the right places. He knows who owns private Pullman cars, and he can have tea with all the little old women that still have coachmen or footmen or drive electric runabouts. It's damned important for a magazine called the *New Yorker* to have such a man around." Ross had sent him, for opinion, Ellin Mackay's "Why We Go to Cabarets," and it was Ingersoll's terse, emphatic "It's a must" that persuaded Ross to print it.

When I reached the *New Yorker* in March, 1927, Ross's enchantment with Ingersoll was undergoing its inevitable decline. Ross cast his own spells and broke them himself, and nobody has ever known just how or why. The great irony of Ross's quest, to me, was the simple truth that Ingersoll, who turned up when the magazine was a few months old, was the best of all the Central Desk men, the very administrative expert Ross spent his life look-

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ing for. I think he knew this unconsciously, would not admit it even to himself, and spent a lot of time after he had let Ingersoll go trying to justify and rationalize his bad judgment

"He thinks he's a writer," he said to me when I told him he had lost his most valuable assistant. "He wrote a book called *In and Under Mexico.* I haven't read it, and don't want to, but it can't be good. The top drawer of his desk was always full of medicine. If I gave him a thousand dollars a week to sit alone in a room and do nothing, in five days he would have six men helping him." Thus spake Harold Ross, the same man who kept saying, "We haven't got any manpower, we haven't got anybody who knows how to delegate anything." He had one final word the day I bawled him out for losing Ingersoll. "He brought Hush-a-phones into the office. I think he talked to brokers all the time, and people like Cornelius Vanderbilt. He knew too many people." Thus spake the man who had once boasted that Ingersoll knew everybody and that the *New Yorker* needed just such a man.

One of the hundred little things that plagued Ross like mosquitoes was the postal regulation that requires all periodicals to print, at certain intervals, the names of its editors and principal stockholders. To satisfy this requirement, Ingersoll was listed as managing editor, all alone for several years, and then as co-managing editor with Katharine White. "Ross never stopped taunting me about it," Ingersoll says. "He would tell me that it didn't mean a thing, and that he was thinking of listing his butler as managing editor — 'the way French newspapers name janitors or elevator men as their editors, so they can be the patsies in libel suits and such.' "

Ross kept bringing in other men, me among them, partly for the purpose of sticking pins in Ingersoll's pride. He told me, when I was "in charge," to give Ingersoll orders. "Don't let him write anything," he once said. "He did the captions on covering art this week. That's your fault. Change them." By "covering art" he meant a double-page spread of drawings that used to illustrate horse racing, open air concerts, and other goings on. Ingersoll had done the captions for a yacht race spread, drawn by Johan Bull: "The Start," "Midway," and "The Finish." Being sane at the time, or fairly so, I let them stand. "Did you change those captions?" Ross asked me later. "All you have to do is read them," I said. "They have my touch, it's unmistakable." He was satisfied.

RALPH INGERSOLL and I became friends and nothing, even his passing into legend, has changed that. He spends his weekends now at his home in Castleton, Virginia, and is editor-publisher of the Middletown, New York, *Times Herald* and the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, *Times*. Without his help and direction, always efficient and untiring, I could never have got "Talk of the Town" off the ground. He took care of a thousand managerial details that I was supposed to handle, couldn't have, and didn't want to, and Ross never knew about it. When Ingersoll began publishing *PM* in 1940, I wrote a brief column for it, called "If You Ask Me," twice a week until I went into a nervous tail spin following my fifth eye operation. Ross read a few of these columns and objected because, he said, "You're throwing away ideas on *PM* that would make good casuals." But I was out from under the strict and exacting editing for which the *New Yorker* was and still is famous, and I needed this relaxation and the hundred dollars a column Ingersoll paid me.

One column I wrote in 1941 dealt with an old *New Yorker* Talk item some contributor had sent to the magazine twelve years before, in 1929. My wife had turned it up in going through some old stuff of mine in the early summer of 1941 when we went to Martha's Vineyard. In my column I referred to the lost and found contribution, which had never got into print, as "an ancient fragment of urgency." It was a letter from a woman reader, and on it was clipped a pink memo reading "Must go this week" and signed with the initials of Arthur Samuels, one of the Miracle Men of 1929. When my wife found the thing, the item was not only a dozen years old, but Arthur Samuels had been dead for three years. Ross read that *PM* column, all right, but all he said to me was, "God knows how we got out a Talk department when you were writing it." Ingersoll could have told him how we managed it, and Bernard A. Bergman could have told him, too, and Raymond Holden, and Ogden Nash. All of them belonged to the Big Parade of Miracle Men that came and went across the years.

The pink memo slip for urgency is said to have been put into effect by Holden, and later to have been abandoned because one of the editors in charge of urgency was color blind. Ross took as capricious, and laughed about it only grudgingly, my suggestion that we use shape instead of color to denote urgency. "Let's make the urgent memos round, like an alarm clock, and use rectangular or coffin-shaped ones for less immediate matters," I said. Some way or other, in the notable confusion of all *New Yorker* systems, first things usually came first and others trailed along. Ross, at bottom, had about as much grasp of system as I had, which was perilously close to zero, but the difference was that he worried about it constantly and it was the least of all my concerns. We needed a guiding hand, there is no doubt about that, but often a competent secretary or a well-trained office boy could have

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brought about the order and pattern that Ross was confident could be achieved only through the agency of a genius sent to him by God.

After Ingersoll left in 1930, Ross realized, but never said so, that he had left behind an empty space it would take at least two men to fill. In the next few years Ross brought in at least eight hopefuls. As Ingersoll put it, in *Fortune* in 1935, "Ross has hired them out of advertising agencies, from behind city desks, from the Social Register, from The Players Club. He brings them back from lunch, he cables for them." One day, in 1930, Ross brought Ogden Nash into my office and said, "I'm thinking of letting Nash here take a swing at running the Talk department." Ogden himself, in a letter to me, has told, better and more succinctly than I could, what happened to him, and I quote his letter:

> My experience with Ross was brief but unfortunate. He started buying my stuff early in 1930; later that year we met for the first time — not in the office — but in a speakeasy.
>
> I don't need to tell you that in many ways he was a strangely innocent man and he assumed that my presence in a speakeasy meant that I was a man about town. He was, I believe, still in mourning over the departure of Ingersoll, who had apparently been the ultimate in men about town, and was looking for a suave and worldly editor. He hired me practically on the spot. It took him less than three months to discover that it takes more than a collection of speakeasy cards to make a man about town. Besides this, he didn't need an editor anyhow, as anything he didn't do himself was capably handled by Raymond Holden and Mrs. White. The end of the third month, therefore, found me in the employ of what was then Farrar and Rinehart.
>
> Shortly after I moved to Baltimore where I remained for some twenty years; I was living there at the time of his death. I saw him occasionally when I visited the office.
>
> He was an almost impossible man to work for — rude, ungracious and perpetually dissatisfied with what he read; and I admire him more than anyone I have met in professional life. Only perfection was good enough for him, and on the rare occasions he encountered it, he viewed it with astonished suspicion.
>
> I suppose that in the twenty-odd years of our relationship I had half a dozen grudging kind words from him. Once, toward the end, he sat down and wrote me a letter of congratulation on a certain piece that was almost fulsome; those rare kind words meant more to me than any compliments from reviewers, and I wish I could afford a tombstone large enough to hold the letter.

OFFICE legend has it that the first of the Miracle Men (they were also known in the early years as Jesuses and Geniuses) was Joseph Moncure March, but he soon got the hell out from under and from on top. Someone has told me that, after a particularly rough session with Ross, March sat for hours in the make-up room one night, staring out the window, but he wasn't the only one of us to do that; sometimes we sat for hours after work, alone except for a bottle of Scotch or rye, planning just how to tell Ross where to get off. There were a few men who had the good sense not to listen when Ross said, "Maybe you can run the magazine," a famous epitaph for at least two dozen miscast Geniuses.

Fillmore Hyde, the *New Yorker's* first literary editor, was one of these wise men. He got out early, for greener and more tranquil pastures. Hyde was a sensitive, difficult, and able editor, who took no nonsense from Ross or anybody else. On my first day at the *New Yorker* he snapped at me, "Boy, take this telegram." I snapped something back at him and walked away, annoyed because he had spotted me for an office boy and not the new Redeemer. The last episode involving Fillmore Hyde at the *New Yorker* resulted from a letter to him that Bergman had dictated to a secretary. Bergman sent the letter back to her with instructions to do it over because she had misspelled Hyde's name, but he had made the mistake of writing in pencil in the margin, "For God's sake get this man's name right. Hyde is a touchy blankety blank." The secretary retyped the letter, incorporating the penciled sentence in it, and, the tale tells, Bergman signed it without rereading it and sent it off. I don't know what happened after that.

Others, besides Hyde, who turned down the Big Job included Weekes, Wolcott Gibbs, and Clifton Fadiman. Ross piled so much work on Weekes just after the war years, Big Job or not, that this invaluable editor came down with a serious illness requiring a major operation and a long siege in the hospital. Ross never seemed to know when a man had reached the limit of his endurance. If you kept taking it, he kept piling it on. His strange ambivalence — admiration and disenchantment, faith and distrust — went through a series of undulations in regard to Weekes. Once, mad about something trivial, he picked up his desk phone and threw it during a conference with Hobey.

At an earlier time, Weekes felt that he was being "put in the icebox," that some of his editorial duties were quietly being taken away from him, not to lessen the pressure of his work, but out of some Ross dissatisfaction with it. A new Genius, named Don Wharton, had appeared on the scene, and Ross had said of him, "Wharton can handle anything." Weekes sensed that the ancient formula of hiring and firing was about to be repeated again, but he didn't know what he had done to

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offend Ross. Hobey had started out as a checker and sometime Talk reporter, and had come up the hard way to chief of the copy desk, later taking on added heavy chores in the make-up and proofreading departments. He finally went to Ross and said, "There seems to be a move on foot to get rid of me. If I'm not wanted here, I'll leave in ten minutes." Ross didn't say anything, just sat staring at him. A good three minutes went by, during which Ross didn't move a muscle or speak a word. When Weekes couldn't stand it any longer he just got up and left the room. He wasn't fired. Hobey was one of many *New Yorker* men in uniform during the war, but it is to Ross's credit that he never took advantage of this patriotic absence to get rid of any man.

When I was, at least in Ross's stubborn mind, top man, we were dealing heavily with some slight problem in his office one day (circa June, 1927,) when his secretary tiptoed in and laid on the desk an enormous typescript, bound in imitation leather and seeming to me now, in retrospect, at least as thick as a desk dictionary. It was labeled "Mistakes Made by J. Thurber as Managing Editor." Ross stood up and stared at it, his tongue coming out of the corner of his mouth, his eyes getting darker and darker. Then he said to his secretary, "Get that thing out of here. Get rid of it. I don't want to know what you did with it." Since the monumental compendium of my mistakes, many of them deliberate, seemed to me a sure safe conduct out of the job I hated, I said, "Aren't you going to read it? Don't you want to find out what's in it?" What he wanted to do, it came out after a lot of silent pacing, was to fire the man he held responsible for this assumption of authority, this gross insubordination, this rude interruption of his routine. I told him he would have to fire the man himself, that he was one of the best on the magazine. After a long pause and much coin jingling, he said, "I'm mistaken for him by some people, right here in the goddam hallways. It's embarrassing. People probably think he's me, too." I laughed him out of that finally, but not out of his firing mood.

"I want you to fire So-and-so," he said, changing the object, but not the subject, of his wrath. So-and-so was a young woman, long since in heaven with the angels, who wrote one of the back-of-the-book departments. "She makes me nervous," Ross said. "Last night at Tony's, she was damn near sitting in the lap of the man she was with." It happened that I had been at Tony's the night before, too, and had seen the couple, sitting and drinking and talking like any other couple in Tony's, and I told Ross that. Then he came out with one of his accusations that were pure, patented Ross. "They were talking in awful goddam low tones," he said. It wasn't often that I laughed in the inner sanctum in those first months, but that was too much for me. Then I said, "Don't you know your Shakespeare: Her voice was ever gentle and awful goddam low, an excellent thing in woman?" Ross turned away so that I couldn't see his grin, but his torso had one of those brief spasmodic upheavals that so often served as a sign of his amusement in the art meeting when he looked at a drawing he thought was really funny. When he turned around he was scowling. "Goddam it, Thurber, don't quote things at me," he said. The firing mood was gone.

It was at a restaurant called Martin and Mino's, that Ross rarely went to, but some of the rest of us haunted during Prohibition, that he said to Gibbs, "Maybe you can run the magazine." Gibbs quickly and sharply returned this serve, which had been both unexpected and expected, leaving Ross flat-footed. It was one of Ross's silliest attempts to get his administrative rocket into the wild blue yonder. He should have known by then that Wolcott was much too important a writer and copy editor to be launched gaudily into a meaningless orbit in the great managerial Nowhere. Years later, when somebody wrote in an article in *Harper's* that Gibbs didn't like anything, Ross said to me, "Maybe he doesn't like anything, but he can do everything."

This high praise was little short of plain fact. White and I and Gibbs had joined the *New Yorker* staff in that order between the fall of 1926 and the end of 1927. Before Wolcott arrived, to take on a dozen different jobs and do each one superbly, Alexander King had done an interview with Alexander Woollcott in a now dead magazine called *Americana*. I remember only one sentence, in which Woollcott was quoted as having said, "The *New Yorker* is got out by a shiftless reporter with the help of two country bumpkins." The bumpkins were White and I, and the reporter was, of course, Harold Ross, but "shiftless" was an unintentional misquotation. What Woollcott had actually said was "ship news reporter," a job Ross had once had in San Francisco. " 'Shiftless' is perhaps the only derogatory adjective that does not fit Harold Ross," Woollcott later said.

The two country bumpkins have been written about quite a lot here and there, but Wolcott Gibbs has never got the attention he deserves. He was easily, not just conceivably — to use one of his favorite words — the best copy editor the *New Yorker* has ever had. For years he had to deal with the 70 per cent of *New Yorker* fiction that has to be edited, often heavily, before it reaches print. Gibbs, an accomplished parodist, was always able

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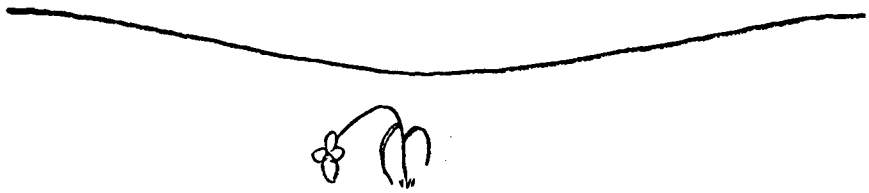
to fix up a casual without distorting or even marring its author's style. He was inimitable, as such word experts are, but when he quit as copy editor in the fiction department to become the magazine's dramatic critic and to write some of its best casuals and profiles, he wrote and sent to Ross — this must have been twenty years ago — what he called "The Theory and Practice of *New Yorker* Editing," based on his experiences, often melancholy, with the output of scores of writers, male and female. The final straw, in his editorial career, was a casual that began: "Mr. West had never been very good with machinery." Here was the little man, a genre sometimes called, around the office, the Thurber husband, popping up for the thousandth time, and it was too much for the Gibbsian nerves.

Harold Ross said to me, one dark day during the 1930s, "If you and Gibbs and White ever leave this place, I'll go, too." Years later, when he didn't have long to live, he told me one day that he had stayed late at the office the night before and flipped through some back copies of the magazine, on a lonely journey through the regrets and triumphs of the past. "There wasn't anything the three of you couldn't do," he snarled. The snarled sentence was a brief preface to, "You could have got the magazine out without any other help if your private lives weren't so damn tangled up." He had made a list of the things he said the three of us had done in our time. It was written in pencil and I lost it long ago, but I remember most of what he wrote down, and it may be that I have added a few he forgot: covers, Goings On, Notes and Comment, The Talk of the Town, idea drawings, spots, captions, casuals, verse, newsbreaks, The Theater, The Cinema, Books, Profiles, A Reporter at Large, Onward and Upward with the Arts, Where Are They Now?, Our Footloose Correspondents, fact and fiction editing, proofreading, some make-up, and The Tennis Courts.

I covered tennis for several years (and so did Gibbs), and something I wrote in January, 1937, upset Ross when Franklin P. Adams told him I had gone out on a limb and didn't know what I was talking about. (The limb was a place that scared Ross. He used to say he was going to write an autobiography called *My Life on a Limb*.) I had predicted that Donald Budge would win the singles titles at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1937 and beat Baron von Cramm once or twice. I offered to bet Ross and Frank I was right, but there were no takers. In my dotage, I often sit cackling in the chimney corner when I think of my old prophecy, for Budge won at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1937 and, in July that year, beat von Cramm in the Davis Cup singles. Ross didn't play or know anything about sports, unless you count croquet, and he read such departments only for mistakes in grammar, and such. Once he broke Frank Adams' heart, when Adams was doing the tennis column, by striking out the phrase "the Red Budge of Courage." He hated puns, but I once got a beauty past him: "I'm tired of seeing our tennis hopes brought back home on our Wood Shields." Ross had never heard of Sidney Wood or Frank Shields, then our two outstanding Davis Cup players, and I'm sure he didn't know about slain warriors being brought back home upon their shields. I often wonder how he bore up under the strain of me. And vice versa.

Somebody has asked me, "Do you think the *New Yorker* was successful because of, or in spite of, Harold Ross?" The answer is: The *New Yorker* was created out of the friction produced by Ross Positive and Ross Negative. He tried, and failed, to make an executive editor out of me, and wanted to do the same thing to Gibbs. This was Ross Negative at its worst. He had the good sense, from the first, to let White alone. This was Ross Positive at its most perceptive. He got from this one trio, in the end, the "productivity" he was after from the very first. How much productivity he lost, through the years, because of the mixture in him of the perspicacious, the perverse, and the preposterous, nobody could ever measure. The files of the magazine, during his years as editor, are the only dependable record of Harold Wallace Ross Positive and Negative. My own conclusions are, at best, only one man's footnotes, personal and debatable.

Next month: More Miracle Men.



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Are you aware t

RUSSIA'S NEW SCHOOLING

Program.

BY ALVIN C. EURICH

A graduate of North Central College in Illinois, ALVIN C. EURICH *took his M.A. at the University of Maine and his doctorate at the University of Minnesota. After holding administrative jobs in several universities, he became in 1949 the first president of the State University of New York, and since 1951 has been vice president of the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education. The article which follows was written on his return from an examination of the Russian secondary schools and universities.*

Stars

SOVIET education today combines the rigorous European system with the mass education of the United States — a phenomenal attempt. By 1960 all Russian youth from 7 to 17 will be required to complete ten years of schooling. Such compulsory education is now in effect in most cities, or for about 70 per cent of the young people. Schools are in session six days a week. Students corresponding to our high school juniors and seniors are in class about seven hours a day and are expected to spend another four or five hours on homework. A ten- to twelve-hour day is regarded as normal. There are no drum majorettes.

Comment on Saturday

American parents who have children in school today should read and pause over the requirements which are demanded of every boy and girl who has completed secondary education in Russia:

7 years, Russian language
3 years, literature: classical, Western European, Soviet
7 years, history and social studies with emphasis upon the U.S.S.R. and Communist Party
10 years, arithmetic and mathematics through trigonometry
5 years, physics
4 years, chemistry
1 year, astronomy
5 years, biology and botany
6 years, geography
6 years, foreign language: a choice of French, German, or English, if instructors are available

I dare say today's youth would rise up in arms against such a rigid Educational program.

Students also work in such subjects as drawing, painting, singing, machine construction, woodworking, metalworking, and agriculture. Upon completion of ten years of schooling they must know how to drive an automobile, a truck, and a tractor.

Among the dozen ten-year schools I visited was Moscow's Number 717. The director characterized the building as typical of the newer school plants. Although built only four years ago it looks forty or more years old. Architecturally the building is unimpressive. Construction is crude. In room after room the electric wiring is tacked along the walls. Much of the lighting comes from electric wires hanging from the ceiling with only a socket and bulb at the end.

This school opened in September, 1953, when only two of the three stories were completed. Because it was built in a rapidly growing community, it is already overcrowded and must operate on a double-shift basis to accommodate

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all the 1280 children. Some teachers work only on one shift; others divide their time between both. For grades one through four, a teacher handles all subjects for a group. Starting with grade five, or age eleven, each teacher instructs in one subject and generally follows the same children through from grade to grade. The teaching load varies from twelve to eighteen hours per week depending on the subject.

The curriculum of School 717, as for all others, follows that prescribed by the Minister of Education. Pupils in the tenth grade, for example, study Russian language and literature, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, a foreign language, astronomy, the history of Russia, psychology, electrical technique, drawing, and physical culture.

Student organizations in the school include the Young Communist League, the Pioneers, and a variety of committees. An executive committee is elected by pupils in the school. Members of this committee select their own chairman, an assistant to the chairman, and a secretary. Their functions include the supervision of all student organizations, maintenance of discipline between classes, and assistance for teachers in such extracurricular activities as drama, music, forensics, and the student newspaper. The organization and activities are obviously arranged to help develop good citizens for a Communist state, since both the Pioneers and Young Communist League are miniatures of the Communist Party.

This particular school was built by and belongs to the Machine Building Plant, the industry which dominates the neighborhood economy. Apparently the government decides which plants must provide schools, although not all schools are so sponsored. This means that the school is supported in part by the productive capacity of a given plant. It means also that the director of the plant organizes the vocational machine shops for the school, which the workers help to assemble on Sunday or their day off. Once the shops are assembled the parents may use them in the evening or after school hours.

Secondary School Number 157, which I visited in Leningrad, was much older but was exceptionally well equipped. In the physics classroom, for example, the teacher pressed a button to drop the shades and the room was dark. He pressed a second button and a slide of a hydraulic pump was projected on the screen. He pressed a third button and a motion picture showed the equipment in operation. All along one wall there was a cabinet filled with films, slides, and other visual materials readily at hand to be used for instructional purposes.

At this school, too, there were small rooms scattered throughout the building in which students could work on individual projects. In one I saw a student assembling tape-recording equipment so that he could record his own voice. I gathered from our conversation that he was interested in becoming a professional singer.

At a collective farm about seventy miles out of Moscow, the secondary school was a three-story building only five years old but in an exceedingly poor state of repair. Large chips of concrete were broken off the steps, and chunks of stucco had fallen off the outside walls. The interior of the building was wood frame with plaster walls.

The same curriculum was followed in this school but in a more limited way than in the big city schools. The same textbooks were used. Only one foreign language was taught. The rote memory system of teaching was dominant. The teachers, many of whom had only two years of training in a pedagogical institute, were not as well prepared as those in urban schools. About half of the pupils left school after the seventh year and went to work on a farm. Even with the limitations one would expect in a country district, it is well to compare this program with what we know to exist in the rural districts in America.

At the end of the seventh and tenth grades, the Ministry of Education checks on the individual pupils throughout the country with state examinations. Seventh grade examinations are given during one week; tenth grade youngsters take examinations for one full month. The tests are mostly oral, with the exception of those in Russian language and literature. Russians do not believe in the effectiveness of written examinations and have no use whatsoever for our true-false, multiple-choice, or other types of objective tests. Questions are on "tickets." After drawing a ticket the student responds before his teacher and fellow pupils.

Admission to a university or institute of higher learning is based on these examinations, on scholarship records, and on such additional tests as the individual faculty may require. Only the "gold star" students are admitted without supplementary examinations. The "silver star" students take additional tests in the specialty of the particular faculty under which they will be studying. Quotas are established for each faculty by the Minister of Higher Education. Approximately one out of two or three applicants is admitted to the total university, but for some faculties selection is very rigid. For example, at the University of Leningrad last year one student was accepted from every twenty-one applicants in journalism.

If the student fails in admission to the university, he may not apply at any other institute

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for higher learning during the current year. This, of course, helps to prevent "shopping" among colleges by the student; and certain institutes do not therefore have to accept second-rate students. If the examinations for entrance are failed a second time, the student may not reapply.

Each time I asked how many of their top-ranking secondary school students went on for higher study, the reaction came in a squint of the eye, a wrinkled brow, or a facial twitch, and finally in words: "Practically all of the top-ranking students. Isn't that what universities are for?"

Most students are paid for going to the university according to their scholarship record, with payments ranging from 300 to 550 rubles per month. Three hundred rubles is the lowest wage paid to a worker. The woman who sweeps the streets receives 300 rubles per month. A student can live meagerly on this amount.

Even when a student is admitted to a university, he still has no free choice of subjects. Regardless of his specialty he is required to take courses in Marxism, the history of the Communist Party, philosophy, and a foreign language. He also must have a minimal amount of psychology and practice teaching; thus almost every university graduate is prepared to teach on the secondary level.

There is no teacher shortage in Russia. One teacher is provided for every twenty-two or twenty-three pupils in the secondary schools, but the present goal is to provide one for seventeen. And at the university or higher institute level, the budget is automatically set on the basis of enrollments to provide one teacher for every ten students. About 50 per cent of the university graduates go into teaching, and practically all of the graduates of the institutes of pedagogy become teachers. Emphasis at these institutes is on the subject to be taught, not on methods.

A high degree of specialization characterizes Russian education. Concentration in a particular field is exceptionally heavy. For example, in Moscow's Institute of Foreign Languages, 880 students were specializing in English and devoting 80 per cent of their time for a full five years to English.

The Russian educational system is rigorous. It is also extremely rigid. The Minister of Higher Education is in complete charge of the universities and most institutes of higher learning, about 800 in number. He controls budgets, appointment of professors and key administrative officers, salaries, the curriculum, the textbooks, the selection of students, their placement upon completion of their course, and the state examinations.

I met with the Minister of Higher Education after visiting institutions of higher learning in Kiev, Leningrad, and Moscow, and we spent some time discussing rigidity. The Minister wanted to know how we handled textbooks for our courses. I explained that publishers were free to print any textbook, that each college and university and, in most cases, every professor selected the textbooks and reference books he wished to use, and that we encouraged the use of several textbooks from the elementary through the university grades.

"Is not that a waste of time, effort, and paper?" he asked. I pointed to the advantage of having students compare different points of view and approaches to a subject. To which he countered by saying that if you had "the best textbook" that anyone could possibly write, the student would learn more by studying it than by browsing around in a number of books. In Russia they make every effort to get "the best textbook" for each course.

The difficulty the Russians have in understanding variations in practice cropped up over and over again. When I explained the freedom our colleges have in setting admission requirements and selecting students, the Minister exclaimed: "It seems utter chaos to me."

THE accomplishments of the Russian educational system are exceedingly impressive. Just forty years ago, at the time of the Revolution, somewhat more than half of the population was illiterate. Now illiterates form less than 5 per cent of Russia's 200 million population, according to a recent UNESCO report. Russians naturally feel great pride in the educational system they have built in so short a time. The chairman of a collective farm explained that his education had extended over only three years and for just a few months of each year. With great pride, he exclaimed, "My sons and daughters now go to school for ten years, and, if they do well, they can go on to the university." People in all walks of life share this regard for education.

At all levels the teacher occupies a position of great prestige. With the possible exception of top party leaders, no one is held in higher regard than the university professor, especially in the sciences and engineering. The teacher symbolizes Russia's hopes for an improved economy, for position in the world, for a rise in the population's level of thinking and living. He is the instrument of change and progress and is treated accordingly.

The university professor's economic reward is equivalent to that of a manager of a large manufacturing plant. Apparently only top party leaders earn more. The professor's base pay is 6000 rubles per month or, at the official rate of ex-

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change, 1500 dollars. In addition, he receives compensation for any outside engagements, for serving as a consultant to industry or government. If he writes a book, he gets 2000 rubles for every twenty-three typewritten pages. If he is elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences, he is paid 2500 rubles per month for life, and in the higher category of membership, "academician," he receives 5000 rubles. This adds up impressively, and means that a top-ranking professor and "academician" might make as much in Russian values as the head of General Motors does here. The professor in Russia has no medical expenses, no expenses for the education of his children; his taxes and rent are relatively low, while some other costs of living are higher. His economic position in society becomes more meaningful by contrasting his income with that of the practicing lawyer or doctor, whose income ranges from 3200 to 4000 rubles per month without the opportunities for additional income.

Soviet educational leaders are not at all satisfied with their school program. They are continually trying to improve it. Directors of secondary schools, for example, reported that their students' current work load is too heavy; it may impair the health of the pupils. Something must be done to extend it over eleven years or to reduce the amount of required work, particularly in the upper years.

Some educators insisted that quality must be improved; there must be a better balance between technical and general education; there must be better means for developing the individuality and personality of pupils.

At the university or higher institute level, criticism was even sharper. Rectors of the universities of Kiev, Leningrad, and Moscow all stressed the need for establishing a higher level of competence, particularly in the scientific fields. They felt their equipment inadequate to the task they were trying to perform. Rector A. D. Alexandrov at Leningrad complained about the methods of teaching. He said they attempted to stuff the student like a sausage and then at the end of five years tie it up with a diploma!

Vechaslav Yelutin, Soviet Minister of Higher Education, joined the rectors in urging a broader program and more and better textbooks brought up to date. He stated that the ablest teachers seem to be attracted to certain centers of learning, and consequently distribution of quality is not equitable throughout the country. Furthermore, he thought that an effort should be made to associate teaching with practice. Russian educators are most eager to learn about other systems of education and constantly requested more information about schools in the United States. Many of them asked for an exchange of students and faculty. We are the only capitalist nation refusing such cooperation. An exchange arrangement was made between the Universities of Chicago and Moscow which bogged down on the U.S. fingerprinting requirement. Mr. Yelutin extended a general invitation to American students to come to Russia. He said to me, "You are afraid your students will become Communists if they study here. We are not afraid that our young people will become capitalists if they study in the United States."

It is my impression that a student completing the Russian secondary school at the age of seventeen probably has an education equivalent to that which we provide by the end of the first two years of college. Over a period of years the Soviet emphasis on science will naturally develop a nation whose people are informed in an important field in this technological age. We might well ask ourselves whether, with only 4 per cent of our high school students receiving as much as one semester's instruction in physics during the school year 1955–1956, our nation will be equally informed.

Of a total of 2.5 million graduates from Russian schools of professional or higher education, about 1.5 million, or 60 per cent, are scientists and engineers. In contrast, we have 5 million such graduates, of which 1.5 million, or 30 per cent, are scientists and engineers. In addition, the current rate of producing these specialists in the Soviet Union is about two and a half to three times our rate of production. This is not to argue for one moment that we should immediately convert our schools into one large physics laboratory, or attempt to imitate the Russian education. Rather, we should ask ourselves how to provide the best education for our young people, who live in a scientific world but who, I venture to suggest, want more than just scientific training. We must provide balance and not fail by default in any important area of human knowledge.

The critical teacher shortage in the United States, although it was foreseen a decade ago, has become more acute each year. The increase in the number of inadequately prepared teachers, the relative deterioration of teachers' salaries, crowded classrooms, and the need for double sessions — these are frightening symptoms for the richest nation on earth. We must clarify our goals, reconsider our programs of education, and apply our ingenuity now to provide schools and teachers for our times. The dramatic ways in which Russia has laid claim to world supremacy in science may well prove to be the spur to our own greatest period of educational advance.

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WHAT STRANGLES AMERICAN TEACHING

The Certification Racket

BY LYDIA STOUT

Has the certification of teachers for the public schools become an obstruction rather than an aid to good education? There is reason to believe that the abuses which LYDIA STOUT *finds in the Florida system are paralleled in many other states. A faculty wife at the University of Florida in Gainesville, Mrs. Stout taught in the public schools of New Hampshire and New Jersey and has served for the past three years as an unpaid lobbyist for an independent group on the certification issue.*

THE most stubborn obstruction to good schooling in the United States is the hierarchy which the educationists themselves have established. Their influence has a restricting effect 1) on teacher-training courses, with the emphasis on theory or method as opposed to content, 2) on the lawmaking bodies where, by means of lobbying and other wirepulling tactics, they have gained so much power, and 3) on the prestige of the organized groups within the teaching profession itself.

Teacher training, from the point of view of students or teachers, is humiliating. Every state has its own code of laws or regulations governing the education and certification of teachers. Usually those requirements specify that the students planning to teach shall, while obtaining their college degree, pursue some general and some specific courses in education (that is, pedagogy or the how-to courses), and obtain some experience in practice teaching. Ostensibly those regulations were intended to keep poorly qualified teachers out of the classrooms, and parents and the public have been led to think that is what they do. State departments of education enforce the regulations and issue certificates which teachers must have before they can be hired. But colleges of education, when left to themselves, often require a great many more credits in how-to courses than the law specifies. As a result, the teacher-training programs have become top-heavy and tragically wasteful while the quality of the education being given to the pupil has been progressively downgraded.

In Florida even a kindergarten teacher must now take more than half of her whole college curriculum in education courses, and in order to obtain the highest pay and rank must have a doctor's degree. The certification requirements are backed up by a rigid pay scale. With some thirty thousand teachers in Florida, each of whom has probably had to take ten courses in a college of education, and with a demand for two thousand or more new teachers each year, the education colleges must teach several hundred classes in pedagogy just to satisfy the state requirements. The teachers' colleges then become big business and the cornerstone of the powerful empire that the educationists have built for themselves. Other devices are the automatic pay raises for advanced degrees, restrictions on reactivation of certificates, and the limiting of scholarships to prospective teachers. These require brief explanations.

Many older teachers hold life certificates from "normal schools," but such long-term certificates are no longer issued or honored. The theory is

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that a teacher constantly on the job does not keep sufficiently informed in the most recent educational theories and therefore forgets *how* to teach. The most competent of university faculties can boast not more than a half-dozen professors who could actually be certified to teach in public school, and not even Albert Einstein could legally have taught first-grade arithmetic! College graduates who have fulfilled the so-called requirements are now given a "graduate" certificate and required to return to college periodically to take summer courses in the latest theories (the victims call it "sipping at the same old soup"); otherwise their certificates will expire. These refresher courses often work a real hardship on women teachers with families and on others who are physically exhausted from teaching, but they do help swell the enrollments in education classes and keep the summer-school machinery running at full capacity.

Florida, like many other states, has a law, written by a professor of education, which provides automatic rank and pay raises for teachers who obtain advanced degrees in education! In substance, the law states that a teacher with a bachelor's degree is placed in Rank III and receives the minimum teaching salary. The teacher with a master's degree is placed in Rank II and automatically receives $400 to $600 a year more salary. Likewise the teacher with a doctor's degree [1] is placed in Rank I with another increase of $400 to $600. Merit has nothing to do with the teacher's rank and salary — they are simply a matter of obtaining the advanced degrees, and the pay increase is dependent upon the teacher's returning to college and taking graduate work.

Even as an undergraduate the prospective teacher has had to pursue so many courses in educational theory and so few in any scholarly field that he has little choice but to take his degree in education. His desire for financial betterment naturally helps fill the classrooms of the professional pedagogues in the universities. The University of Florida offers 125 graduate courses in teacher training. The dean of that college of education justifies this situation by saying that "*If you know enough about how to teach, you can always pick up enough facts to face a high school class.*"

Meanwhile the National Education Association and other agencies are insisting that the federal government must make large contributions toward improvement of the schools. The staggering sum of $4.5 billion has been suggested, much of it to go for increases in teachers' salaries. But unless the certification laws are changed, any federal money that is poured into salaries in expectation of attracting better teachers to the profession will be wasted, because genuinely superior teachers will refuse, as they do now, to submit to ridiculous certification requirements. Obviously it is going to take drastic measures to alter a system on which the public has been so thoroughly misled.

[1] Even with a doctor's degree in education, a teacher may have fewer course credits in subject matter than are required for a bachelor's degree in liberal arts.

THE EDUCATIONIST LOBBY

In order to see the educationists in operation, one has to go to the Legislature to watch them actually legislate themselves into business. The account that follows tells of the political stratagems of the departments of education and the state educational associations in Florida, but Florida is controlled by pretty much the same kind of educational politicians as Ohio or any other state.

Prompted by a desire to get at the facts, I helped form a Committee of Parents and became its chairman. We succeeded in getting a bill introduced into the 1955 session of the Florida Legislature. The most important provision of the bill was to permit arts and science students to meet certification requirements with a minimum number of credit hours in how-to-teach courses specified by the State Department of Education. The Senate passed this bill thirty-four to one, the one vote being that of a senator who had promised the president of Florida State University that he would oppose it.

The educationists, marshaling their forces and campaigning the state, solicited letters and telegrams from teachers and parents in opposition to the bill. They thus succeeded in keeping the measure from reaching the House floor for debate. Their argument was that such legislation would lower the standard for teachers and would make the shortage more critical, though just how it would do so was never explained. Our experience with this bill taught us the lesson that we want desperately to pass on to other parents and legislators: that control of the school system has been taken over by people who are concerned only with their own aggrandizement and who have no sincere desire to advance the cause of better education. With those people in control, and all advice coming from them, we shall never have good schools *no matter how much money we pour into them!* The teacher shortage has been created by and for the colleges of education, and the certification requirements are being used to operate a closed shop.

The colleges of education, in their efforts toward self-expansion, depend on two powerful auxiliaries, the Florida Education Association (FEA) and the State Department of Education, to do the actual lobbying in the Legislature. The State Department of Education is headed by the State Super-

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intendent of Public Instruction. The department supposedly is an executive branch of the state government, but in Florida the Superintendent appears to have plenty of money with which to lobby for more state money, much like the farmer who bought more land so he could grow more corn to feed more hogs so he could buy more land, and so forth. However, our Superintendent, who is a product or a convert of a college of education, has charge of the actual issuing of the teachers' certificates, and it is not unusual to find that former teachers, *or experienced teachers from other states*, must take more than a solid year of professional education courses before they can teach in Florida schools.

Our Florida Education Association is similar to organized groups of teachers found in other states and is also the state counterpart of the National Education Association. The FEA serves the same trade-union type of purposes as NEA and uses its enormous slush fund — in 1957 it was $240,000, collected as dues from teacher members — for lobbying or any other purposes which will "protect the interests" of those teachers. Teachers are not required to belong to these state and national organizations but are generally pressured into doing so. Like any other trade union, the FEA has some legitimate aims, such as better salaries and working conditions, but for the most part the money is used to further the ambitions of the educationists. The executive secretary of FEA and his assistants constitute what one legislator called "the most powerful lobby that ever walked the halls of the State Capitol."

These three branches of the educationist hierarchy work hand in glove. Invariably the laws and regulations which are drafted by professors of education are railroaded through the Legislature by the FEA. The State Superintendent then carries out those laws and regulations in accordance with the interpretations which he or the other educationists choose to put on them. By this system of coordination, the triple alliance has been able to dictate school policies all the way from certifying teachers and specifying the curriculums down to selecting and buying all textbooks, planning and approving the school building programs, running the buses and cafeterias, and dictating new school legislation.

SCHOLARSHIPS LIMITED

The triple alliance is assisted in this lobbying by a number of other groups, among them the Continuing Educational Council, the Citizens Advisory Council, the Course of Study Committee for Public Schools, the Junior College Council, the Classroom Teachers' Association, and other special organizations for county superintendents, principals, and school board members. Despite their important-sounding titles, they serve as "fronts" and execute the commands of the FEA, impress the Legislature, and confuse the issues for outsiders. They are particularly effective in the committees of the Legislature which deal with education.

An illustration of their performance occurred in 1955, when a scholarship bill was amended so as to make the Legislature a party to channeling students into the classrooms of the colleges of education. This scholarship bill regularly provides each of 1050 students with $400 a year during undergraduate years. According to the original law, the scholarships were available to meritorious students in any field of learning. A student had only to sign an agreement that for each year he received the $400 he would, upon graduation, teach a year in Florida schools or refund the money.

Early in the 1955 session, the Superintendent, as is the custom, presented the bill which would appropriate this scholarship money. Routinely passed by the Senate, the bill then went to the House, where it was held up until nearly the end of the session. When affairs had become so rushed that small items could be given little attention, an assistant to the Superintendent sent an amendment to the House Committee on Public School Education, and the committee then hurriedly approved the bill as amended. The bill then went to the House, where it was passed at once and returned to the Senate and given final approval. Not one of the legislators I talked with was aware that the amendment restricted *all the scholarships to students enrolled in colleges of education*. Even students already receiving those scholarships and not enrolled in education colleges were required to transfer or were taken off the list for the following year.

Several members were so enraged about the manipulation of this deal that another bill was introduced in the 1957 session designed to remove the restriction. Somehow this bill was "lost" after it passed the Senate but before it reached the House committees, so it never got to the floor of the House. The railroading of the amendment is but one of many instances which showed the educationists' methods and power.

When Representative Pratt introduced a bill providing for three lay citizens — to be appointed by the governor — to serve on the eleven-man Course of Study Committee for Public Schools, the Superintendent objected strenuously. The bill was reviewed by the House Committee for Public School Education, and several legislators spoke out about the need for citizens to take an interest in school matters and pointed out that youngsters are

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getting inferior preparation in mathematics and science. Representative Maness said that the Legislature should call on the people who foot the big bills to take a look at what is being taught. Several others spoke in favor of Pratt's bill because it would give citizens at least some voice in school programs. But the bill was defeated by lobbyists of the FEA.

MICKEY MOUSE COURSES

It has come to be taken for granted that colleges of education, with rare exceptions, attract the poorest students. Only the most naïve can bear up under the equivalent of fifteen to twenty repetitious and often meaningless "Mickey Mouse" courses, as the students themselves call them. The college of education at the University of Florida requires of its students a score of only 400 on the Graduate Record Examination for entrance into its graduate department, while all other branches of the university require a score of 500. The low level of ability required to get a degree in education is a standing joke in colleges and universities. Other departments, such as engineering, science, and liberal arts, routinely advise their poorest students to look for easier berths in the colleges of education. These castoffs from the other colleges obtain certificates and stay with teaching indefinitely because their trade union (FEA) has seen to it that they can draw just as much pay as the best teachers.

As another example of the way those laws operate, take the case of a family man for whom jobs other than teaching are available. To him, the equal salary scale for men and women teachers with the same certification rating provides little attraction, because a man has a struggle to support a family on a salary that is adequate for the spinster schoolma'am or working wife. Consequently, the few men now entering the teaching profession are the athletic coaches and vocational teachers who receive substantial salary supplements. But in due time their jobs become blind alleys, and if they seek greater opportunity, they must find it in the higher pay and prestige of the school administrative positions.

Again and again I have heard teachers and former teachers complain of *unpleasant or undesirable working conditions*. One of them said, "I couldn't complain about my salary, but it was the other things that made teaching unattractive. We rarely have principals nowadays with liberal-arts backgrounds, and so they just don't believe in the kind of standards we need in our schools." When I began checking, I found that in order to qualify for a certificate in supervision, a person must earn twenty-four to thirty credits in special education courses and must hold a master's degree. Those requirements alone are sufficient to keep qualified liberal arts graduates out of principalships *because one cannot get an M.A. degree requiring thirty to thirty-six credits in liberal arts if he has to take so many courses in education.*

The result, as pointed out by a professor of physical education, is that 60 per cent of the principals in Florida schools are majors in physical education and were formerly the coaches. Many of the others are graduates in agricultural education. No wonder a local school board member complained, "It is useless to change principals hoping to get a better one, because all the new candidates have had the same educationist background."

The new look in the school system, brought about by administrators of characteristic ex-athlete caliber, explains why the emphasis in Florida schools has all been transferred from scholarship to activities and why we find these administrators in their trade journals and elsewhere making statements such as: "The trouble with the ninth grade is that some people still think English, algebra, science, and foreign language should be included." Older teachers, fighting to maintain high standards, admit that they have their backs to the wall. In Gainesville, when the physics teacher resigned from our high school, her letter to the school board stated that her reason for quitting was that the principal had turned her physics laboratory over to the student activities and driver-training groups.

NO CREDIT FOR EXPERIENCE

No small part of the difficulty with certification laws has been the way the State Superintendent's office administers them. Perhaps I chose a bad day to visit the certification office, but when I arrived, there were two people, a man and a woman, talking about obtaining certificates. I couldn't help overhearing them and sensing the annoyance and irritation in the atmosphere. "I'm just not going to take any more of those courses," said the man as he walked out. When the woman picked up her papers to leave, I followed her and got her story. She said, "I've taught elementary school for thirty years. When I retired in Oklahoma, my husband and I came to live in Florida. I don't need to work, but I love to teach. My degree was in liberal arts with a major in Latin, which I have never taught. All my experience has been in elementary schools, and I have a master's degree in education. Last fall I started teaching before receiving my certificate and was astonished to find, when it came, that I was certified to teach nothing but Latin. Then because I was teaching outside my field (I was teaching an elementary

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grade). I was given only a temporary certificate, good for one year, and told that I would have to take *twenty-four credits in education.*"

Early in the 1957 session of the Legislature, the Superintendent made the grandiose announcement that he would never be a party to any legislation that would "lower standards for teachers." But just four years previously he *had* lowered requirements in *subject matter*, so colleges of education could require students to take more of their teacher-training courses.

Last year a new organization called the National Teacher Accreditation Association was formed. This is an organization of institutions that train teachers, but its purpose evidently is to make sure that certification requirements operate to the maximum advantage of the colleges of education in those institutions. The Superintendent declared that Florida has joined that association and that it (the NTAA) is "going to seek to put out of commission some liberal-arts colleges by not accrediting their graduates to teach." One cannot help wondering why a State Superintendent of Public Instruction is interested in putting any educational institutions out of business. Does he fear competition from those colleges, or is it just because he cannot hold the certification club over the heads of all their teachers?

Recently newspaper and magazine articles and programs on the air have begun to scrutinize the educationists and have put them on the defensive. In spite of the criticisms, the Superintendent continues to make it clear that he and his cohorts intend to stick to their guns. Immediately after Sputnik I, the Superintendent's office released a story to the newspapers, placing the blame for poor schools squarely on the shoulders of parents because they are not taking sufficient interest in school problems. But that story is haunted by the ghost of Representative Pratt's bill, which the Superintendent fought and defeated because it would have placed just three lay citizens on the eleven-man Course of Study Committee for Public Schools.

At a state meeting of school board members a representative of the Superintendent gave them to understand that it was they who have been at fault all along because they have not paid enough attention to curriculums. That is a hollow argument because, on the recommendation of the Superintendent's own agents, every school board has one or more specialists on its payroll who are known as "coordinators of curriculum." Immediately after Christmas the Superintendent released another item, this time blaming pupils because they have not been taking more courses in science and mathematics. He insisted that the schools have been offering nine to twelve years of mathematics, with equally adequate science courses, but that pupils just have not been electing those courses. But he did not mention that the State Department of Education requires for graduation from high school only three years of English, one year of mathematics (which may be general math, similar to that of the eighth grade), one year of science (which may be general science, similar to what pupils already had in grammar school), two years of social studies, and two years of physical education. Neither did he mention the educationists' constant preachings that pupils should be allowed to elect their own courses without interference.

The educationists are seeking desperately to escape the blame for shortcomings in the school system. Undoubtedly they will next point at Washington, and the federal government will be blamed for not appropriating a few billion more for buildings and salaries. Everything possible is being done to divert attention from the real cause, certification, and to make us believe that dollars are a cure-all. But higher salaries, per se, will do little more than give the hierarchy a stronger hold on the schools. As long as all the teachers and administrators in elementary, high, and junior college schools must be processed through a system that attracts the least capable people and indoctrinates them with an overdose of pedagogy and the myth that you need not know a subject in order to teach it, there will be a continuous downgrading of education at every level.

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BEAT DOWN FRIGID ROME

BY ESTHER WAGNER

A native of Chicago, ESTHER WAGNER *did her undergraduate work at Bryn Mawr and also taught there before getting her Ph.D. Now married, she is living in northwestern California, where she divides her time between writing and teaching.*

"Dido and Aeneas" *18th century engraving*

THE bell had just rung for the first period, and old Latimer threw open the door with one of his long-armed, extravagant, precisely controlled gestures. He stood back to supervise with his cold ancient-looking smile the entry of his Latin I class from the Gothic marches of the corridors to the centurion atmosphere of his classroom. He had a trick of fixing his eyes on the feet of his students as they crossed the doorsill, an elaborately blank glance which stilled the last flap of every loafer, deadened the last clump of every ski boot. At the end of this morning's stream of feet came a pair of unobtrusively foreign-made, cordovan-polished brogues, and old Latimer shifted his gaze to the unlined pleasant face of his colleague, Mr. Merton, English teacher and Administrative Assistant to the Dean of Boys.

All the faculty felt rather sorry for Merton, who had to handle the college admissions correspondence and was continually writing hopeful, covertly pleading letters to the deans of admission of the great Eastern colleges. Merton had to give them the hard sell on sons of three generations of Harvard or Yale or Hurstleigh men who now found themselves doubtful candidates because they had made a couple of C's in junior year. He resented this, remembering his own easy admission to the most august of colleges during the depression years, and sometimes thinking almost savagely of their jowled fathers, survivors of the Cretaceous age of the gentleman's C. Worst of all, he couldn't even be certain that his sure-fire candidates would get just where they wanted to go.

He now brought in to old Latimer a sheaf of application papers and a student's dossier in a battered manila folder, from which a wild-eyed photograph unpromisingly slopped over at the top.

"Lang's application for the Hurstleigh scholarship, sir," he muttered, looking warily at the nearest amorphous little countenances staring apprehensively at the assignment on the blackboard or bowed in swift vocabulary review. "Here's their stuff about qualifications, and Lang's papers. The Head would like to have your letter today if it's at all possible."

"Fourth period, or end of third," said old Latimer with the effortless laconic air which marked everything he said and did. He could make long speeches or perform the most complex personal rituals without ever letting go his characteristic effects of concision, condensation, compression. No one ever analyzed these effects or dissected his techniques; the Head never sent student teachers to work under him, though they were always assigned to visit his classes in the capacity of audience. His authority was beyond formulation. The Head was the Head; the Dean was the Little Corporal or the Boss-man; the Old Man was Latimer, who had no administrative position whatever, no connection with the faculty

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council, was never put on committees or made Sponsor of anything. He was the Old Man of the Mountain, the Old Man of the Sea. The funny thing was that he wasn't even very old: fifty-five at the most, with thick silver-fox hair.

MERTON left and the freshmen were silent. The door swung to with a click, and there rose behind it the great strange atmosphere of the Latin room, haunting to generations of students, compounded of the smell of Latimer's old beautiful tweeds, the wild fragrance of the ferns in his extravagant window boxes, the stone eyes of the Roman senators in prints on the front wall, the glint of gold letters on the leather bindings ranged on the desk, the complex lines of the small, fiercely exact reproduction of a Roman trireme encased in glass.

Old Latimer's classes always began quietly enough. The students lifted their faces to him, confident, expecting something to happen. Some waited for the great gusts of temper that swept the room rhythmically, periodically, like the rise and fall of some giant breathing chest. Some hoped for a dramatic chastisement, in baritone shout or chill sibilant whisper, of some classmate; some simply wished to escape this. Old Latimer never had any trouble with discipline and never thought about it.

Now he ran rapidly over the vocabulary, asking for meanings of words, principal parts of verbs, suddenly swooping to demand a whole declension, the total conjugation of one of the hard tenses, like the future passive of the -io verbs. For good answers he gave his swift wolfish smile, baring an astonishingly long, sharp left incisor. For a slow one he waited in impassive, gentlemanly patience or in the most ill-concealed ennui, rolling up his eyes, shaking his chalk in his hand. The choice of manner depended on the personality of the student, the past performances, known ability, standing of the student after some scene of the day before, and so on.

Over kitten-like, earnest little Emily Rushmore in the front row, struggling with the forms of the infinitive in her accustomed style of mixed timidity and stubbornness, valor and misgiving, he lingered long, hinting, grinning, exhorting, correcting, suddenly thrusting his large-boned brilliant-eyed countenance within one inch of hers to hiss an ending at her, bowing with a genuine smiling courtesy when she hit happily on a correct form. The little girl's face lit and shadowed, her eyelids drooped or lifted, following this peculiar orchestration. Latimer pressed her on to the fifth declension, new for the day; her maunderings over this caused him suddenly to throw up his hands, throw out his arms, throw back his head, and shout: "Emily Rushmore! Emily Rushmore!" Out came the rush of eloquence all knew would come, this time untinged with violence, just ringing with passion, elevated, sincere. In the great hills of North Dakota, he informed her, where the Sioux thought there abided forever the spirits of the dead, there was a great slab of mountain which bore her name. He called to her mind the images of great men hewn there by tremendous effort. Even so, he told her, he had hewn into the great slabs of her blank child's mind the forms of the four great Latin declensions, "complete, Emily, with mutations and characteristic variations from the norm — the -i of the ablative of *mare*, *insigne*, *animal*, *exemplar*." The low beautiful baritone rose to a deep shout as he showered on her the epithets of Slab, Granite Hillside, Erstwhile Smooth Expanse. "And now you boggle at the second -i in *diei*," he added, suddenly in a normal, conversational voice, and smiled.

Emily began to relax; a delicate little giggle escaped her and a deep chortle spread through the class.

"Now, the translation," said old Latimer, smothering a yawn. "It's a simplified little anecdote taken from the *Aeneid*, which you — *some* of you, I mean — will be reading late next year." He piloted them through the short story of Aeneas' landing on the coast near Carthage, Dido's reception of him, the banquet, and the beginning of the tale. He excoriated someone for making a passive active, praised someone for making the historical present a past, explained neatly and lucidly the Roman attitude toward the order of words, reminded everyone that some ablatives of manner take *cum* and some do not take *cum*, assigned a lesson dealing with the comparison of irregular adjectives, pointed out to everyone that the translation for that lesson described the love of Dido for Aeneas and incarnated the idea of romantic love which most appealed to the ancient world, "not *exactly* a valentine affair! June and moon were not its symbols, but chains and fire and destroying disease; naked force and terrible pain. Here is great Virgil telling about Dido wandering through the city, burned with it, pierced with it, sick with it . . ." and the deep beautiful voice rolled over the classroom in a tide of unintelligible sound, as strongly marked by rhythm as any music they had ever heard:

> Heu vatum ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem,
> quid delubra iuvant? Est mollis flamma medullas
> interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore volnus.
> Uritur infelix Dido . . .

Over the faces of two or three, the incantation

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seekers, who would never forget this face or room, this sound, so long as they lived, came the drop-jawed, feeble-minded look of total acceptance they habitually wore at these moments. The bell rang; old Latimer seemed suddenly to forget the whole thing, smiled his briskest smile, said, "All right, now *watch those irregulars*," and flung open his door.

In every school there is one teacher concerning whom a rumor circulates that he has a large personal fortune and teaches not for money but from some obscure disinterested motive. In Latimer's school this role fell naturally to him, and each generation increased the collection of wild stories about his personal life and background. The man's clothes, bearing, accent, all suggested some world of personal autonomy and distinction totally foreign to their own world of hard-working, commuting, cocktail-drinking, sense-talking older men, with their ordinary expensive suits, their speech full of flat *a*'s, slurred consonants, dulled vowels (*guv'munt*), and familiar well-understood words.

He seemed also a fortuitous ambassador from some world quite different from that represented by their other teachers. All this was augmented by the fact that nobody really did know anything much about Latimer. The students all knew that he was an accomplished athlete; he played an almost embarrassingly good game of tennis for one so old, was seen with his wife on golf links and on the bridle paths. He skated on the school pond once or twice a year, with great competence, using a fine pair of Austrian skates. But he coached no teams, never talked of sports or went to football games.

The faculty knew with a fair degree of certainty that he had taught in several Eastern colleges and in at least one of the great prep schools, and that there was some quite exciting story about his marriage to the mother of one of his pupils. The tall dashing-looking woman whom everybody knew only as Mrs. Latimer certainly was not a very representative faculty wife. She was more than merely civil, really friendly in a fast-talking, brilliantly smiling way. She gave a large cocktail party once a year for all the faculty and served very good food and drinks. She wore dark red or dark green or purple tweeds in the daytime and black silk in the evening. It was thought that she had many friends "in town" — not in the suburb where the school was located — and that these were not suburban types. Nobody ever saw her in the summer. She and her husband simply disappeared off the Middle Western map, to return always just in time for the opening reception given by the Head, coming into it as though they had never been away, hard and precise in physical outline, clipped of speech, vague and uninformative in conversation.

Parents and other teachers quite often felt that Latimer did not take as much personal interest in the students as was the prevailing mode at the school. Certainly he spent little time on his inept and failing students. But no one dared reproach him with this, in view of the long fanatical hours he devoted to helping the middle range of his students, lavishing upon them his burning gaze, his infinite powers of dramatization, his gifts of lucid explanation and varied repetition, in an impassioned effort to bring them out of their uncertainties and into that state of life where they could translate with confidence, decline and conjugate with aplomb, recognize without hesitation the landmarks of early Latin studies, indirect discourse, purpose clauses, and the like. He never spoke to these students or to any others about their outside life, never allowed them to speak of their family routines or their home atmospheres. They could not feel that he was interested in them as human beings; it seemed unlikely that he ever thought of them as such, and probable that he did not consider them people as they had been taught to expect that their teachers would.

Not one of them resented this. Indeed, it seemed to relieve them, a cool, sharp, stinging astringent applied to the irritations of their adolescence. And for all his lack of interest in their personal existences, when he turned that deep brilliant glance upon them to see what they knew about the passive periphrastic or whether they had studied the vocabulary, they felt *noticed* as in few other departments of their lives.

Old Latimer cared no more for himself as a human being than he did for them. His mad histrionics and Dionysian outbursts were not designed to compel their admiration nor to impose upon them a sense of his autocracy and difference. They were teaching devices. For all his personal complexities and the baroque, even rococo fabric of his individual being, he was the one person of power in their lives who wished and demanded of them something really simple and clear in outline. He wanted them to learn Latin.

He now looked down at the little mess of papers on his desk. The face of his best student, Robert Lang, looked wildly up at him from the photograph, denuded of its habitual steel-rimmed glasses. He picked up the Hurstleigh folder on the classical scholarship, prepared by a man he knew well and coldly disliked, a representative at classi-

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cal meetings and archaeological congresses of the billboard world of Rotarianism, adjustment, genial cooperation, and general group dynamics. Latimer narrowed his eyes and tossed the folder aside. Next he picked up the general statement of Hurstleigh's Dean of Admissions on the college's admission policies. His eye fell on the phrase "breadth of extracurricular interests' and, further on, "ability to function effectively in the group," and a savage scowl twisted the upper part of his face. It disappeared as he looked up to see Lang entering the room and quietly closing the door behind him.

The exotic airs generated in the classroom during the freshman class were dissipated in an instant as Latimer's senior student took his seat immediately opposite the master's chair and smiled his thin smile. Anything less "all-round" than the appearance and personal atmosphere of Robert Lang would be difficult to imagine. From head to foot of his physical being the general stigmata of unattractive adolescence were surcharged by the presence of an imposing array of particularities. Behind a fierce hedge of skin disorders and scattered bristles under a layer of impermanent childish flesh, slept a fine regular profile and a nobly sculptured jawbone. But the boy's pale eyes shone with the fanaticisms of the early-blooming specialist; his encrusted shirt collar, bedraggled Fair Isle sweater, smudged shoes spoke of the sacrifice of one order of fastidiousness to another.

Latimer always sat at his desk during his conferences with Lang. He spoke in even, courteous tones, both friendly and remote, as one gentleman addressing another slightly younger. "What is it today, Bob?" he asked quietly, taking up his green Cicero and leafing through its opening pages.

"The peroration from the *Pro Cluentio*, sir," said Lang, and began to translate from his little student's edition. The flowery and passionate appeal for the life of an upright man unjustly charged with a low murder, the crown of the great lawyer's defense against a prosecution which had moved almost exclusively in the territories of political and class prejudice, took shape in effortless English. Here and there Lang paused for a moment to comment on a series of gerundives, to mention the names of less familiar grammatical constructions, to guess at the reason for a curious ordering of phrases.

Latimer listened in silence, inclining his head, turning the pages, catching the boy's eye from time to time over the top of his book and communicating assent. At the end he nodded gravely and said, "All right. Now read a bit of the Latin, Bob, and remember the trouble we had last time with the long *i*'s." Lang looked up from his page and did not look back at it as he recited the last section from memory, his eyes plunged deep into Latimer's. "*Orat vos Habitus, iudices, et flens obsecrat*" — his voice sank and deepened at the end of the clause, in imitation not of Latimer but of his own notion of Cicero's tones at this melodramatic moment. Latimer permitted himself a discreet smile.

"Well, Bob?" he asked, as the dying fall faded away. Lang's smile, as discreet as his own, commented restrainedly on the last measures of the speech.

"Well, sir . . . of course you can't miss the Old Silvertongue in it, the Clarence Darrow touch; naturally he had to overdo it, with that jury, and all the emotion hung over from the other trial, eight years before. But you can't help admiring his judgment. He brings it out about old Sassia being an unnatural mother and rubs it in about her coming up for the trial, such a terrible old bitch that nobody could miss it, even in the country towns. Then he pulls out the stops about Cluentius 'weeping begs you to restore him to his life, his kinsmen' and the rest of it, and then to bring up the old prejudice from the other trial when Cluentius bribed the jury — that really took nerve. Nobody else would have dared; they would have ended with the boo-hoo stuff. I think he's great. The trouble is, you can feel him thinking it, too. And you can tell he despised the jury and the court and the whole system. But it's good. You feel he knows his business. It's the thing you really can like about him in these straight law cases where he's just *being* a lawyer, the best in Rome, and forgetting the rest of it."

"The rest of it?"

"Yes, being the great philosopher and the father of his country and all that stuff that spoils him later on. The pleasures of old age part, the hysterical old woman part, all that."

"Bob," said Latimer in a soft idle voice, twirling a gold pencil, "what do you want at Hurstleigh with that scholarship? What are you going to do in college?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," said Lang, surprised. "Just learn Greek, I guess. Read the other Latin stuff. Try archaeology and history. Just be a classicist — learn to be one, I mean."

"Is that what you want? Just to *be* a classicist?"

"Well . . . I don't know yet what part of it I can go in for permanently. I've got to find that out."

"What, do you suppose," inquired the Old Man, a sharp, flinty note edging into his voice, "is the role of the classicist in our present society?"

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Bob Lang caught and held his eyes in another of those long, profoundly calm gazes. He shrugged, without impertinence. "I don't know much about it. I only know about a couple: Professor Hanley, I guess, and Ladislaw."

"Hanley! Yes, Hanley lives like a duke at what passes for a great university. He has his cigarettes and his jackets made for him in London, and he makes a large thing out of teaching the boys the names of the wines they ought to like. He does give good parties, that I'll say for him, and he keeps his invitation cards piled up on his mantel, and they *do* pile up. Everybody asks him to write introductions for their new little translation or their new little historical novel. But that, my dear Lang, is not a classicist. That is the Master of Hixon House. That is — uh, let's say, a personality."

Lang looked slightly alarmed, not so much at this novel portrait of an august figure, hitherto a name on a title page and in a catalogue, as at the sudden crackling tone in the Old Man's voice. Since he had been taken out of the regular Latin class in the middle of his second year, two years ago, he had not seen any of Latimer's famous histrionics. There was a code drawn silently between the two. It was understood that this sort of thing was not necessary.

"Ladislaw!" continued the Old Man, his voice picking up speed, though still low-pitched. "You are probably unaware, Lang, that Ladislaw reaches the age of retirement next year. Last year he had performed on himself a brain operation known as a frontal lobotomy, calculated to remove from the sufferer all traces of the anxieties and tensions which have been disordering his personality, and with them all sense of responsibility and involvement in the knottier questions of life. I understand the result has been quite striking. Both Ladislaw and his administration can envisage the next year with fortitude, if not exactly with equanimity. Equanimity is, I am afraid, quite out of the question in the Ladislaw affair. But at any rate, the enrollment in classical studies at his university has for the past decade been such that it will not be necessary to replace him."

A violent silence fell. He resumed, speaking now with great weariness, "My friend, the poet Raphael Stein, maintains a very good position at Essex Academy. His students graduate with distinction, are joyously accepted everywhere simply on his say-so, and go on to major in government, history, economics, journalism — on his advice. The knowledge of Greek and Roman letters with which he has equipped them often stays with them, as a sort of interior decoration of the mind, for quite a while before it is relegated to the mental attic where, in most of their cases, one can only admit that it belongs. But Stein is not a classicist; he is a poet, who has found an agreeable, even quite sympathetic means of support.

"Throckmorton instructs young ladies in the number of half a dozen or so annually; he retires this year, and they are replacing him with a Scotchman who will devote most of his energies to the teaching of theology. Interest in religion and anthropology grows; the classics departments are, my boy, becoming more and more interdepartmental. It may perhaps be possible for you to make use of these bodies of knowledge as stalking horses, or as ritual masks, behind which you may carry on undisturbed your classicist's freakish endeavors."

"What about the department at Hurstleigh, sir?" asked Lang in the manner of one who more or less changes the subject. There was no answer. Latimer snapped off the point of his gold pencil, looked out the window, and let the matter drop. Feeling the need to get the conference back on that impersonal level which had for years now been the scene of his most profoundly enjoyable experiences, Lang introduced another theme.

"I was reading a poem of Yeats's last night," he said cautiously, feeling his way a bit. "It goes at the end: *Whence had they come, The hand and lash that beat down frigid Rome?* I couldn't quite make it out. Why 'frigid'?"

"Oh, just to suggest something cold and resistant, not easily beaten down, I imagine," said the Old Man in the same low weary tone. "Good question, that *Whence had they come?* He has a poem about Whiggery, too: *All's Whiggery now . . .*"

"Can't get what he's trying to bring out with that 'Whiggery,' either," said Lang. "Mr. Fletcher told us what the Whigs were, and all, but it doesn't help much."

"The man himself tells you, boy! 'A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind.' You read a lot, don't you? Tell me what you see in Latin! What's *in* it for you?"

At it again, thought Lang. But with perfect aplomb he began to look round for something true to tell the Old Man. "Well, at first I thought it was the language itself, the constructions and all that. I like the syntax, and thinking about the forms. Take that motto, for instance, they're always using in the Renaissance: *Nec spe nec metu.* You see it in the corner of old maps all the time. Well, if it's an ablative of manner it would mean 'with neither hope nor fear,' and just bring out a kind of stoicism, a stiff-upper-lip attitude, ready to take the rough with the smooth. But it shouldn't be an ablative of manner: no *cum*, and no adjective to let them off the *cum*. Some exceptions, like *dolo* — but not many. So if it's an ablative of cause, it changes the whole thing: 'Neither because

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of hope nor because of fear, and it means the man's doing whatever he's doing not because he wants to get something out of it, not because he's afraid of what will happen if he doesn't, but just because he wants to. Probably because of the thing itself. That sort of thing is interesting to think about; interesting to me, anyway. But this year, and last year with Virgil, there's a lot more to it. You start to get an idea of what it was like, with them. I guess I just *like* the Romans. They're my type, I mean." He grinned suddenly and added, "*Romani nil me alienum puto*, you could say."

Latimer grinned back at him over the pun. The bell rang. Lang snapped out of it, gathered up his books and papers, looked curiously at his folder on Latimer's desk, snuffled a bit, and lurched out of the room.

The Old Man stared after him, then turned his glance to the pile of papers. He took up the recommendation blank, unscrewed his fine gold fountain pen, and began to write rapidly.

Gentlemen:

I am requested to write in support of the application of my student Robert Lang for admission to your freshman class as Wroxbury Scholar. As I read your statements concerning your freshman class and concerning this scholarship, I find myself rather at a loss. It seems unlikely to me that Robert Lang will satisfy your most important requirements. It is with regret that I write this, but I feel that candor is in order.

The boy is the most brilliant scholar I have ever prepared. There is small doubt that his performance on the College Board will be as near perfect as the circumstances of the examination allow. His mastery of the language is complete, or nearly so; his acquaintance with Roman civilization of the late republican and early imperial period is broad and his understanding of it sensitive. He can compose sensible and elegant Latin sentences. His translations are unexceptionable both in accuracy and in grace. In short, it is difficult to imagine him as a member of your first-year Latin class under Professor Speidel.

Furthermore, it would be idle to pretend that he has profited from or enjoyed his experience as manager of the basketball squad here this winter. The duties of the position demanded nothing but a little correspondence, and attendance at the games; when Lang had fulfilled these obligations, which he found tedious but not difficult, he considered that he had done what was required. His participation in the group emotions and satisfactions made available to him through this experience was, in fact, minimal.

The truth is that Lang's extracurricular interests are not broad in the sense you intend. His grasp of three languages, Latin, French, *and* English, and his continually expanding acquaintance with the literature and histories, ancient and modern, preserved in these languages, have made it somewhat difficult for him to "function effectively in the group," if I may be forgiven for borrowing a phrase of yours. In fact, Lang's group considers him very odd indeed, and rightly so.

His complexion falls far short of the Hurstleigh ideal, and I fear his posture is inelegant. Should you wish me to supply you with any further relevant information, and should this information be in my possession, I shall of course be happy to furnish you with more details.

Very truly yours.

As the Old Man signed this letter, the door opened to admit Mr. Merton, hands full of folders and papers as usual. The young man smiled with satisfaction as he saw that the recommendation was complete and ready for the Head. Remembering with pleasure that Lang had made the highest score on record in the entire country on the junior College Board in Latin the last year, and permitting himself to hope for at least one easy admission, he stretched out his hand for the paper and let his eye run quickly over it. His expression changed rapidly as he took in the sense of the clear fine writing. Amusement and irritation gave way to a real indignation as he suddenly imagined himself showing this thing to the Head. He scowled and drew in his breath to launch his protest; then his eyes fell on Latimer, staring up at him, a muscle fluttering wildly near the temple, perspiration standing coldly at the hairline. The passion in the clawed old face was appalling.

Merton's voice stopped in his throat, and for a moment he heard nothing but the bumping, plunging of his heart. Horrified, he watched tears gather in Latimer's eyes. Silent, he left the room, clutching the sheet of paper with his others. As the bell screamed through the hall he darted on an impulse into the boys' washroom, happily empty, and leaned against the wall for a moment. He was quite young, an English teacher of the new school, full of ideas about communication; but he was not stupid, not unread, and above all not insensitive. He simply felt that it wasn't normal to be invaded by this kind of thing at ten thirty in the morning. He waited passively, unresentfully, for the harsh grip of pity and terror to relax, before he should plunge again into the whirling, clattering corridor of the last period before Morning Exercise.

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Can U.S. technology meet today's new challenges?

World events are putting the very idea of a free society to the test.

Not only has Russia demonstrated "islands of excellence" in selected areas of military technology, but, in addition, Soviet leaders have declared that they are determined to surpass present American standards of *production* and *consumption* in the next 10 years.

These challenges can no longer be dismissed as empty propaganda. This country must unleash all its creative and productive forces to achieve new levels of defense, and, at the same time, move ahead to new levels of productivity in our civilian economy.

In the United States, progress is paced and directed by the individual decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees—indeed, every citizen. The faith of our free society is that these millions of points of initiative can — and will — produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control. Because of this environment of freedom and initiative, the nation's scientific and engineering resources have the capability for both better defense and better living.

However, in applying our technology to the task, we must infuse—especially in defense work — even more of the incentives for bold and imaginative risk-taking that have been the wellspring of our civilian progress. These incentives are needed, particularly in the fields of research and development, if we are to achieve the technological breakthroughs necessary now and in the years ahead.

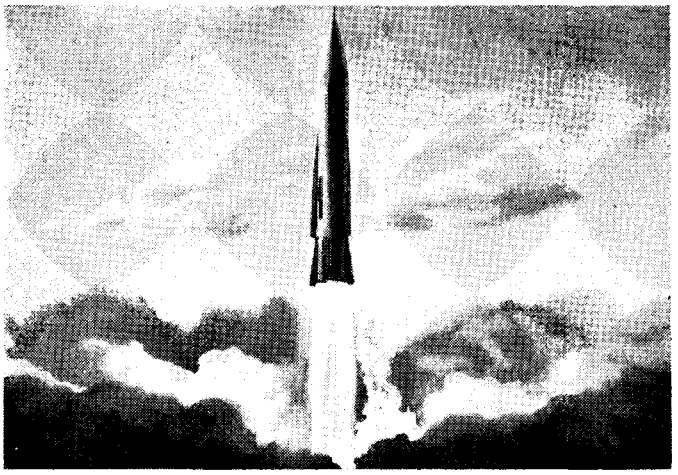
And in every phase of our economy, we must eliminate road blocks to higher productivity. It is extremely disturbing that national productivity has leveled off at the very time an increase is most needed to meet new world challenges.

Americans must prove once again that our free society has vitalities which are superior to those of any totalitarian system. On these pages are shown some of the ways that one company, among many, is trying to help bring America both a stronger defense and ever-higher levels of living.

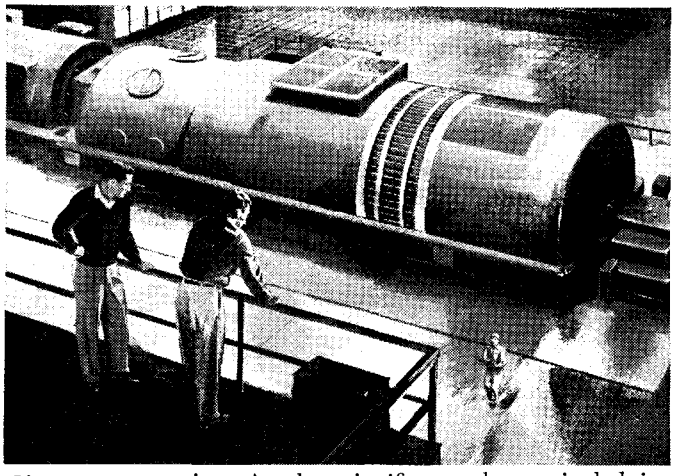
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

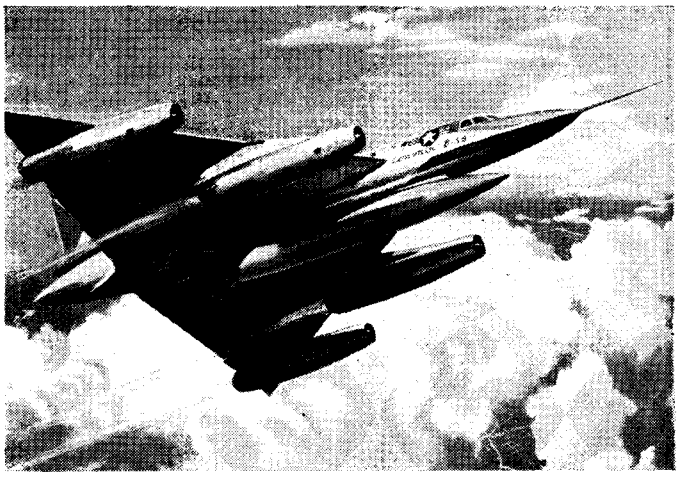
PUTTING SCIENCE TO WORK FOR EVERY CITIZEN:



Penetrating outer space. General Electric is a major contributor to 16 missile projects now under way. These include the Atlas, Thor, Regulus II, Polaris, Corporal, Nike Hercules, Honest John and Little John, Lacrosse, Talos, Tartar, Asroc, Sidewinder, and Vanguard as well as other high-priority programs.



Giant power maker. Another significant advance in helping keep electricity today's greatest bargain is a General Electric steam turbine-generator that operates at the highest steam conditions ever used in America. It generates 18 times as much electricity from a pound of coal as Thomas Edison's first plant.



Power for peace. General Electric's J-79 jet engine powers the new B-58 supersonic bomber (above), the F-104A and F11F-1F fighters, and the Regulus II missile, plus other new aircraft not yet announced. A commercial version of this jet engine will be used on some of the leading civilian airlines in the future.

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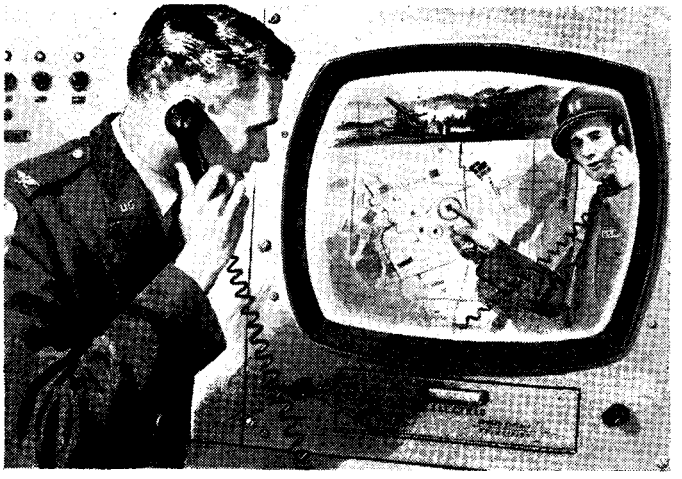
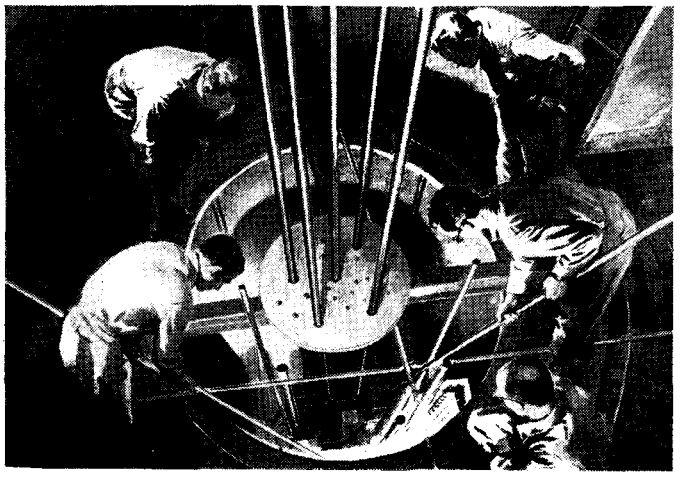
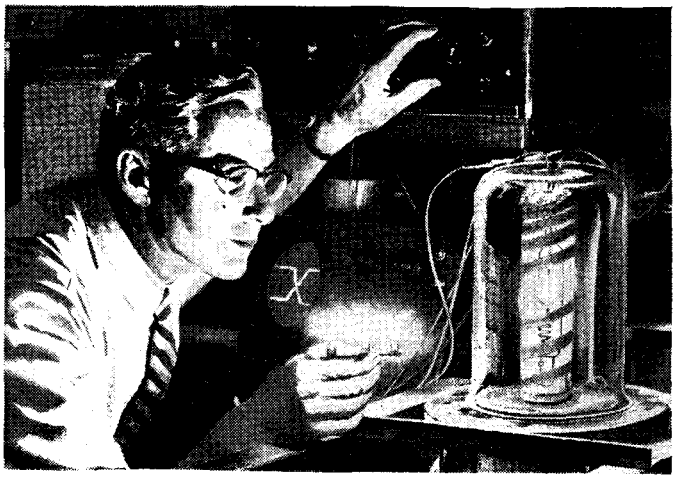
Living better electrically. Today a h sewife commands the equivalent electrical energy of 45 se nts; by 1967 it can be more than [illegible]. The trend is toward m automatic operations. One exam General Electric's Filt Flo® washer that sets wash conditions for each type of fabri t the push of a button.



Progress in electronics. General Electric is developing slow-scan TV over telephone lines for military application. This is just one example of the growing use of electronics for defense. In civilian fields, engineers estimate that 40% of the electronic products that will be in use ten years from now have not yet been invented.

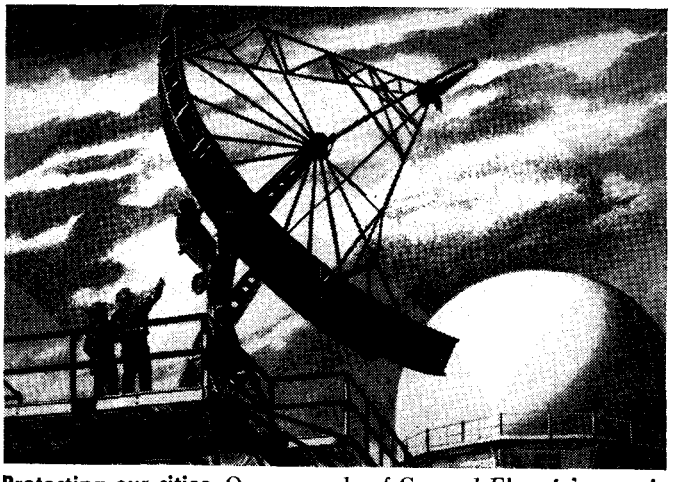


First private atomic electricity. Last y r General Electric received Power Reactor License #1 to erate the nation's first privately owned atomic power plant ith the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. In addition, the company conducts a substantial research program to study the proble of harnessing fusion.



Research in energy conversion. The General Electric Research Laboratory recently demonstrated an experimental thermionic converter which changes heat directly into electricity. It is just one example of the company's continuing research and development to find even better methods of utilizing energy sources.

New tools for medicine. General Electr , working with Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., now offers a s pler cobalt-60 cancer-treatment machine which is as flexible x-ray. In addition, an experimental diagnostic x-ray machine, perating at 8 times the conventional voltage, may help in ear discovery of cancer.



Protecting our cities. One example of General Electric's contributions to the strong, alert defense needed to guard America is a new, more accurate search and height-finder radar system. This radar system can seek out enemy aircraft for the "Missile Master," which coordinates the fire of guided-missile batteries.

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Books and Men

No New Yorker has a longer or more distinguished record of public service than Robert Moses. *He joined the Bureau of Municipal Research in 1913 under Mayor Mitchell, became secretary of state for New York under Governor Al Smith, and in his present office as city construction coordinator he has handled the hundreds of millions of dollars which have been spent on parks, public beaches, housing, and bridges. Mr. Handlin's biography, which Mr. Moses evaluates, is the newest volume in the Library of American Biography series published by Little, Brown.*

AL SMITH'S AMERICA

BY ROBERT MOSES

There may be in the offing further and more revealing character sketches of Alfred Emanuel Smith, but I doubt whether there will be a better definitive biography of him than *Al Smith and His America* by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.50).

There is something almost imperishable about Smith. It is in a sense unfortunate that those who knew him well and had the gift of tongues or pens dropped off without writing what they alone could know. On the other hand, we are lucky that the lot fell upon scholars, even if they could not entirely capture the image and flavor of the man.

Eliminating sketches, caricatures, and passing memorial tributes, this book is the first genuine biography of Governor Smith. I rejoice that he escaped historical novelists of the Kathleen Winsor enchantment, who know by some occult revelation just when Henry VIII brushed the wine from his whiskers, blew his nose, and ogled a chambermaid. We have had, in the past, contemporary campaign appraisals of Smith which emphasized the brown derby and tilted cigar, and recently a fine and affectionate tribute by a daughter. Oscar Handlin gives us now a fair, careful, balanced, highly intelligent work, largely aimed at evaluating the Governor in his relation to the rise of the urban, comparatively recent immigrants and their offspring, to the liquor question, and to religious prejudice. No one can quarrel with Mr. Handlin's treatment of these struggles of man in the stream of history.

Al Smith, with all his limitations, emerges from this analysis as a giant in the fight against snobbery, intolerance, and bigotry. If a Roman Catholic, not of old American lineage, reaches before long the highest office in the gift of the people, or the next highest, he will owe his good fortune and his triumph over ignorance to Smith, who saw the promised land, could not reach it himself, but pointed the way to others.

It is too bad, as Mr. Handlin remarks, that Al Smith was not more of a writer. He had a prodigious memory; read reports, daily papers, and ephemeral stuff; argued, debated, conferred, and, as he used to say, chewed the rag with everybody; but left little in the way of letters other than official documents. You cannot reconstruct and animate the man from such thin records. The personality somehow evades the pen, the brush, the chisel. Research, however profound, is not characterization; a holograph is not a portrait in oils; a cast is not sculpture.

Mr. Handlin, anticipating the verdict of history, has studied the records and interviewed many people to avoid the curse of so many biographies, the exhibition of bloodless dead men filled with formaldehyde and laid out in state in a collegiate Gothic chapel. It is the task of great biography to bring the dead back to life, not to coffin and bury them, and Mr. Handlin has succeeded to an astonishing extent.

There are many human touches in this book. For example, the author realizes that harassed statesmen cannot achieve serenity or even survive without fun, avocations, hobbies, and diversions. Winston Churchill builds brick walls and paints for relaxation; others read, play golf religiously, write autobiographies and letters to friends, play the piano. Smith acted parts from *The Shaughraun*, recited Bryan's Cross of Gold speech and long, purple passages from Bourke Cockran, gave imitations (he could do all but Negroes and Englishmen) and told rough jokes à la Lincoln, escaped from eggheads to play gin rummy or poker with his intimates and with a crying towel handy, or fished for flounders under the Montauk Highway bridge at Canoe Place on eastern Long Island.

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Much of Governor Smith's conversation was racy, of the sidewalks and soil, and could not be repeated in a serious biography without misunderstanding — and indeed would be incomprehensible to those who did not intimately know the setting, the dramatis personae, the stimulus or provocation, the background, uninhibited frankness, essential love of life, and gaiety of the man, who on the slightest provocation would break lustily into the old Bowery tunes and in a different mood loved to intone under his breath the Latin of the Mass which he had learned as a choirboy.

Everyone of Celtic blood knows by inheritance and instinct how to win friends and influence people. Smith did not need Dale Carnegie's studied sycophancy to tell him what came naturally. His blarney was, however, mixed with a curious *je ne sais quoi*. Along with other observers I have always thought there was something in his ancestry we don't know about — perhaps something Phoenician which so often crops up in the Celts. Mr. Handlin seems to have had the same idea in his study of the impact of Smith on history and history on Smith.

UNLIKE most academic biographers, Mr. Handlin is not obsessed by documentary evidence. He does not put too much emphasis on Smith's signing the elaborate, contrived, uncharacteristic answer to Charles Marshall's skillful legalistic threat in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the inevitable ambivalence of a Roman Catholic President; nor does he ignore the real Al Smith, up on the Music Shell in Central Park at the close of a barbershop quartet contest, dancing the light fantastic with his Katie to the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York."

Ordinarily Smith wrote and spoke his own stuff. It is worth noting that Smith, Roosevelt, and Truman all had their literary advisers, but they never resorted to the ghost writers, hucksters, salesmen, and hidden persuaders of Madison Avenue in their pin-striped and gray flannel uniforms who today shape the whisper of the throne.

Mr. Handlin remarks Governor Smith's supreme gift for simplifying complex issues, his skill in the use of metaphor and simile, his ability to breathe life into statistics. In arguing, as a member of the Port of New York Authority, for an integrated port before a joint session of the state legislature in 1921, Smith brightened an afternoon of boring figures with the saga of Mr. Potato journeying by freight from his mossy bed in Ohio to a jarring halt in the Jersey freightyards, his eyes listless, his jacket rumpled, hungry, thirsty, cold, and friendless. Tonnage was forgotten. Everybody came away obsessed with the plight of Mr. Potato, and both houses promptly voted for the port plan. When the Governor referred to something as superfluous, he didn't say it was an extra tail on a dog. He said it was like a second tail on a white bulldog. Everybody would remember that.

Mr. Handlin realizes how vicious were the Smith enemies even after the devastating 1928 defeat. They haled Smith and his leading supporters into the federal court in Baltimore to answer charges about campaign contributions. The other party had had much more money, had been the beneficiary of bigotry, and had won, but that made no difference. The *Sunpapers* of Baltimore, under the beneficent nose-thumbing influence of H. L. Mencken, archenemy of wowsers, fundamentalists, and frauds, and hero of the Tennessee Armageddon, ran a brilliant political editorial at the time. It was entitled, "Brown Derby, Tin Ear and Big Heart." Brown Derby, of course, was Smith. Tin Ear was Bill Todd, who rose from riveter to president of a great shipyard; and Big Heart was Bill Kenney, contractor and friend of Tammany. They testified that they didn't know how much they gave or when, but that Smith could have the shirts off their backs and that was that.

Mr. Handlin comprehends also the personal bitterness of the last-ditch battle of the forces personified by William Jennings Bryan. In retrospect it is pretty clear that Governor Smith never had a chance to be President after the 1924 Madison Square battle with Bryan over fundamentalism, urbanism, and the Eighteenth Amendment, and after the nomination of Brother Charles for Vice President. The burning crosses which Smith saw with amazed disbelief on the hillsides as his campaign train rolled South and West in 1928, and the appalling, unprintable letters which some of us opened and destroyed, wrote the last chapter in the campaign of 1924.

On the other hand, the differences between Smith and Roosevelt were subtle, and the various explanations advanced by Mr. Handlin only partially account for a clash which at bottom was due to the curious fact that one man, a hero of the sidewalks educated in the Fulton Fish Market and the state legislature, was a middle-road conservative while the other, a Hudson County squire out of Groton and Harvard, was a pragmatist traveling considerably left of center.

Mr. Handlin has done a great service in emphasizing that the Governor was, perhaps beyond any politician of his time, a superb administrator. Smith, whose knowledge of the Mass no doubt exceeded his acquaintance with the Book of Exodus, may have remembered the famous words of Jethro to Moses, his son-in-law, on the subject of delegation of authority:

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> Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens:
>
> And let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee.
>
> If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall also go to their place in peace.

As one who was sometimes placed by him over thousands, I can testify that Smith ran the state government on this sound and ancient theory, and that his loyalty to his assistants was fathomless. I have served in a good many administrations and have known many governors and mayors, but there was no other whose support was so reliable, so generous, and so unshakable. Much has been said of the Governor's loyalty to his Church and his family. I speak in this context only for those who helped him to endure as an executive.

Mr. Handlin deals in kindly fashion with Governor Smith's somewhat disappointing later years. Our civilization does not seem to be able to command in the affairs of government the wisdom of our elder statesmen. On quitting public office at the height of their powers in order to make money for their families, most of them become potboilers or janitors of big buildings, practice corporation law, front for big business, become the cat's-paw of capitalists. Herbert Hoover is an exception, an example of dignity and usefulness in what surely cannot be called retirement.

To those of us who were personally attached to Governor Smith, who recognize his essential greatness, who learned from him the arts of administration, who sympathized with his predicaments, the Handlin book is a souvenir for which we give grateful thanks.

I commend it particularly to the rising generation. You young men with faces buried in biography, look carefully at a nobody who rose from the slums almost to the summit. As with many another, "Fate tried to conceal him by calling him Smith," but as the Brown Derby brushed the stars, the anvils of a thousand Smiths rang out, and a great shout arose: "Emanuel!"

CATAMOUNT

BY ROBERT HUFF

Crouched in the center of my sight
The cougar treed at Crawford Springs
Still whips his dogged tail down and waits for me.
Light moves like leaves along his side,
His eyes among the shadows hide,
The beast controls the swinging of his tail.

I dragged the hounds home years ago,
Thinking myself most righteous then,
But I was running nearly all the way,
That Hades-heavy half of man
Astride me all the time I ran,
Lashing the air behind me with his tail.

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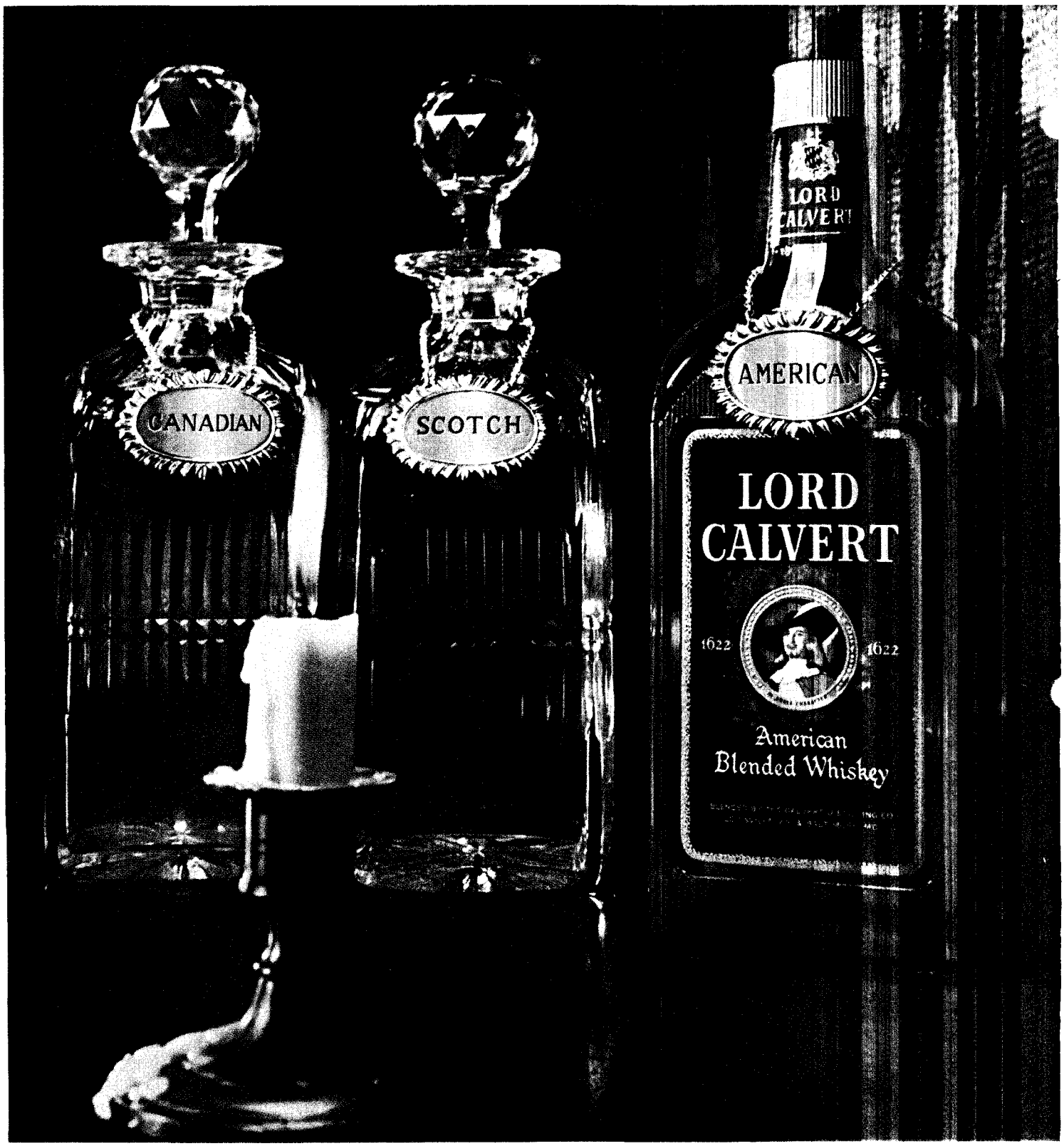

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FOUR POETS

AE

KIPLING

YEATS

STEPHENS

BY **LORD DUNSANY**

Spinner of fantasies, poet, and novelist who was at his happiest in the Golden Age of literary Dublin before World War I, LORD DUNSANY *sent these pages of affectionate reminiscences to the* ATLANTIC *shortly before his death.*

It was in another century when I first met AE, but that is the least important thing about him; for poets are all contemporary, being concerned with eternal things and owing no allegiance to fashion and never outdated, as some suppose, because whether simple or profound — and the greatest are the simplest — they sing of the things that time cannot sweep away. It would have been impossible to have looked into AE's eyes or heard his voice without knowing he was poet or prophet. There was nothing Victorian about him, then, nothing of the twentieth century; nor was he one of those whose work was taken from the history or customs of any other century. Picture, therefore, rather a prophet, coming as most prophets have, from the East: picture Jonah going to prophesy against Nineveh, that great city, and I think that from that description you would have been able to pick him out from a tramload of people.

Jonah in a Dublin tram may sound incongruous, yet it should be remembered that poets are never like other people. A butcher follows exactly the same business as another butcher, and a baker as another baker, but a poet is not like another poet, for each one has his own message and his own way of delivering it to men. And that, by the way, is where clarity comes in; for if he is not clear, his message is not delivered and his purpose in life, if he has one, fails.

Another reason why my comparison of AE with a Biblical prophet is not so incongruous as it might appear is that the Irish people came, as legend has taught and as even history sees dimly, from somewhere out of the East, looking for the Isle of Destiny. After many generations they came to Ireland and found it. On that long journey must have come AE's ancestors, and the pull of them in his blood was always turning his spirit backward to wherever it was from whence we Irish started. AE once told me that he was walking one day under a row of lime trees and as he passed by the fourth lime tree his spirit left his

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body and went down the road of that long wandering all the way to India and became incarnated in an Indian boy and grew with him in India to manhood. When a riot occurred in some Indian village, in which the young man was killed, the spirit returned to AE walking under those lime trees. And he noticed that as it came back to him he was passing the fifth lime tree. Of the journeys of AE's spirit, or any man's spirit, I can tell nothing; but I am sure that he believed all that he said, for AE was always sincere. It is my belief in his belief that I here record.

He was quite simple, and even the strangest of his Oriental philosophies or the wildest of his prophecies was always expressed in very simple words and, though aware of his own genius, he was utterly without conceit. Indeed, the only hint I can think of, now, that he knew of his genius was a picture he once painted of two people of posterity, graceful but minute figures, walking about on a great skull which he indicated was the skull of one of our day, though he never said it was his.

He had a prophetic feeling that cities were somehow wrong and that they intruded upon the hills and valleys he loved, so that his feelings toward any city must have been not unlike what Jonah felt toward Nineveh. Yet he lived all his life in a city, but in a beautiful city, the city of Dublin, employed at some useful work, where the walls of his dingy room at the top of a house shone with aureole-crowned spirits and brilliant fairies with which he had painted them all round. And through that high window came a glimpse of the Dublin mountains, whose eternal faces changing their expressions from hour to hour must have consoled his exile from the valleys he yearned for in Donegal, to which he went for a month in every year to paint the Ireland he loved and the old gods of her legends. For all the glamour and glory and mystery of which he made his poems he put also onto his canvas, even if his pictures had not quite the exquisite art of his poems.

With the generosity that always overflowed from his heart, AE helped all the young Irish poets of his time. There was a melody in his verse like the echo of bells, and to hear him reading them in his organ voice was an experience the world has lost. He was one of the kindest men I have ever known. The kindest was Kipling. And it is sad that a bit of politics should ever have drifted a cloud between these two, dark upon AE's side though bright on Kipling's; for, though he had not known AE, he had read a poem of mine in the *Times* when AE died, and I remember his sympathetic words to me about it when walking in the garden of his beautiful house at Burwash. That house now belongs to the nation, like some lovely shell from the Indian Ocean from which the pearl has been taken.

The zest that Kipling had for everything in the world shone back on the world from him, and none of the scenes that he knew seem quite the same now that that light has gone from them. One came to Batemans at the bottom of a little valley through a door in a wall, then over a lovely lawn down a paved path to the hall door of the house, of which I will attempt no inventory, but will mention the Spanish leather with which the walls of the dining room were hung, and all the pictures done by Kipling's father in clay for *Kim*, which hung all along the dark old panels of the staircase.

Another thing that I remember in that house was the magic-alphabet necklace that was kept in the temple of Tegumai in *Just So Stories:* all the charms in the necklace had been collected and put together and given to Kipling by a friend of both of us, Sir Percy Bates of the Cunard line. In that house too were all Kipling's manuscripts and the illustrations he did for them. I don't think he showed us any of these, but after he had died, when we went for the last time to Batemans, Mrs. Kipling showed them all to my wife and me. And it was then that she told us that he never minded any criticism of his writing, but that he took great pride in his pictures.

On one side of the house were smooth lawns with a pond in them, and one huge willow, and a row of lime trees with bare trunks higher than one's head, and above that neatly clipped foliage, so that it all gave the appearance of a hedge floating in air.

The garden paths were made of old millstones from the ruined mills of Sussex. But I am writing about the shell, and not the pearl that was Kipling's genius, which used to sparkle from his blue eyes with a zest like that of a boy planning a huge joke. Perhaps any tales about Kipling, even trivial ones, are of interest, and something in him must have lifted one of them above triviality for me to remember it from another century. When I first met Kipling in Africa during the Boer War, he told of how the farmers made their hedges somewhere near the Cape. They made them out of the ribs of whales. He said that he had written his name on one of the ribs. I am afraid that autograph will not have survived the time and the weather of more than half a century. But Kipling's name is indelibly written on something more lasting than whalebones. For he was one of that long line of English ballad singers, mostly anonymous, who have sung all through our his-

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The Oxford English Dictionary

To KNOW—to *want* to know

People talk now about the importance of KNOWING, of the new rush to get more Americans to know more things.

Both the importance and the rush are true enough; there can be no argument about that.

But what is even truer is that *wanting* to know is half the battle, that the longing, the hunger, the appetite for knowing are in themselves a kind of victory.

So it is that our sudden upgrading of men who KNOW is a tremendous good which is developing throughout the land.

In schools and colleges, on newspapers and networks and to TIME's writers, researchers and editors, this upsurge of desire for wider, surer knowing is cause indeed for celebration.

TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

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tory, and he sang with fresh rhythms such as ring through "The Last Chantey,"

> That Our word may be established shall We gather up the sea?

and

> Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,

one of the lines in "The Explorer."

And the key to all his songs is a quotation from Leigh Hunt on the first page of one of his books,

> Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

Like Homer and Browning he delighted in the actual details of how men did their work and described these details exactly, irradiating them all with that love that placed Abou Ben Adhem at the head of the angel's list.

And besides being a singer and, as a singer should be, a prophet (for none saw more clearly than he the threat of the Kaiser's war) he was, with Boccaccio, de Maupassant, Poe, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, one of the world's greatest writers of short stories. Perhaps he was the greatest, for he had for his material a whole subcontinent, little known West of Aden, and he introduced India to the English-speaking peoples, who gazed with a wild surmise at what he had showed them, like Cortez and his men on the peak of Darien.

YEATS, whom I had known as well as I knew these two poets, was a poet worthy to be classed with them, though as a man he was much unlike either. Many writers have poses. Shaw's pose, for instance, as it seemed to me, was that of a gruff man writing unfriendly post cards; but as I saw him he was the opposite of that, and I always saw him friendly and kind. But Yeats's whole life was a pose, a bubble often mischievously pricked by the rather naughty pin of Oliver Gogarty, as when, with probably more wit than accuracy, he went round Dublin saying, "Yeats has been evicting imaginary tenants in County Kildare."

Yeats's loveliest verses were not only his earliest for he sang on all through middle age. It was not till he began to grow old that the tune cracked and he wrote some poems that seemed to have lost their innocence. Every worker has his own way of doing his work, which is solely his own affair: one may be sure that Kipling wrote as the bird sings, quickly and easily; Yeats's way was to work hard at every line and polish and polish, and often he did not cease to polish even after the poem was printed but made revisions in later editions, as, for instance, in his lovely poem beginning:

> When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
> And nodding by the fire, take down this book.

As I looked at a first edition, I found that it ended thus:

> Murmur a little sad, from us fled Love
> He paced upon the mountains far above,
> And hid his face among a crowd of stars.

But how much better is the later version, which I think the world may be said to know:

> Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
> And paced upon the mountains overhead
> And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Yeats drew his inspiration from the Bible, and that early lovely poem of his, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," takes its first five words straight from the lips of the prodigal son, "I will arise and go unto my father and say . . ." But the Ireland he knew and the Ireland he imagined were the principal sources of Yeats's lyrics. These were chiefly, I think, the materials of his art, and very good materials too.

JAMES STEPHENS was one of those who, if poets could be made, were made by AE, but as they are merely born one can only say that AE gave him all the help and encouragement that he needed. When a publisher refused Stephens' first book, AE wrote to tell him that he should not do that. The publisher took his advice and the book became famous. I remember meeting him on one of those Wednesday evenings at which AE always entertained young writers at his house. That first book was to be published in two or three weeks, and Stephens was looking forward to it with childish glee and telling us how he would stand and gaze into the window of a bookshop when his own book was on view. And suddenly another mood came over him and he felt that fate never allows such joys, and said he was sure he would die before his book would be published. But he lived to see the fame of his first book and to win a world-wide reputation, and survived the Battle of Britain that raged over his head in his house in London where he stayed throughout the war.

It was strange that he should ever have come to a city at all, for he was a creature of elfin fancy and seemed far more suited to an Irish bog, keeping company with leprechauns or any wild fanciful things, and indeed many of his poems are merry with derision of the orderly ways of paved places. The last time I saw him was in that house in London which he stuck to all through the war, and his merry conversation was as bright as his poems.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

It was an outsize suitcase of black patent leather, reinforced by wide pigskin straps, a piece of luggage designed for the railway age when porters were always available. It had been given to us for a wedding present, and when well filled was almost too heavy for my wife to lift. We used it only on festive occasions; we were newlyweds beginning life in Boston, but on Christmas Eve we went home to visit our families in Manhattan and New Jersey, and the Big Bag went with us, carrying our presents down and our loot back when the holidays were over. That delectable loot of the 1920s — silk stockings and a rose and ivory teagown sheath by Mme. Jeanne, Charvet ties, soft chamois gloves, monogrammed handkerchiefs of Irish linen — all in reams of tissue paper with somewhere a lilac sachet. And since this was in Prohibition, there would be an underlayer of bottles, the gift of our brother-in-law, a Canadian magnate who brought down on his private car from Montreal such nectar as The House of Lords and Black and White. So loaded, the Big Bag needed a porter with a truck.

The first time I chaperoned my wife and the Big Bag back from New York we had a compartment on the Owl. She was expecting, and the family had insisted that we take a room to ourselves. As we were stowed aboard, it was evident from his breath and loquaciousness that the Pullman porter had been celebrating Christmas as much as we. "Yes, sir; yes, sir," he beamed at me. "Sure won't call you till five minutes after we've left Providence!" Then he faded away into sweet oblivion, and actually no one in the entire car was called until we roared into Back Bay. We pleaded with the conductor for more time, but there was no help for it, and while we were still dressing, the train backed out of South Station on its way to the Dover Street yards. I remember the abashed porter helping us down into the gray cold, my wife in her sealskin with hatbox and handbag, the long stretch of cinders leading to the trolley — and that bag with its dead weight. Without the help of a kind stranger we could never have made it.

Forty minutes later we were back at the South Station Under. I tugged the black monster onto the Escalator, stepped ahead of it, and motioned my wife to stand behind. Since I was facing front, I did not see the bag respond to the law of gravity; as we neared the top it silently gathered momentum, caught her under the knees, and together they coasted down into a wedge of commuters at the bottom. Of course I should not have smiled; our exchange, when we were at last installed in the taxi, made it clear that this was not my day.

In time the Big Bag endeared itself to our little daughter, standing as it did for summer trips to Long Point and winter visits to West 53rd Street. There was a game she and her mother used to play with it on rainy days. The bag would be placed on its side in the living room, the straps unbuckled, and when the tray was removed, Sara, who was about as wide as she was tall, would fit herself into the suitcase; tissue paper would be spread over her, the lid fastened and strapped, and the bag stood upright. My wife would leave the room and on her return would exclaim, "I wonder what's become of Sara? Where can she be? Sara!" Giggles from within. "Sara!" More giggles, and the bag began to rock. "I wonder if there could be anything in that bag." Slow business of undoing the straps, and then as the lid flew up, "Good gracious! There's a little girl inside!" . . . Over and over and over again.

In her third spring the redheaded elevator boy in our apartment had a special attraction for Sara, and I suppose it was inevitable that she and her mother should decide to surprise him with the Bag. Sara was laid away with the tissue, and when the suitcase was securely strapped, my wife lugged it out into the hall and rang the buzzer.

The door slid open and there stood a new elevator man at the controls, with the car full of strangers. Red's day off.

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"Would you be good enough to bring us up some firewood," said my wife, playing by ear.

But not quite quick enough. The passengers were staring at the suitcase, which had begun to rock. Sara, sensing something wrong, was whimpering, "Let me out! Let me out!"

Silently my wife placed the bag on its side, unlatched it, undid the straps, and as the lid flew up, it must have been habit that made her cry, "Good gracious, there's a little girl inside!"

No comment from the passengers. The door slammed and the elevator disappeared.

A HOT TIME IN FRANCE

Rumer Godden is an English novelist who works in a short compass and whose glowing sentences remind me of Katherine Mansfield. In her recent books, *The River*, which was laid in India, and *An Episode of Sparrows*, with its sentiments about a London slum, Miss Godden has woven her plot about children; she does so now in her more substantial, most delightful new narrative, **THE GREENGAGE SUMMER** (Viking, $3.50). This is a story of what happens to a family of five English children who are thrown on their own resources in a little town on the Marne. They are individualists, and when their mother is carted off to the hospital with a dangerously infected leg, they band together against the indignities and mystifications of the French innkeepers. Not since *High Wind in Jamaica* by Richard Hughes have I encountered youngsters with such loyalty to one another and such ingenuity in dealing with the adult world.

Joss, so nicknamed because of her ivory skin and almond eyes, is the eldest and at sixteen already half woman. We see her as we see the others, through the eyes of the second sister, Cecil, who is the storyteller; ranging down are Hester, who always speaks what the others are thinking, and the Littles: Vicky, who has eyes only for the chef, and Willmouse, who at the age of eight is a Dior in miniature. Dressed alike in their school clothes and without a penny among them once their mother has departed, they compose a rather stubborn problem for Mme. Corbet and Mlle. Zizi, the proprietors of Les Oeillets. The little inn with its famous restaurant is a busy place, with the British and American tourists pausing on their way to the battlefields, pausing to stare at the bullet holes in the stairway, the blood stain on the floor (carefully renewed with liver by Paul, the refugee), and the skull which is dug up periodically from the garden by Rex and Rita, the big dogs. The problem for the French staff is to keep the children away from the tourists, and this is perfectly agreeable to the clan, who are stuffed to bursting by the chef, who sit up to all hours, and who miss not a bit of the personal intrigue.

Their persecutor is the mercenary Mme. Corbet, who keeps the accounts, and when she is at her worst, they take refuge with Eliot, the tall immaculate Englishman. Everyone knows that he is the lover of Mlle. Zizi, but everyone does not know how he makes his money in Paris. Eliot stands as their protector, and they pay him their love in return, even when it becomes clear that he is taking more than a paternal interest in Joss. Eliot, indeed, leads a charmed life, and it is the children who discover his secret long before their elders.

This story is the adventure of a month, and a hot French August at that. Cecil, who writes it down, has the sharp sense of a gardener, and the lovely scenes in the book come to us in the green and gold of Van Gogh. The picnics in the orchard or on the banks of the Marne, the early morning readying of the kitchen, with the succulent viands and the shiny copper, the heavenly drive with Eliot through the forest of Compiègne — this French exposure so different from their conventional existence in Southstone is vivified by "the cocoon of excitement into which we spun ourselves." The phrasing is perhaps at times a shade too precocious, but the reaction to this green and gold life and to the darker mystery within is very truly that of a wise and spirited child.

THE IRISH IN BROOKLYN

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn was published in 1943. Now, fifteen years and four million copies later, **Betty Smith** has again returned to Brooklyn for the location of her new book, **MAGGIE-NOW** (Harper, $4.00). It is the not unfamiliar story of the Irish who immigrated to this shore in the 1890s and who moved no further west than the Brooklyn tenements; of the Irish policemen, grooms, and street cleaners who were shepherded by the ward boss and the parish priest and who made just enough headway to give their children a better chance of being American.

The first fifteen chapters give us the background of Maggie-Now's parents: Pat, her father — the former groom, now a street cleaner — once a pretty boy but now embittered by his early losses; and Mary, the mother — older than her husband, plain looking and plain speaking — who has never ventured beyond Brooklyn, who finds in the Church the consolation for her meager life at home. So far this is Irish stew, plain, boiled fare, tasting exactly as you'd expect.

Maggie-Now is more sympathetic; she is wholesome and buxom; and although her life is confined to the care of her infant brother, Dennie (young enough to be mistaken for her son), and

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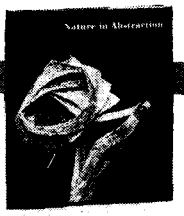

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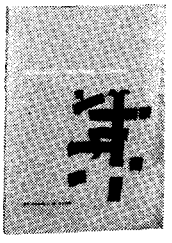

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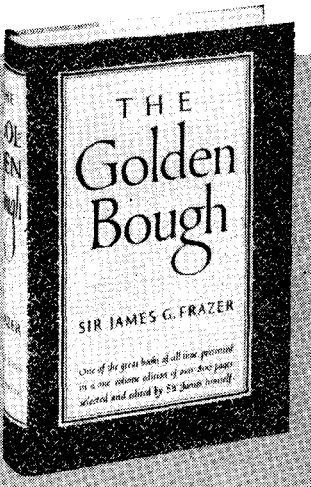

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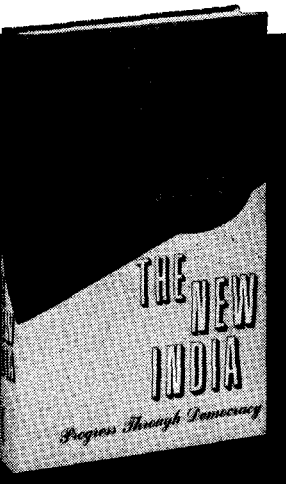

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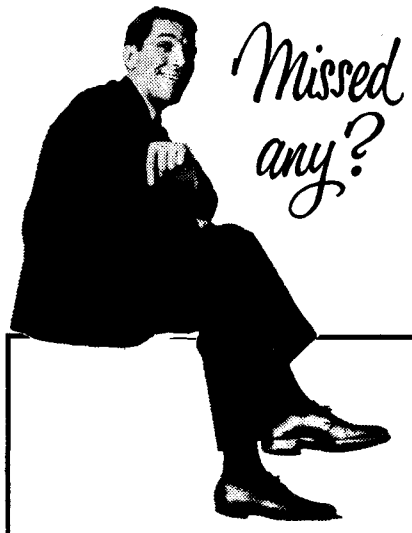

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the tedium of housework, she is determined to break free, and she does so after her chance meeting with Claude, the wandering salesman who charms her (though not always the reader) with his fancy talk. Claude is a self-educated vagabond whose wanderlust pulls him away from winter ties with the coming of each spring, and the crux of the story is whether Maggie-Now, with her homely loyalties and unshakable faith, can possibly manage to meet him halfway and to hold him for long. Maggie-Now's integrity is a quiet gleam in the humdrum of her Brooklyn life, and her literalness, the fact that she hasn't a spark of humor, is a handicap to her understanding of Claude. The author uses an obvious device to point up their divergencies by printing their unexpressed thoughts in italics. Maggie-Now has character; "whenever her speech sounded Irishy, he [her father] knew it was a sign that she was going to lose her temper." Claude is more devious; he is not at home with Irish ways — indeed, he is not at home at all after April — and in his elusiveness he proves not only a weakling but unbelievable.

THACKERAY AS HE WAS

"Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man," said Carlyle, "but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity." To the first volume of his life of THACKERAY (McGraw-Hill, $7.00), GORDON N. RAY appended the subtitle, THE USES OF ADVERSITY, and in those early speculative years we saw young Thackeray in Paris and in Cambridge; we saw his checked and indulgent education; we saw his passion for gambling and how he lost most of his patrimony before he was thirty; and when the money was gone, we saw his most desperate gamble of all, his marriage to Isabella Shawe, who was as penniless as he and who, a victim of puerperal fever, tried to drown herself in the fifth year of their marriage. She was committed to an asylum, and thereafter the satirist had to go it alone, struggling for the support of his infant daughters and for the recognition, whether as artist or writer, which seemed always beyond reach.

With the publication in parts of *Vanity Fair*, which began in 1846, Thackeray came into his own, and it is at this point that Mr. Ray begins the second and concluding volume of his capacious and understanding life, THACKERAY: THE AGE OF WISDOM (McGraw-Hill $8.00). "London society in 1847, so Sir William Fraser relates, 'consisted of from 300 to 500 persons; not more. . . . A single new face added to this circle would be observed. Everyone knew everyone else; at least by sight.' "

This was the final period of aristocratic predominance in English life, and it was Thackeray's good fortune, as Mr. Ray says, to be admitted to the inner circle; he hugely enjoyed the dinners, receptions, and house parties where he soon became a familiar figure, and the experience mellowed his satirical powers. Very much a man of the world, he was more than ever aware of the foibles and hypocrisy of his London; what troubled him were the taboos, the fact that "The world does not tolerate now such satire as that of Hogarth and Fielding. . . . The same vice exists, only we don't speak about it; the same things are done, but we don't call them by their names." Thackeray ventured closer to the line than any of his contemporaries, and his readers knew it. But it irked him that he had to convey the shadow rather than the substance.

For two decades, save for his war service in the Navy, Mr. Ray has been thinking, editing, and living Thackeray. He is beyond question the greatest living authority on his subject, and one of the most entertaining on Victorian England, and it is not the least of his gifts that he can show us his hero, with his aspirations, his affections, his angers, and his failings, in such a cordial natural prose. From such a vast book each reader will take away his particular pleasures. Mine are in watching Thackeray's ever-maturing relations with his daughters, Anny and Minny; the ins and outs of his emotional friendship with Mrs. Brookfield; the rivalry with Dickens, in which Thackeray was constantly under the attack of the Dickens gang, led by John Forster; the discipline with which he prepared himself for his highly successful lectures; the visits to America, and his flirtation with Sally Baxter; his editorship of *Cornhill;* and most of all, the steady development of this "Horace in London," with his genius for fusing the elements of his own experience into the great chronicles of his era.

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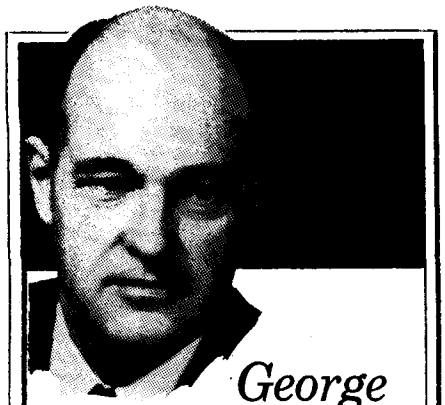

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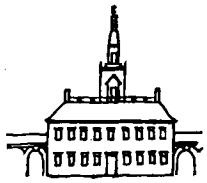
The comic artist (by which I mean the funny serious writer, an altogether different breed from the professional funnyman) is much rarer among American than among British novelists, partly, no doubt, owing to the workings of the law of supply and demand. The British, as sales figures and the chart of literary reputations show, have a much higher regard than we do for superior comedy — and rightly so, I think. For the comic artist is engaged in the important business of puncturing human pretensions with jokes which say what in serious terms would be almost unsayable. The efficacy of the comic stance could not be better illustrated than in the work of Evelyn Waugh. His burlesques have brilliantly brought into relief some of the lunatic aspects of the modern world; his explicit critique of that world in his "straight" fiction has merely brought into relief his own prejudices and follies.

This note is prompted by the publication of comic novels by two gifted writers, one American, PETER DE VRIES; one British, KINGSLEY AMIS. Mr. De Vries has been well received by American reviewers and readers, but the highest estimate of his work has come from an English observer — Kingsley Amis. Amis has called him "the funniest serious writer to be found either side of the Atlantic," and has argued that those who complain De Vries piles on the fun too thickly fail to appreciate "just how serious [his] stuff is."

In De Vries's current offering, THE MACKEREL PLAZA (Little, Brown, $3.75), the heart of the matter is one of those wry inversions in which his fictional world abounds: the hero is a clergyman of so modernist an outlook that he crusades against "this



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damned religious revival" as a backsliding into superstition. The youthful Reverend Mackerel is minister of America's "first split-level Church," whose amenities include a gymnasium, a ballroom, a clinic (its psychiatrist, to Mackerel's intense disgust, is a "reactionary" Jungian), and "a small worship area" with a free-form pulpit designed by Noguchi. "Liberalized" hymns are sung to the strains of "Funiculi-funicula," and Mackerel preaches ten-minute sermons exposing the destructive role of myth in society. (He is building them into a book which he expects to be snapped up by Knopf.)

Set in Avalon, Connecticut, "a rather special jewel on the exurbanite strand," De Vries's story is ingenious, intricate, and enormously funny. A prominent parishioner of Mackerel's, burdened by the guilt of sexual sins which he is forever recalling with indecent relish, conceives it to be his pious duty to erect a memorial plaza dedicated to the late Mrs. Mackerel, drowned some time back in a boating accident. This project enthuses all of Avalon's leading citizens with the exception of Mackerel, who has discreetly pursued and won a delicious girl, now impatient to become the second Mrs. Mackerel. Forced to keep their romance secret, the lovers take to meeting in the sleaziest quarter of a neighboring town. Nonetheless, scandal overtakes them, and a host of diverting complications ensues.

The novel's satire is two-directional: it pokes fun at revivalism, religious cant, sentimentalization of the dead, and also at the pretensions, affectations, and dogmatism of the modernist outlook. De Vries lacks the ruthlessness and intolerance which give satire its corrosive powers; he is temperamentally too amiable to be really destructive, and moreover he scatters his shots. But he has a splendid command of the resources of comedy — his book crackles with humorous conceits, hilarious turns of phrase, and antic situations. *The Mackerel Plaza* seems to me his most dashing performance to date.

In contrast, Kingsley Amis's I LIKE IT HERE (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) — though the going is mildly amusing — is a comedown from his previous work. On the strength of *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling*, Amis has become firmly established in the British literary hierarchy;

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there have been no end of pieces about him in the serious journals, and the august *Times Literary Supplement* devoted a long essay to his latest book.

Some years ago, Mr. Amis won a Somerset Maugham Literary Award, which requires its recipients to travel. Amis — one of whose most violent phobias is "abroad" and all it stands for — reluctantly elected to go to Portugal, and he has made this situation the basis of his present comedy. To the theme of the insular innocent abroad (with wife and small children), Amis has coupled a variant of *The Aspern Papers* plot: his hero, Garnet Bowen, is charged by a publisher with finding out whether an old Englishman living in Portugal is really the great author Wulfstan Strether, not heard from for years and believed dead, or an imposter seeking to cash in on Strether's reputation.

This mixing of motifs — of travel impressions and literary detective work — gives the novel something of a split personality. But what is most disappointing is that the satirist in Amis has lapsed into complacency and laziness, has skimped on the creative task of dramatizing his point of view. All too often Bowen is just a ventriloquist's dummy, sounding off about Amis's pet peeves, which include travel, all foreigners (particularly the French), the upper classes and the rich, Oxford and Cambridge, manifestations of good taste, airplanes, the great novelists, museums and art galleries — in fact, all forms of culture above the low-brow level. These attitudes, when they are not imaginatively expressed but flatly stated, merely sound petulant and boorish. Moreover Bowen, however much he may deprecate the fact, is himself a purveyor of high-brow culture, with the result that his militant Philistinism smacks of affectation and humbug, the very failings which he and Mr. Amis find supremely detestable. There is just enough amusing writing for the novel to pass muster as lightweight entertainment. But one expects more than that from the author of *Lucky Jim*.

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THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES (Dodd, Mead, $6.00) is the fourth and final volume of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* by WINSTON S.

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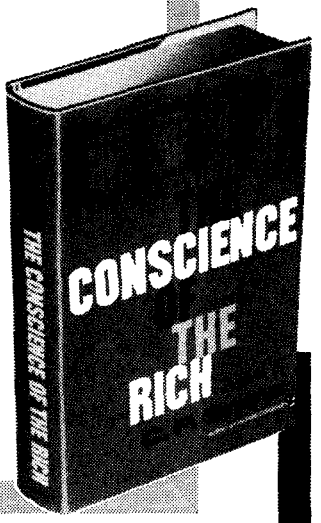

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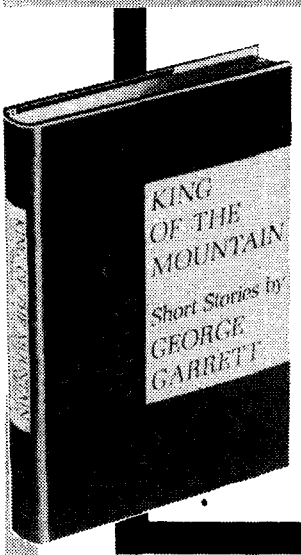

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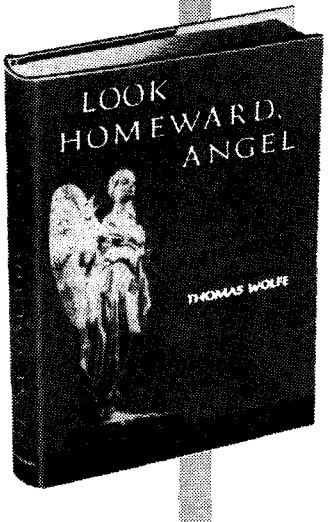

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Sacrificing proportion to pleasure, Churchill devotes between one third and one quarter of his book to chronicling with enormous zest the American Civil War. Into the remaining space he compresses, among other things: the rich political history of nineteenth-century England and portraits of its great prime ministers; the Crimean War; the Indian Mutiny; the migrations to and development of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand; America's Reconstruction era and the emergence of the United States as a world power; Ireland's mounting struggle for Home Rule; and the Boer War.

As might be expected, Churchill takes the romantic view of the American Civil War, summing it up as "the noblest and least avoidable of all of the great mass-conflicts . . . till then." While emphasizing the fearful bloodshed and the blundering, he gives far more resonance to the elements of glory than to the misery and the waste. Robert E. Lee emerges as "one of the greatest captains known to the annals of war"; but Grant receives no curtain call. In Churchill's account, the Confederacy is considered to have lost the war before Grant became supreme commander, in which role he is pictured as finishing off the enemy by costly "tactics of unflinching butchery." Lincoln, of course, is one of the heroes of this volume. Ironically, he is criticized as a war leader for precisely the failings with which Churchill himself has so often been charged — overimpatience for victories and civilian interference with generals in the field. How well Churchill will fare with Civil War specialists I cannot judge, but from a layman's standpoint he has acquitted himself with brio.

The other high point in this volume is the pages in which those two great Parliamentarians, so dissimilar in character — Gladstone and Disraeli — dominate the English political scene. I had expected that Disraeli, with his flamboyance, his darting imperialist vision, his vitalization of the Tory Party, would receive top honors from Churchill; but it is Gladstone, the stiff moralist

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who "was willing to break his party rather than deny his conscience," whose career is described as "the most noteworthy of the century."

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There is a certain childishness in the way Churchill dismisses a Darwin or a Marx in a few sentences while lavishing space on battle after battle. When he thunders off on his fourth or fifth cavalry charge, one is tempted to paraphrase the epigram about the Light Brigade and say: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'histoire.*" Actually, it is the brand of history I was taught as a schoolboy. I feel, even more strongly than when I finished the first volume of this series, that what Churchill has given us is essentially a very great schoolbook: a schoolbook dignified and enriched by immense resources of eloquence, a genius for orderly exposition, and above all an imagination which sees the past as though it were a pageant passing before the eye.

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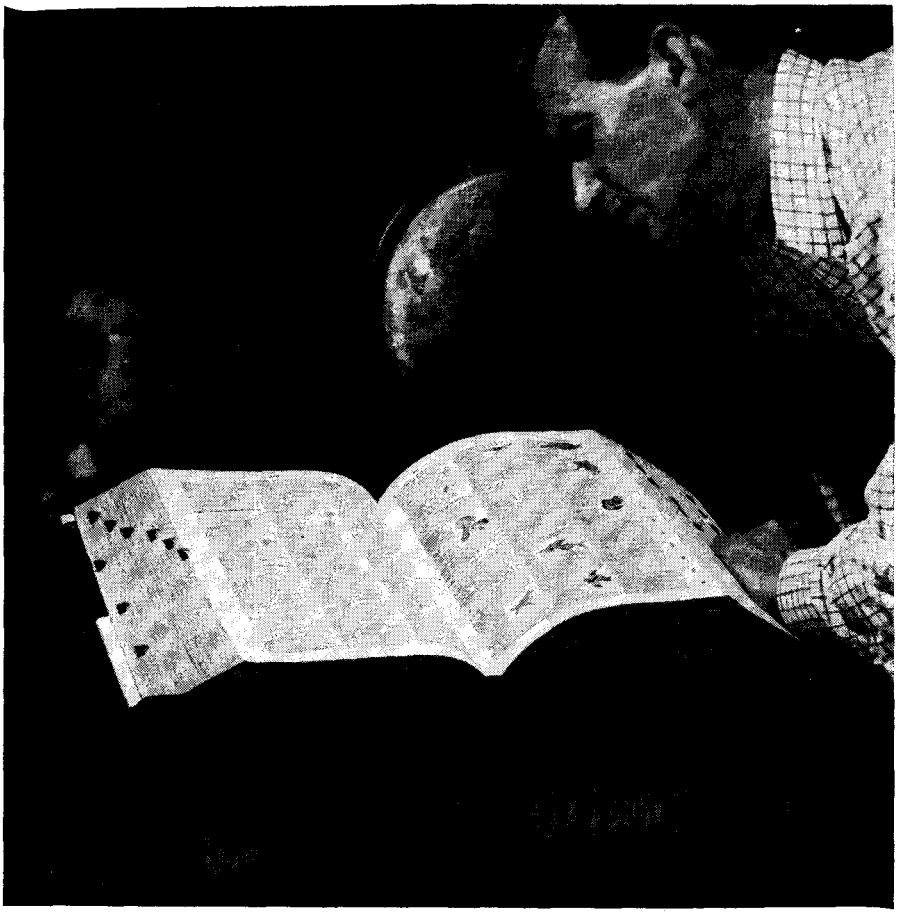
A SOLDIER WITH THE ARABS (Harper, $6.00) skips Glubb's first nineteen years in the Middle East: it covers the period from 1939 to 1957. There is a long account of the Arab-Jewish drama, with detailed descriptions of the fighting and a restatement of the familiar arguments against settlement of the Jews in



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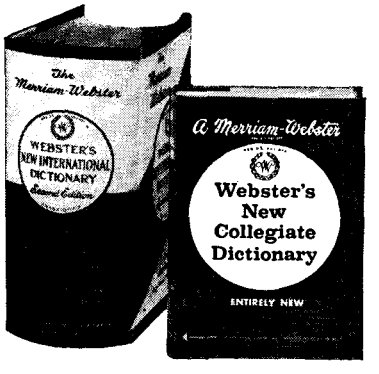

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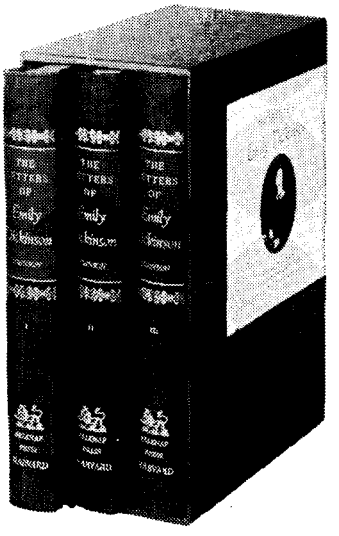

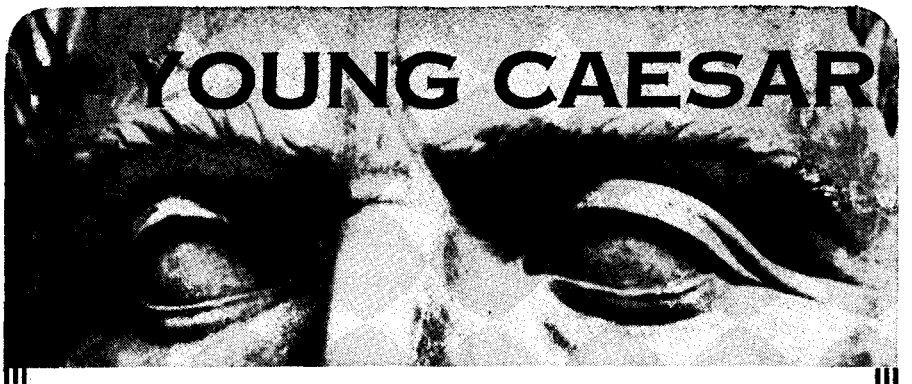

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Palestine. In these highly partisan pages, it is the Jews only who are severely censured for aggression, atrocities, and flouting the UN. The next section is more objective, and it chronicles matters about which less is known: the tensions between the Arab states after the establishment of Israel and the political turmoil in which Jordan remained plunged after the assassination of King Abdullah. The conclusion recounts Glubb's dismissal. His explanation of it, made with extraordinary forgivingness, is that the young King — his position gravely threatened by anti-Western extremists and Egyptian propaganda — decided that by dramatically sacking his British commander he could steal the nationalists' thunder. Glubb's book is amply stocked with interesting disclosures, ranging from further evidence of Ernest Bevin's support of the Arabs to details of the extent of Nasser's subversion and terrorism in the Arab states. Glubb says of the Americans stationed in the Middle East that, contrary to their country's official policy, they have deliberately sought to supplant the British: "In the Arab countries, America is believed to be Britain's worst enemy."

Glubb freely admits that he "failed hopelessly in the task to which I had devoted . . . my life" — Anglo-Arab cooperation. And his personal history unconsciously sheds light on a larger failure: that of British policy vis-à-vis the Arabs. The romantic "emotionalism" which led Glubb to settle among the Arabs was a large and persistent element in the outlook of Britain's Middle East experts and proconsuls, and it blinded the most knowledgeable and astute of them to portentous realities staring them in the face. In love with feudal Arabia — its dignity, its hospitality, its austerity — they dreamed of a great Arab confederation, cleaving to tradition and loyally allied to Britain by virtue of gratitude and respect. Inevitably, Glubb and his confreres found the new breed of Arab politicians and intellectuals, with their admiration for modernity, an unsympathetic lot, and failed to grasp their growing power and hostile intransigence.

In 1953, a top authority at the British Embassy in Cairo, when I suggested that Nasser sounded like a menace, confidently assured me that his bark was worse than his bite and that he was amenable to reason.

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Refusing to believe that the aspirations of Arab nationalism could extend to the total elimination of British influence in the Middle East the proconsuls chose to conclude that the "Jewish problem" alone was spoiling the beautiful friendship between Britannia and the dear, good Arabs. Glubb still believes this nonsense, even though throughout his long years of loyal service to the Arabs, there were always Arab voices blaring the charge that he was a dirty British imperialist.

TROUBLED ISLAND

In Cyprus, the Greek inhabitants' long-standing love for the British — the durable fruit of Britain's championship of Greek independence in the nineteenth century — has not prevented the islanders from resorting to terrorism to gain self-determination. This tragic situation is described with sensitivity and understanding in LAWRENCE DURRELL'S beautifully written book, BITTER LEMONS (Dutton, $3.50), a record of his three years (1953–1956) on Cyprus, first as a visitor, then as a householder and teacher, and finally as the press adviser of the embattled government.

Shortly after his arrival, Durrell bought an old house in an exquisite hillside village, and the account of the machinations and bargaining that preceded its purchase is a comic delight. Here, before the troubles began, he led an idyllic existence in a sunlit world dotted with lemon groves, orange, mulberry, and pomegranate, carob and cypress. His command of Greek endeared him to the villagers, a proud, polite, intensely hospitable collection of individualists, "mad for freedom and wine." And the girls at the high school where Durrell taught kept sending him roses, poems, and sweetmeats.

Already there were danger signals. But British officialdom, with what seems incredible complacency, chose to ignore them. And the London Government, as Durrell sees it, made the disastrous mistake of trying to stave off the minimum concessions which might have averted violence. When Durrell was leaving the island, his taxi driver made a remark which reflects the paradoxical, surrealistic quality of the Cypriot tragedy: "Even Dighenis [a leading patriot] — though he fights the British, really

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loves them. But he will have to go on killing them — with regret, even with affection." Mr. Durrell, the gifted author of *Justine*, has written a book which marvelously projects the sights and savors of an unfamiliar island; the character of its people, their humor and their passion.

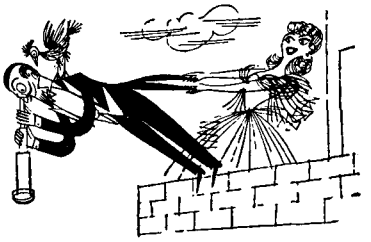
"THE RECORDING NOVEL"

THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS (Harper, $3.95) by JOHN BROOKS and THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH (Scribner's, $3.95) by C. P. SNOW are both examples of what Mr. Brooks has suggestively described as "the recording novel." In a recently published symposium, *The Living Novel*, Brooks defined this kind of book as one which is primarily inspired by "a passion to record"; its aim is "that the essences of one's time . . . should be set down, that the timeless struggles of the human heart should be seen exactly as they existed under a certain set of conditions." Brooks cited as an enduring example of the recording novel Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Another is *The Forsyte Saga*, of which Mr. Snow's new book is reminiscent.

The "certain set of conditions" in which Brooks examines the struggles of the human heart is the world of high finance in the New York of the booming nineteen fifties. More specifically, his story describes an explosive proxy fight for control of The Great Eastern Company, an episode which has many similarities to the struggle fought in 1955 for the control of Montgomery Ward. Brooks's central figure, Hank Haislip, is a self-made buccaneering tycoon, who scorns the "keepers and preservers" and prides himself on being "a breaker and builder." Utterly ruthless and untroubled by guilt, he is willing to sacrifice the few human relationships that are important to him in his single-minded — and, he believes, creative — drive toward the summits of power.

The novel is vigorously plotted, respectably written, absorbing — but nothing about it is quite first-rate. The motivation of the characters is at best plausible rather than convincing. The answer to the mystery of what makes Haislip tick is too contrived and too pat. In fact, the whole performance, however great the author's striving for honesty and depth, seems a trifle on the slick side.

Sir Charles Snow is a veteran



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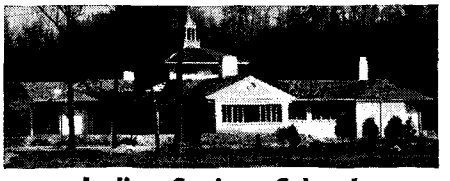

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novelist greatly esteemed in England who has failed to make much of a mark in the United States. One reason for this may be that there is more solidity than éclat in his work; it may strike some as rather dry and, technically, old-fashioned. At any rate, Snow seems to me at his best a writer of stature, and he is at his best in *The Conscience of the Rich*, which forms part of a sequence of novels entitled *Strangers and Brothers*, now in its seventh volume.

Beginning in 1927 and extending over a decade, the story describes the conflicts between the older and younger generations in the era when "social consciousness" made rebels of so many sons and daughters of the rich. The family on which the story is focused, the Marches, has for two centuries been one of England's "upper deck" Jewish families. The head of the clan, Sir Philip, has hopes of capping his career with a post in the Cabinet. His brother Leonard, whose personality dominates the book, has led the leisured life of a man of property; he is satisfied that he has done his duty by devoting himself to the welfare (as he sees it) of his children and relatives, and to upholding the prestige of the March name. He is appalled when his son Charles — driven by the need to break away from his inheritance, by the craving to become really *useful* — forsakes the law, in which he has made a brilliant debut, and starts to study medicine. Charles has been encouraged in this course by the beautiful, strong-willed girl he has married, Ann Simon, who also belongs to a rich Jewish family and out of the prevalent impulse of revolt has secretly joined the Communist Party. Charles in turn stands by her unswervingly when it becomes known that she is working for a Communist scandal sheet which is planning to publish an assault on Sir Philip March that could gravely tarnish his reputation.

This drama is narrated by an intimate friend of the Marches, Lewis Eliot, an analyst of human behavior through whose probings and reflections Snow illuminates the struggles of the heart and mind. Leisurely in pace, the novel is one in which milieu, characterization, and atmosphere are solidly realized. And in Leonard March, Snow has achieved a masterly portrait of a remarkable type — the great Anglo-Jewish gentleman.

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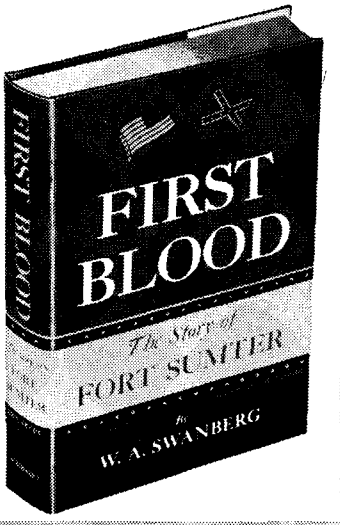

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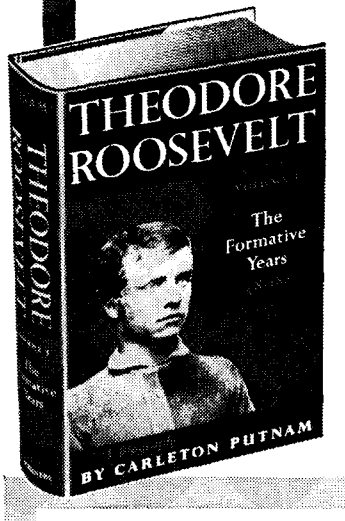

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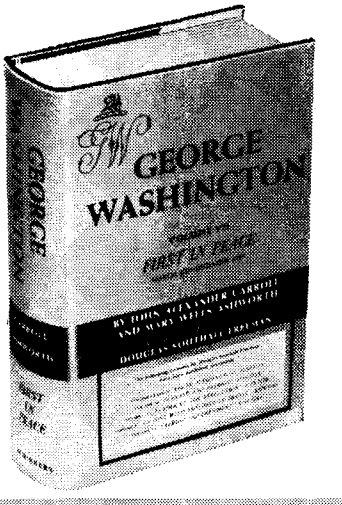

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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Accent on

THOSE of us who worried our way through the thirties were probably unaware at the time that the period was in the process of becoming a costume piece. But it was and did. We look back today on the thirties as if on Shakespeare's England; the peruke and the lace jabot of the French court seem hardly more remote than General Hugh ("Ironpants") Johnson and his followers as they marched in the great NRA parade; the touring cars and towering sedans of the period remind us of the Selden patent or the Conestoga wagon; and although the women managed somehow to escape being quite so dated as the men, the ordinary passers-by of the thirties look like models for a Rogers group.

The thirties were by no means the most attractive decade of the century, and there must be many middle-aged citizens who wince at remembering them. But the period is being rejoined to the present — indeed it is all but taking over the present — through its domination of the television screen. For hours daily TV is occupied by all sorts of old movies, some from the forties but more, so it seems, from the thirties. One assumes that the twenties, with their newfangled talkies, would be a little too creaky even for TV, while the product of the forties is probably still flickering out its final years in your nearest naborhood popcorn dispensary. So it's the thirties that are in such rich supply, with the quaint ways of a bygone day.

Many of the people in these old films are long since defunct. Those still surviving are so much older and fatter that one can hardly recognize them in the lively youngsters on the TV screen, whizzing about in their antique La Salles and Marmons and usually, in those days before the thruways and turnpikes, leaving great clouds of dust behind. It was the day of the vertical windshield, when the spare wheels were mounted in wells on the front fenders and the height of the ordinary sedan reached between six and seven feet above the roadway; and every afternoon on TV, here in 1958, we see any number of such "classic" designs. Because almost all these cars would qualify today as jalopies or worse, their casual use has a curious effect on the TV viewer. When the ancient Buick, for instance, pulls up at the door of a smart supper club, one half expects a family of Okies to come tumbling out and unload their household goods on the sidewalk. Not so. Those who step down — and we see a liveried chauffeur at the wheel of this stately old vehicle — are a couple of obvious plutocrats, very sharp in their double-breasted dinner jackets. Anyone with $7500 a year or more shifted to a black-tie rig after 6 P.M. in the movies of that period, especially the gangsters, who were always the dressiest of the lot.

The men's clothes in the films of the thirties are just as confusing to the viewer as their jalopies. In general, everything was sharp, so that most of the men in the film look like gangsters, but one never quite knows whether the rich type descending from the old Buick is about to produce his Tommy gun or merely an umbrella. The perplexity on this score becomes multiplied when an extra-sharp man about town appears on the screen wearing a four-button coat that buttons practically up to his chin and a curly-brim derby with a rather high crown. If the viewer sees a hansom cab or a carriage and pair in the background, he will realize that he has tuned in a film made in 1934 but having to do with events in the year 1907, but it is just as likely that the four-button man will suddenly produce *his* chopper and begin blazing away at a Stutz Black Hawk, recklessly driven through what purports to be the Chicago of the thirties. (British films are of course the exception in all these points, since men's clothes and the London scene never change at all, and there are enough old cars still on the streets there to fit any period of the past half century.) Of all the quirks of attire in the thirties, one is struck by the great number of men who wore, in addition to the sharp double-breasted jacket, a vest and, as often as not, a hat.

The households of the thirties

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were well staffed with servants, and they were servants who worked hard and eagerly, indulging the behavior of their employers, no matter how overbearing, and on duty at any old hour of the day or night.

Along with these deferential servants and their 24-hour availability the TV viewer would undoubtedly bracket the employees of an automobile manufacturer. The manufacturer, in one of the old films, was the daughter of the rugged individualist, deceased, who had founded the company. She was a capricious minx, who ruled with an iron hand. Her entire work force was terrified of her, and one could only wonder what the outcome would have been had Walter Reuther come along with talk about the guaranteed annual wage and the split-the-profits requirement.

There was a great deal of train travel at the time, and in almost every one of these old films characters are arriving or departing at a busy railroad station. Travel in those days was not something to be taken lightly, and when a character boarded a train or arrived on one, there were always relatives and well-wishers on hand to make an occasion of it. No one in these films had ever heard of a diesel or streamliner, and the train that came thundering into the station in clouds of smoke and steam was a monstrous old iron horse of the pre-Kettering era.

Tune in on it any afternoon around three o'clock.

CHARLES W. MORTON

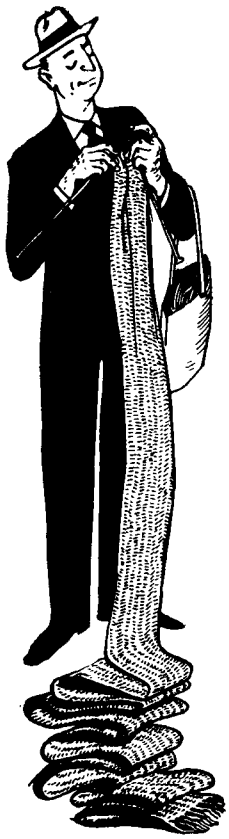
The Uses of Knitting

BY THOMAS E. DOREMUS

THOMAS E. DOREMUS *is the author of* FLAY DEXTER, *a novel, and many magazine articles. He has traveled widely in this country and overseas and is now living in New York.*

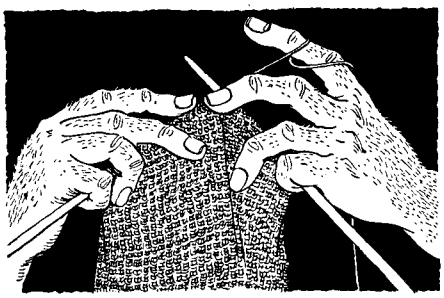
Time was, you couldn't get a red-blooded American male to admit he liked to cook. Now it's an accepted fact that men don aprons, feel at home in the kitchen, cook for their wives, exchange recipes with one another, and enjoy being praised for their garlic mayonnaise. Another field previously considered female territory but wide open to the male hobbyist is knitting.

This is not surprising news to the old-time British seaman or to some American surgeons, but I imagine that the idea will be met with resistance in other quarters, and it will take time and advertising to sell it. My knitting experience began as a jest, to prove a point with a woman; it was a party stunt. This is the best way for a man to start knitting. Lightheartedly. You first make an awful botch of it. The company is amused and satisfied by your clumsiness. Later, when you're alone in the house and nobody is watching, you get down to business and figure out the mechanics of the thing. As I explained not long ago to a skeptical friend of mine, "You tie all kinds of sailors' knots, don't you? Well, knitting is just tying knots with the help of two pointed sticks."



I expect what has kept many a man away from this craft is his appearance while knitting. It gives him such a housebound look. He seems trapped and sedentary. I know the feeling, but I have overcome it by standing up while knitting, keeping the ball of wool in a trouser pocket or an inside coat pocket and walking around the room. If you want to look rakish, rather than absorbed, by all means look so. Otherwise, remain seated like any other knitter, and gradually your activity will be accepted as normal. Personally, I prefer to knit in bed. There is something wrong with the way I hold the needles (an early fault in my training), and I am more proficient when the needle ends are propped against the bedcovers. Besides, if I'm knitting something complicated, something where I have to count to keep track of a pattern, I prefer to be alone. The privacy of one's own bed is perfect.

A warning, though. Knitting is a vice like any other. It can be carried too far. It can strain your eyesight, your temper, your reason. From apathy toward the subject, an amateur usually progresses to overinvolvement. Remember when you first learned chess, and the wallpaper pattern reminded you each night of a chessboard? You lay awake all night creating chess problems? In the kitchen every linoleum square was part of a chessboard? Same



thing with knitting. Take it easy. It can become obsessive. It can also serve as an excuse to avoid honest, sustained conversation. "Just a minute, I'm counting"; how many times have you heard a woman employ this dodge when she's losing an argument? I confess I have used it once or twice myself when I saw a discussion becoming footless and vindictive. "Sorry, I didn't get that," I've frowned. "Do you mind if I just finish this row, then we can talk?" You pout, make a few penciled notations in the margin of the instruction book, hold up the product, stretch it, sigh, scratch your back with the free needle, finally roll up your piece of handiwork, stuff it into your tote bag and then, relaxing, say, "Yes, now where were we?" You have gained the advantage. She has cooled off, forgotten her point, changed her mind about prosecution.

The idea that I could knit first occurred to me during just such a session of invective with a young woman who had been knitting me a sweater over a period of several months. I remember she had just got to the armholes the night of our

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disagreement and, in a perfect fury, had illustrated her feelings by deliberately tearing out row after row of the almost completed garment until nothing was left but hundreds of yards of wrinkled yarn. A year passed, the lady had vanished, but I still wanted that sweater, and with sentimental industry I set about knitting it myself, finally producing an awkward, unsightly facsimile of that much lamented pullover.

Later, whenever I needed a justification for knitting, I remembered that it was not unusual, even as late as the thirties, to see men in the House of Lords purling away while somebody boring had the

floor. Very few present-day Members of Parliament knit, it is true, since the custom has died out on the ships where they learned it. In a less leisurely world, modern sea duty allows no time for knitting. As for the surgeons, I believe a few still knit and crochet to keep their fingers nimble with the knife. I have no up-to-date information on David Windsor's current knitting progress (another old salt) but it has been rumored that he occasionally, still, runs up something on the needles for his Duchess. Perhaps he considers knitting, nowadays, as part of a former and frivolous phase of his life like the jazz bands, Gertrude Lawrence, and experiences with the Pytchley Hunt.

I have made up a list of rules and suggestions for men who are now knitting or who contemplate it, and although it may outrage professional women knitters, here it is. My observations on the subject are most personal and arbitrary.

1. Once you have managed to break down their initial reserve, women will make excellent knitting teachers. They minimize your mistakes, are infinitely patient, constructive, and tolerant of your eccentricities. Don't rely on those Jack Frost booklets. Ask a woman who knows what she is talking about.

2. Under no circumstances learn how to knit argyle socks. They are very boring. All those needles and bobbins and different colored yarn. Plenty of women will knit them for you. Leave the argyle drudgery to them.

3. Buy the most expensive wool in the most expensive stores. There is no such thing as a knitter who can rise above his material. As your wool is, so is your knitting. *Do not stint.*

4. Never knit only one thing at a time. You will soon be bored with it. Have several things on the fire. Be working on afghan squares, a muffler, a necktie, a washcloth. Switch from one to the other to keep your interest-span from going dead on you.

5. You will find that cigarette smoking is automatically arrested after you have become a knitter. It is impossible to smoke cigarettes and knit at the same time. If smoking is a worry to you, knitting is a much better nicotine substitute than gum or candy.

6. Do not knit during the summer. The wool in your fingers feels hot, itchy, unpleasant. Knitting, like whittling, is for long winter evenings.

7. Knitting will produce smug thoughts. Both men and women assume narrow and self-satisfied attitudes while knitting. Knitting produces a superficial, bogus serenity. A "busy hands never got into trouble" type of piety. You have to make up your mind that the therapy of knitting is of a limiting variety. It does not favor largess of mind or heart. Oh, by the way, if you're embarrassed about going into a store to buy the wool, simply explain to the yarn seller that your doctor has recommended knitting as a therapeutic hobby. Joke about it. Sound cheerful.

8. Make presents of all your finished products. The boss will remember you for that cardigan long after he's forgotten a box of cigars.

9. Knit for charity or for a cause if you are so inclined. You may use any one of a number of outlets. As for myself (I am serious), I prefer knitting cotton outer bandages which are used in several of our American leper colonies.

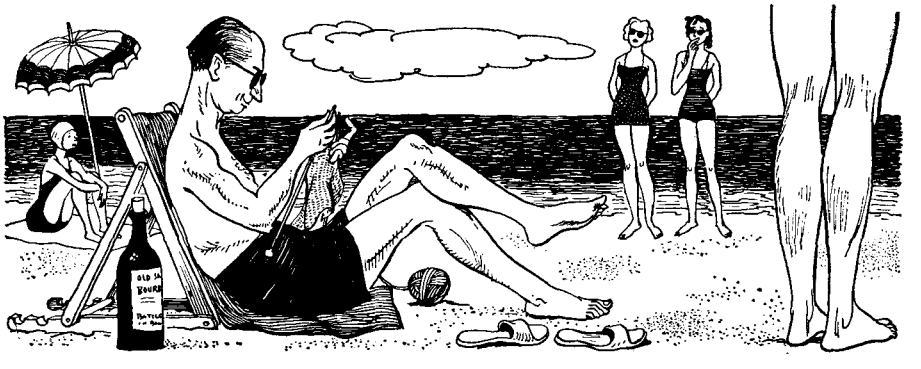
10. Since the world's best knitting and knitters come from France, learn enough of the language to be able to translate from French instruction books. Knitting not only looks better, it sounds better in French. A cable is a *torsade*, a twist. All the technical terms are more to the point.

11. Don't try to become so expert that you can knit without looking, like those women who go to the movies and knit in the dark while watching the screen. Knitting is not like touch typing. Half of the fun is to watch what you're doing. What's the hurry, anyway?

12. I would stay away from steel needles at the start. They are rigid, clammy, they make an unpleasant noise. Plastic is better.

13. Use your old canvas book bag from college to tote your work around. It will carry wool, needles, a novel, and if you're going to the beach, a bottle of bourbon, as well as towel and extra pair of trunks. If you really intend to knit on the beach in front of everyone, be absolutely sure you have the bottle of bourbon along. The juxtaposition of the two vices, the one gentle, the other roistering, is strangely effective.

And remember, men, if and when you encounter moral censure or a scoffing attitude, be quick to use the arguments I have already put forth: Old-time sea dogs knit, so do surgeons, so does the Duke of Windsor. And that fierce-looking male forebear of yours whose portrait hangs on the wall in all likelihood hooked the rugs you walk on.



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Guilty but Unfit

BY H. F. ELLIS

H. F. Ellis is a Londoner whose light prose has frequently appeared in the ATLANTIC. *He is on the staff of* PUNCH.

"I formed the opinion that defendant's breath smelled of pork chops, and invited him to accompany me to the station."

These sinister words have not yet, so far as I know, been spoken. The sentence, with all its rich undertones, came into my head ready-made while I was reading the Motoring Column in my morning paper. As a rule, when I come to the familiar bit about the distance in which a car with fully efficient brakes can be pulled up from a speed of 30 miles an hour, I content myself with a mental note to have a word with the man at the garage sometime. That is about all one *can* do, except that if the paper goes on to give details of the distance required to pull up with average brakes from 50 mph, I make a note to have a word with the man tomorrow.

At least, I thought it was all one could do. It hadn't occurred to me to save life and keep my fenders uncrumpled by giving up bacon, until "Our Motoring Correspondent" got me stirred up this week on the subject of time lag. Not that there is anything new about time lag as such. I have known for a long time that, though fully efficient brakes will stop a car in 30 feet from 30 mph, it is necessary to add some extra yards to cover the time it takes for the driver's reflexes to work. In fact you have to double the distance for an average time lag of .75 seconds. I knew that. It has always been one of my cardinal beliefs that the sooner you put the brakes on the sooner you stop. What I had *not* realized was that it is the driver's duty to keep his reflexes, as well as his brakes, properly adjusted.

Well, of course, I knew that I ought not to drive when drunk or exhausted to the point of coma or drowsy with antihistamine. But I thought that in the ordinary way of business the speed of my reflexes was fixed, immutable, something I was born with, like a long nose. It has come as a shock to find that a life of near-monasticism may result in cutting my stopping distance down a clear ten feet or so.

"The man whose reactions are slow," says my paper, "can often revolutionize his ability to act quickly. Sometimes it is a question of medical advice, more often a question of his way of life." And then come these four hints on polishing up your driving:

1. Keep the daily intake of alcohol low.
2. Eat moderately and keep off fatty foods.
3. Smoke moderately.
4. Take regular exercise.

I shall do those four things. It isn't that I have any reason to believe my reflexes are particularly slow; I jump as smartly and as high into the air as the next man, when paper bags are burst behind my back. What makes me uneasy is the legal aspect. Even the best drivers run into things at times, and I can't get it out of my head that the Law, already hot enough on alcohol (Hint 1), will very soon start campaigning against those other enemies of safe driving (Hints 2, 3, and 4). That evidence of the policeman's about pork chops keeps ringing in my ears.

He isn't likely to stop at my breath either.

"When searched," I can hear the ponderous fellow saying, "a quantity of flake tobacco, medium strength, was found on the defendant's person, together with two pipes bearing traces of recent use. He was observed to be attempting to conceal a half-smoked cigarette in the turn-ups of his trousers. His paunch protruded, and when required to run with knees up six times round the

charge room his breathing became distressed. I formed the opinion that defendant had taken no exercise for twenty years."

His Lordship: "If there is any more laughter I shall clear the Court."

And what sort of a figure shall I cut when prosecuting counsel has me in the witness box?

"Answer the question. Did you or did you not have bacon for breakfast in addition to the two fried eggs to which you have now admitted?"

"Yes."

"Thick?"

"Not very. Medium. Cut number seven, I think it was."

"Number *seven. I* see. And for

BERCEUSE

BY FREDERICK EBRIGHT

Look out for the booby trap in the box of sand;
Don't pet the nice doggie where he sleeps,
He'll very probably bite your hand:
This is a world where everyone plays for keeps.

Pay no heed to the man who suggests a ride,
Beware the night darkness of railroad yards;
Strange candy is always filled with cyanide:
This is a place where the players stack the cards.

Beware the loan outfit with money to lend,
And shun free books and records, however nice;
Avoid the salesman who calls you "My friend":
These are the times when dealers load the dice.

Suspect the lease, the pact, the union head,
The welfare ad for the child who weeps,
Insurance that covers the quick and the dead:
This is a game that people play for keeps.

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lunch, as we have already heard from the waitress at the Rendezvous, you had scampi fried in butter followed by a mixed grill and suet pudding?"

"I — I cannot remember. You are confusing me."

"And between these two Lucullan and, if m'Lud will allow me, greasy feasts, did you partake of any further nourishment?"

"Certainly not."

"You had better be careful."

"I — no."

"I put it to you that at 11:15 A.M. on the day of the accident you consumed a glass of milk and two doughnuts."

"Oh, those."

"Exactly. Are you aware that in the course of preparation doughnuts are plunged in a bath of boiling fat?"

"Well . . ."

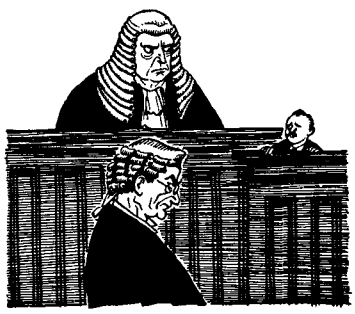
"You are also aware of the retardation of the reflexes caused by the immoderate ingestion of fatty foods?"

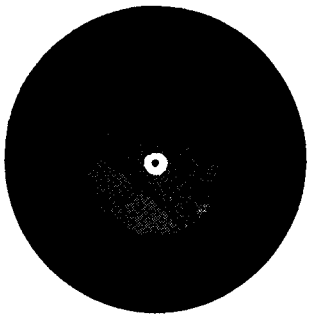
"Oh I say, look here."

"Yet you wish the jury to understand that, despite that knowledge, well knowing that it was your intention later in the day to drive, or attempt to drive, a vehicle on the public highway, you took no exercise of any kind either in the forenoon or in the interval, if interval there was, between this wanton suet pudding and the unbridled dish of crumpets to which on sworn testimony —"

"It's a lie. My Lord, I must ask for the protection of the Court. I had only three crumpets, which left me completely unaffected. I have a very strong stomach. I can pull up in fifty feet after six crumpets, as witnesses will prove. As for the protein test . . ."

Much good it will do me to protest. The moment counsel elicits that pork chop evidence, the jury's sympathies will be fatally alienated. My only hope is that, when I tell them how many pipes I had after dinner, I shall be adjudged unfit even to plead.





Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Magnificat in D

Felix Prohaska conducting soloists, choir, and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera; Vanguard BG-555: 12"

In the January *Atlantic* I reviewed a Westminster recording of this mighty and moving work, finding it adequately vigorous but lacking in finish. The Vanguard has the opposite merits and shortcomings. The arias and duets are delightfully satisfying, but the choruses lack substance and impetus. This is not to say the performance is bad; it is very good, and sweetly recorded. But the perfect Magnificat remains to be made. The truncate Cantata No. 50, *Nun ist das Heil*, which will recall the *Hosanna* of the B Minor Mass, fills out the disc.

Beethoven: Fidelio

Leonie Rysanek, Ernst Häfliger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, other soloists; Ferenc Fricsay conducting chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera; Decca DXH-147: two 12"

A new version of Beethoven's only opera is always news, and this one is, in general, good news. The best thing about it is that it includes the spoken dialogue. (The speaking is done by actors, and they hardly do more than approximate the delivery of their singing counterparts, but this is much better than silence.) Fricsay keeps the plot moving, no mean feat in this ungainly opera, and Fischer-Dieskau is a terrific Pizarro, urbanely diabolic. Rysanek is fine in small exchanges, rough in her big arias; too many takes and retakes, no doubt. The only other fault is with the horns, which blat lamentably in *Abscheulicher!* Still, of all recorded versions, this is the one that presents most fully what Beethoven as opera composer had in mind to

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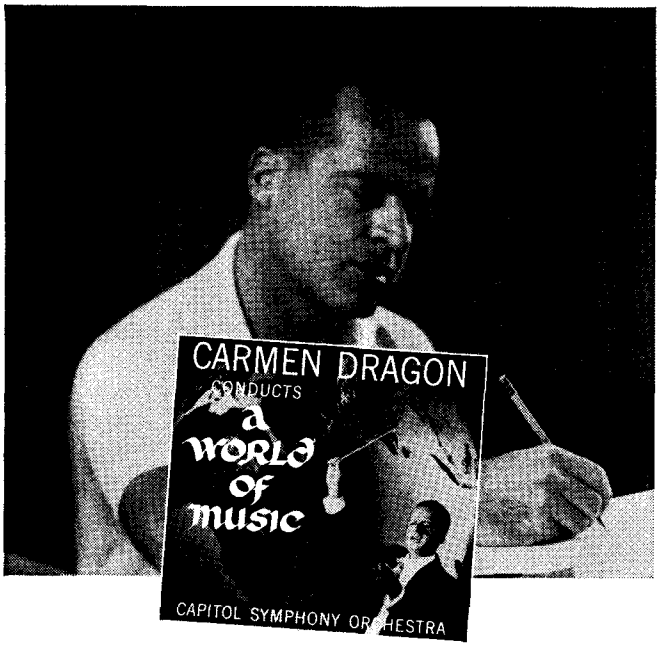
NEW...Classics in a Springtime mood



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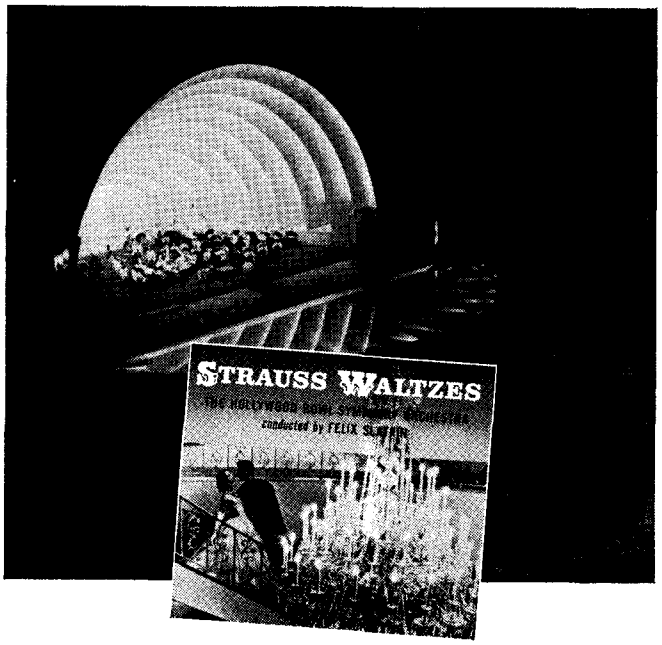

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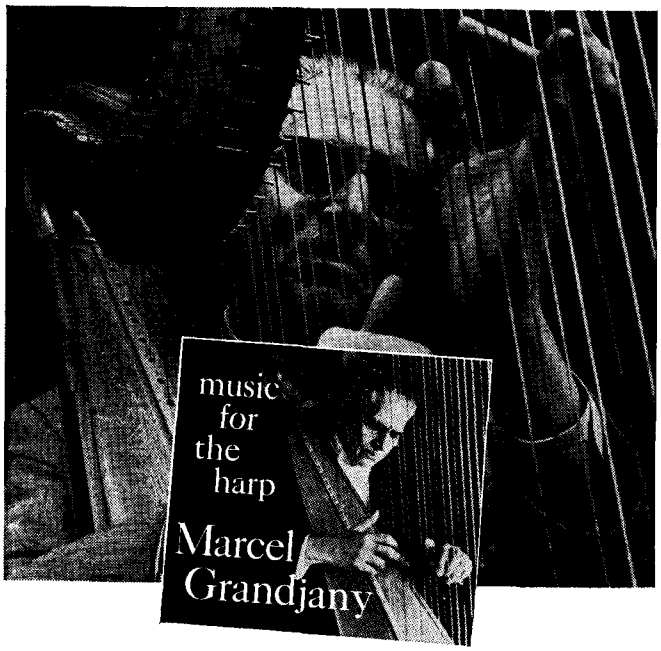

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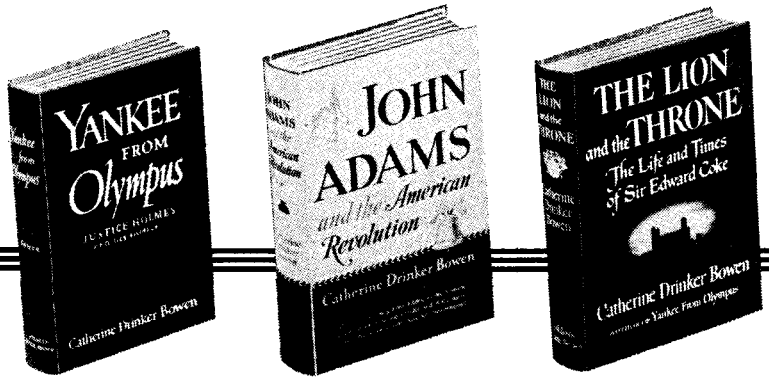

say. If you'd rather have *Fidelio* as a cantata, musical numbers without dramatic connective tissue, you might try RCA Victor's Toscanini recording — old but still exciting.

Gluck: Orfeo ed Euridice
Risë Stevens, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters; Pierre Monteux conducting Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6136: three 12"

In late months we have had two *Orfeos* from abroad, a German-made Decca starring Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and a French-made Epic with the tenor Leopold Simoneau as Orpheus. The former suffers from what seems to me a fatal handicap: it is *auf deutsch*, and it sounds funny. The French version is one authorized by Gluck; the trouble is in its delivery, which is somewhat too Gallicly brisk to convey tragedy. The new Monteux is "traditional," meaning that it is sung in Italian, paced as it is paced at the Met, conceived lyrically, and uncut (three discs against two each for the competitors). The ensembles are good, which is important, and the Misses Della Casa (Euridice) and Peters (Amor) do nobly. Further, the sound is both clean and rich. However, Miss Stevens and Mr. Monteux indulge, in some of the big arias, in tempos so slow that all eighteenth-century atmosphere vanishes; the music simply doesn't sound like Gluck. Still, it is effective in its theatrical way, and if you can forget Gluck's classical aims, you will enjoy it.

Ives: Symphony No. 3; Three Places in New England
Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50149: 12"

Charles Ives's Third Symphony is one of America's musical masterpieces — strong, at once genial and ironic, local and universal, full of Yankee hymnody and bittersweetness. No one plays it badly, but I think no one plays it as well as Howard Hanson (though Richard Bales, in his out-of-print WCFM disc, competed valorously). Further, I doubt that anyone records anyone else as well as Mercury records Hanson; this is a sonic beauty of a record. The overside offers the impressionistic *Three Places*, including the cacophonous march of two Fourth-of-July village bands through Redding, Connecticut, an offering

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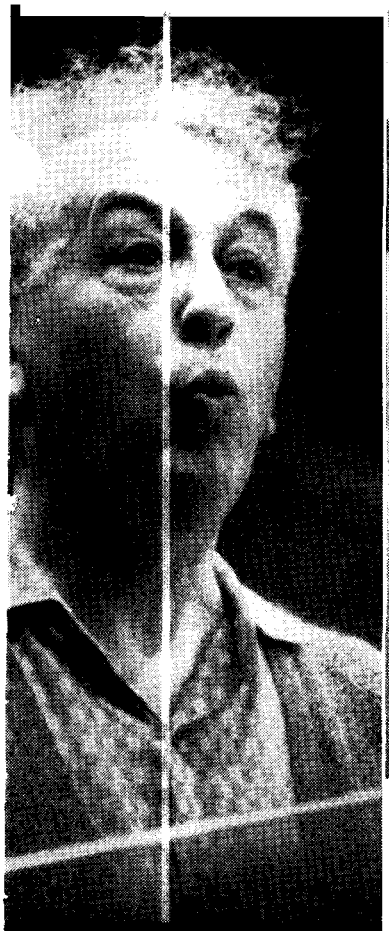

BALLET MASTER

If concertgoers in St. Louis have often been served ballet scores along with the more customary symphonies and concertos, it is quite understandable. For Vladimir Golschmann, who has captained this second eldest of America's orchestras for more than 25 years, originally came to this country as conductor with a touring ballet company. Not long afterwards he was given the St. Louis post and since then has built the orchestra into a splendid instrument. This new recording of four delightful ballet scores reveals how Maestro Golschmann's early days in the pit have given him a rare insight into this sort of music. When it comes to ballet, he is the master.

EASDALE: The Red Shoes Ballet; **WEBER:** Invitation to the Dance; **DELIBES:** Sylvia—Ballet Suite—and Coppelia—Ballet Suite. The St. Louis Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann, conductor.
ML 5254 $3.98

ITAL N TENOR FRO AMERICA

Thou Richard Tucker is 100% Amer n (he hails from Brook n) he is widely regarded as th greatest Italian tenor in the w ld today. Even the Italiar who tend to regard foreig tenors with a certain amou of suspicion, are incline to agree. Their reaction to his isit to Italy in 1949 was a riple forte hurrah. Tucke like the late Enrico Carus is everything a tenor shoul be. What's more, his voice surprisingly similar—with th e same amazing "golde" color. Momentarily aband ning Puccini and Verdi, Mr. Tu ker has recorded a splend d program of Neapolitan songs, which proves that Brook n and Naples are actual not very far apart.

SORRENTO: *Richard Tucker with* Alfredo Antonini conducting the Columb a Concert Orchestra.
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LATEST FROM PHILADELPHIA

For the past few years, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia *Orchestra have kept busy* recording their ear-dazzling performances of the basic orchestra repertoire. Two brand-new ℓp albums contain the results of their latest sessions. One offers a "dream" program—four of their most popular showpieces; the other contains the newest and finest recorded performance of one of the greatest of all modern symphonic works. Both records are examples of the flawless playing and astounding artistry that occur any time these 105 denizens of the Quaker City assemble in the venerable Academy of Music on Broad Street.

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VIRTUOSO SAMPLERS

Zino Francescatti, who was playing concertos at the age of five, can't remember when he first applied bow to strings—but then he can't remember when he first began to eat or walk either. He comes from an intensely musical family. Both his parents were violinists, his father having studied with the only accredited pupil of the legendary Paganini. The fortunate possessor of a warm, glowing tone and a prodigious technique, Francescatti has been unanimously and appropriately dubbed "the modern Paganini." You'll find an excellent sampling of his very great art on these brand-new Columbia ℓp Records.

SARASATE: Zigeunerweisen; **SAINT-SAËNS:** Havanaise, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; **CHAUSSON:** Poème—Zino Francescatti with William Smith conducting the Columbia Symphony and with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
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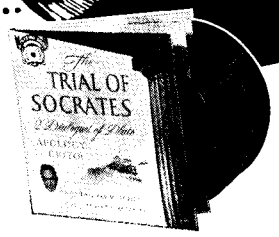

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apparently written in psychic prescience that finally high fidelity would come along and make it a household necessity.

Schubert: Symphony No. 7
George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC-3431: 12"

Three giant symphonies have portrayed Man in his Cosmos: Beethoven's Ninth, Brahms's First, and Schubert's C Major. They have thematic similarities — Beethoven dictated this — but separate personalities. Beethoven met the universe with a battle cry, Brahms with an encompassing understanding, Schubert with a great and glistening song. And here I will be foolhardy. I do not think I ever have heard this triumphant, hundred-voiced song so well launched as here by Szell and his forces. It soars, it blazes, and it is a marvel. The sound on some sets may be a little brazen, but no matter, a twist of the treble control will fix that if you want it fixed. Probably you won't care, as the irresistible momentum of the performance takes you over. This is, and I use the word advisedly, great.

Schütz: The Passion According to St. Matthew
Gunther Theuring conducting soloists and Vienna Akademie Kammerchor; Westminster XWN-18590: 12"

It is rather hard to describe the charm of this pre-Bach music; I think it may lie in a musical evolution — from the Mass to the madrigal to the oratorio. Here you get a little of each: dramatic balladry on sacred themes. To me it is fascinating, and Mr. Theuring's people are both devoted and true-voiced. You have to listen closely, but your listening will be rewarded by this record.

Richard Dyer-Bennet: 4
Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor, with Spanish guitar; Dyer-Bennet Records No. 4: 12"

Yes, it gets monotonous, writing "Richard Dyer-Bennet" over and over, but the record must be announced, and it must be said once again that this engaging bard is back at work. This time his songs include *The Fox; The Foggy, Foggy Dew; The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee; Waltzing Matilda;* and *Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill.* So, you see, you cannot afford to pass the record up. It's as simple as that.

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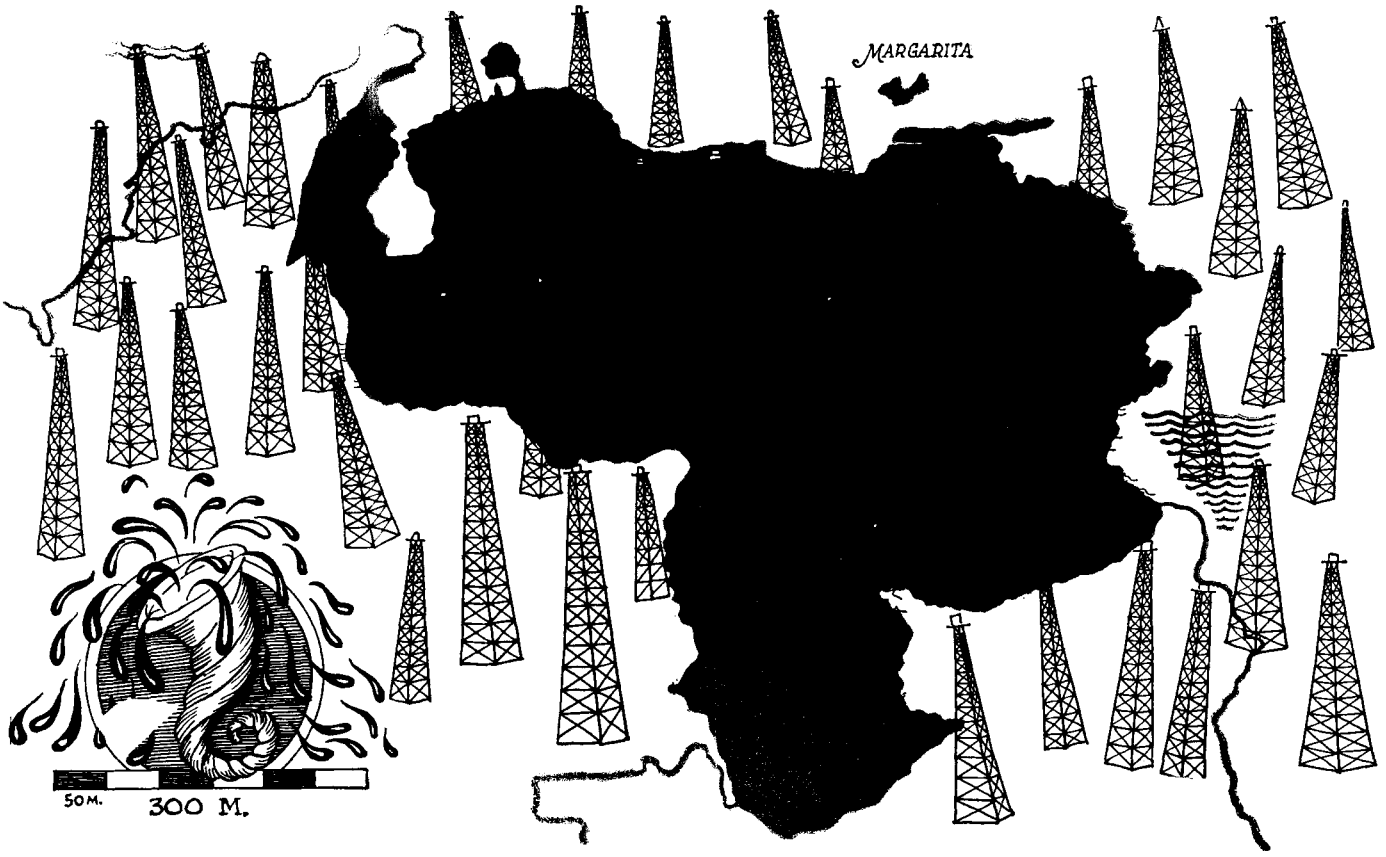
pleasures *and* places



VENEZUELA

BY GILES PLAYFAIR

I know nothing at firsthand of what Venezuela was like before World War II. It could not have been a truly undiscovered country or one unvisited by strangers, for the foreign oil companies, including Creole Petroleum, a U.S. organization which is at present the largest of them, had already begun operations. But to judge from accounts of it in those days, it was a largely undeveloped place that gave the feeling of remoteness from civilization.

The charm of Caracas was the charm of its cultural origins and its lovely mountain valley setting, and in general such urban life as there was throughout the country lurked a hundred years or so behind the times. Roads were few and hotels fewer, and neither were good. The climate in winter might ordinarily have tempted foreign visitors in search of the sun, but while Venezuela (or some of it) was justly called a land of eternal spring, it was also a land beridden with mosquitoes. Since it had many scenic wonders, extraordinarily varied country, forests and mountains full of game, lakes and rivers full of fish, it must have been a paradise for the traveler with a genuine explorer's spirit. But not for the average tourist, who is unwilling to do without civilization's comforts, however much he may relish the idea of escaping from civilization itself.

Venezuela today retains its appeal for the explorer. It still has its wild and beautiful jungle country, still has its unassimilated Indian tribes, friendly and deadly. But during the past decade it has undergone an aggressively swift and massive program of modernization — a program which represents the reinvestment of a huge national revenue, 70 per cent of it derived from the return on oil concessions, in public works of various kinds. And this is related, directly and indirectly, to developing Venezuela's natural attractions for tourists.

Most of the inhabited part of the country has been cleared of mosquitoes. Road and air communications have been widely developed. A rail system is under construction. Nine government-financed and -operated hotels have been opened in likely tourist centers, and two others are in process of being built. All this means that the fisherman who wants to fish in fresh water or salt, the mountaineer who wants to climb, even the big-game hunter who wants to hunt can do so without facing any abnormal hardships. Nor have the tastes of the less active sportsman been overlooked. For him there are golf courses, swimming pools, and riding stables.

To some extent I had been aware that Venezuela is a modernized

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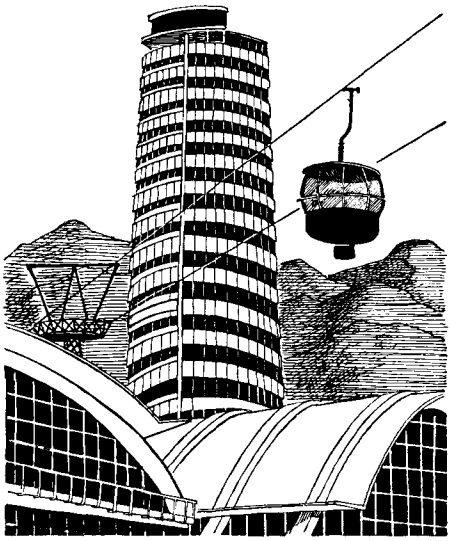
country before I flew there last winter. (The flight from New York takes seven hours.) At least I did not think of myself as embarked on any journey of exploration. I had heard reports of the civilized marvels of the new Caracas. I had also been persuaded that I must visit Maracaibo, which in a sense is the seat of Venezuela's wealth, for the Bolivar Coastal Field beneath the Lake of Maracaibo is one of the most prolific of the oil producing areas; it provides Creole Petroleum with 80 per cent of its output. But beyond Caracas and Maracaibo I did not suppose there would be much in Venezuela for me as an average tourist. I had no notion of the scale on which the country's tourist attractions were being promoted.

Though I spent some while in Caracas, and not altogether happily, I never got to Maracaibo. On New Year's Day, when I was due to fly there, the army revolt that touched off the revolution broke out and all planes were grounded. I was sorry, for I felt sure that the lake, with its rows and rows of derricks like battalions on parade, would be a sight well worth seeing. By then, however, I knew of other places that I had not realized existed.

I discovered, if that is the right word, the Isle of Margarita, with its long and sandy beaches, its little inland towns of gaily painted churches and houses where the women carry their marketing on their heads, its



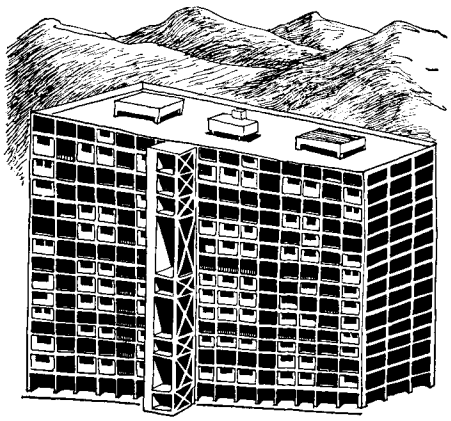
deep-sea fishing, and its pearls. The pearls are exported all over the world, but plenty seem to remain on the home market, and it is pleasant to toy with the fancy of picking up a priceless black one. I discovered the old university city of Mérida, high up in the Andes, where the world's longest cable car system is under construction at an estimated cost of $15 million. This is due to be opened next October in celebration of Mérida's 400th anniversary; it will reach a point 15,000 feet above sea level and will carry skiers to the snow caps. I discovered the road from Mérida to Barinas in the western plains: a dusty, unpaved road, but commanding superb views of the mountain scenery. I discovered Barinas itself, which is a headquarters for fresh-water fishing, bird shooting, and jaguar hunting. And at the foot of the coastal mountain range some eighty miles from Caracas, I discovered Maracay, a strikingly Spanish-looking town with a bull ring that is an exact copy of the one at Seville.

I should gladly have stayed in any of these places longer than I had time to; and I regretted having no time to visit others like them. They are all easily accessible; Mérida, which is the furthest from Caracas, can be reached in less than three hours by plane. And in each town there is a government-operated hotel where diversions are organized. The hotels are not the institutional type of thing one might be inclined to picture them as being; they are distinguished by the extent of their luxuriousness.

In fact, the newest of the government hotels, the one at Maracay, which was only opened last October, has been assessed by a famous travel agency as the most luxurious hotel in the world. And that is hardly surprising. It has a private golf course, stables for forty horses, a riding ring supervised by a Peruvian lady bullfighter, a swimming pool the size of a small lake, with two bridges running across it and an artificial waterfall at one end, a night club, and a completely equipped movie house. The hotel also has a dry moat built around it; this, somewhat incongruously, is to keep out the snakes and the mountain lions and the jaguars which might otherwise invade the hotel grounds.

Despite all these discoveries of things to do and see, I had the impression when I left that Venezuela remains an unlikely choice for a vacation — and I was there during the high season, which is from December to February. True, I came across a great many foreigners in Caracas and the other places that I visited, but they were mostly either the representatives of the oil companies or the steel companies, or they were immigrants to whom Venezuela recently opened its doors. The genuine tourist, I suspected, was probably as much of a rarity as he ever had been.

Nor are there likely to be many more until two things are corrected.



In the first place, for all its economic advances, Venezuela is politically backward. Its governments may come and go, as in other Latin American states, but they have usually been military dictatorships — and particularly nervous and apprehensive ones at that. This explains why, though Venezuela was in the market for tourists when I was there, it was a comparatively difficult country for tourists to get into.

In the second place, Venezuela has a reputation for formidable costliness. Before I flew to Caracas I had been warned by several people, who allegedly spoke from firsthand experience, that I was bound for the most expensive country in the world.

Actually, the cost of living in Venezuela, for the tourist at least, is not nearly so astronomic as rumor credits it with being. The first meal I had in Caracas consisted of cold vichyssoise, half a cold lobster (I found the lobster in the coastal areas invariably excellent), salad, half a bottle of 1953 Liebfraumilch, and coffee. The bill, inclusive of tip, was just under $10. That may seem fairly stiff, but not by comparison with the price of similar fare in a first-class restaurant anywhere in the United States. And I took this meal at the Tamanaco, which for the time being is the largest and most fashionable hotel in Caracas. I say "for the time being" because in Caracas one must momentarily be prepared for the colossal to give way to the supercolossal.

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A room at the Tamanaco hotel ranges from $9 to $18 for one person and from $17 to $22 for two persons. At the Avila, an older and quieter hotel than the Tamanaco but still in the luxury class with its private swimming pool, the price range is roughly the same. So it is in government hotels I have mentioned. And again, this is reasonable, even modest, by comparison with prices encountered in the luxury hotels of New York or Miami.

Basic living expenses are even lower by equivalent standards; and I include taxi fares under this heading. Taxis in Caracas and other Venezuelan tourist centers are streamlined and numerous, and their drivers are usually willing to go any distance or remain at one's disposal indefinitely. The unwary should be warned, however, that there are no clocks, and the fare is a matter of advance bargaining. The drive I took from Mérida to Barinas — about 120 miles — cost $35; and on the Isle of Margarita, where I wanted to see as much as possible in a single day, I was able to retain a taxi for $3 an hour.

Why, then, is Venezuela said to be so expensive? I think there are two closely related answers, and the first is that if Venezuela hasn't actually cultivated its own reputation in this respect, it has been at small pains to disown it. One may suspect that part of the point in its bid for tourists, since it has no real need of a tourist trade to support its boom economy, is to advertise its prosperity and show itself off as a country where no traveler, especially no American traveler, can expect to reap any advantage from the use of his own currency. I was told that when a foreign visitor complained privately to a prominent member of the Pérez Jiménez government about high prices, the latter remarked proudly that only two things were cheap in Venezuela: oil and dollars.

The second answer is that whatever the statistics may say to the contrary, a vacation in Venezuela, except for the very rich, is virtually bound to cost more than a vacation in the United States or anywhere else that I have experienced of. Theoretically, it is doubtless unnecessary to put up at luxury hotels or eat in expensive restaurants or hire taxis by the day. In Caracas there are much cheaper hotels than the Tamanaco or the Avila, hotels

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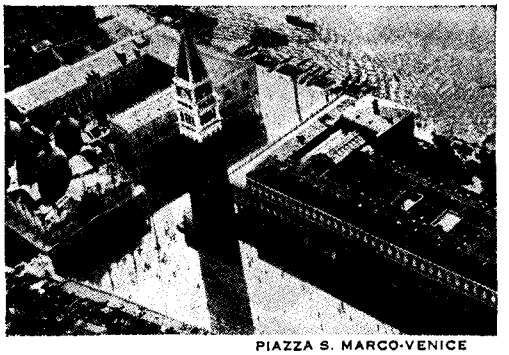

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which, though they lack such refinements as swimming pools and dance orchestras, offer perfectly comfortable accommodation and fare that is safe to eat and plentiful, even if it is apt to be unexciting. One can have a room with bath and all meals for $15 a day and under. This is true, too, of Mérida and Maracay and the Isle of Margarita.

In practice, however, the visitor to Venezuela who eschewed luxurious living in the interests of his pocket would be behaving as eccentrically and incongruously as the visitor to France who declined to savor the local cuisine in the interests of his digestion. For as a tourist center, Venezuela is committed to luxury; either it is luxurious or it is nothing.

In Caracas this display is at its most evident, and one is always inclined to identify a country with its capital. I saw Caracas at first, as I approached it from the airport along a six-lane highway, as a kind of satellite of New York. But this was a superficial impression, for Caracas in its present state of development is really like no other city I have ever seen. It has its array of skyscrapers, some of them individually fine examples of modern architecture; its viaducts and tunnels and broad new roads; supermarkets and baseball stadiums, parks and monuments; and its recently completed workers' apartment houses, which stand up here and there like giant biscuit boxes. It also has historical sights, narrow streets, and other reminders of an earlier culture, though these, as elsewhere in Venezuela, are of no more than minor interest.

But Caracas today is a city which has erupted rather than grown. There is no detectable order or design to it; it is just a jumble, now dense, now thin, in which the present jostles with the past, the large with the small, the rich with the poor. Its remaining slums — indescribably squalid — are not discreetly hidden away or bound into a single quarter; they are dotted about like sores on the body beautiful. One can picture Caracas best, perhaps, by thinking of it as an unpretentious little colonial capital upon which an avalanche of modern wonders suddenly descended, destroyed the obstacles in its undirected path, and settled haphazardly.

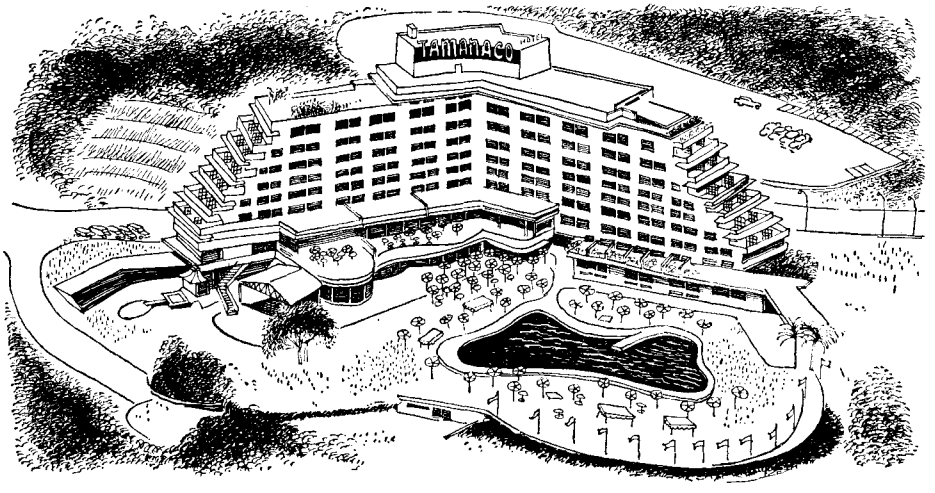
I made one escape from Venezuela's lavishness. I flew six hundred miles south from Caracas, over two oil towns with neatly spaced bungalows and neatly threaded streets, over Ciudad Bolívar, capital of the iron ore industry, across the Orinoco River (only 5 per cent of Venezuela's estimated population of 6 million live south of the Orinoco, though the river cuts the country roughly in half), over the iron ore mines themselves, over uninhabited lowlands crisscrossed by dark rivers, and on to the Gran Sabana, where flat-topped mountains of bleak rock rise starkly and terrifyingly out of the jungle. The Gran Sabana, though he could never have seen it, allegedly was Conan Doyle's inspiration for *The Lost World*, and extraordinarily remote it still seems. But it can now be visited by any tourist who cares to make the trip, thanks to the joint enterprise of Avensa, a private Venezuelan airline, and a Mr. and Mrs. Bunt (he is a Dutch hotelier, she a former Austrian aviatress) who are hosts at a clearing deep in the jungle that is called Canaima.

Avensa runs three flights a week to Canaima and back to Caracas, on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The visitor arrives at Canaima in time for lunch, and can arrange things so as to take the return flight to Caracas the next day. The total cost of the two-day trip, inclusive of board and overnight lodging, is just under $78. Or for $183 one can stay on for nine days longer.

The traveler should be warned to carry some strong insect repellent, for the Gran Sabana has not been cleared of mosquitoes, and they are large and hungry. One should be prepared, too, for living conditions on the rough side. The Bunts don't run any hotel, luxurious or modest. Sleeping accommodation is provided in tin huts or on hammocks; meals of a good homemade style are served to guests at long tables on an open veranda.

One does encounter a use of the familiar Venezuelan superlative in Canaima; the nearby Angel Falls, discovered by an American bush pilot, are the highest in the world. Still, nature made them. Avensa lists various other attractions that Canaima offers the tourist: relaxation in the heart of the jungle; bathing from pink sands in rose-colored water (the sands are, indeed, pink, but the water is more the color of strong tea); water skiing in a tranquil lagoon (I didn't notice any, but I don't doubt the possibility of it); launch trips along tree-fringed riverbanks (the launch I saw was a canoe with an outboard motor driven by a Pole who had come to Canaima to search for diamonds); riding, fishing, and hunting in the midst of incomparable scenery (someone I met had successfully caught an alligator); and a friendly colony of pure-blooded Indians (who have lucky-charm necklaces and basketwork to sell).

For me, though, Canaima had one attraction more potent than any of these. And that was the sense of accomplishment I felt in having got there at all. Indeed, the experience made me wonder, and makes me wonder still, whether there isn't a more appealing trademark for tourists that Venezuela could adopt than its present one of lavishness, or at any rate a trademark with more mass appeal. As I have said, Venezuela is still a country for genuine explorers. Might it not also become a country that offers such timid travelers as myself the thrill of exploration without the dangers and hardships?



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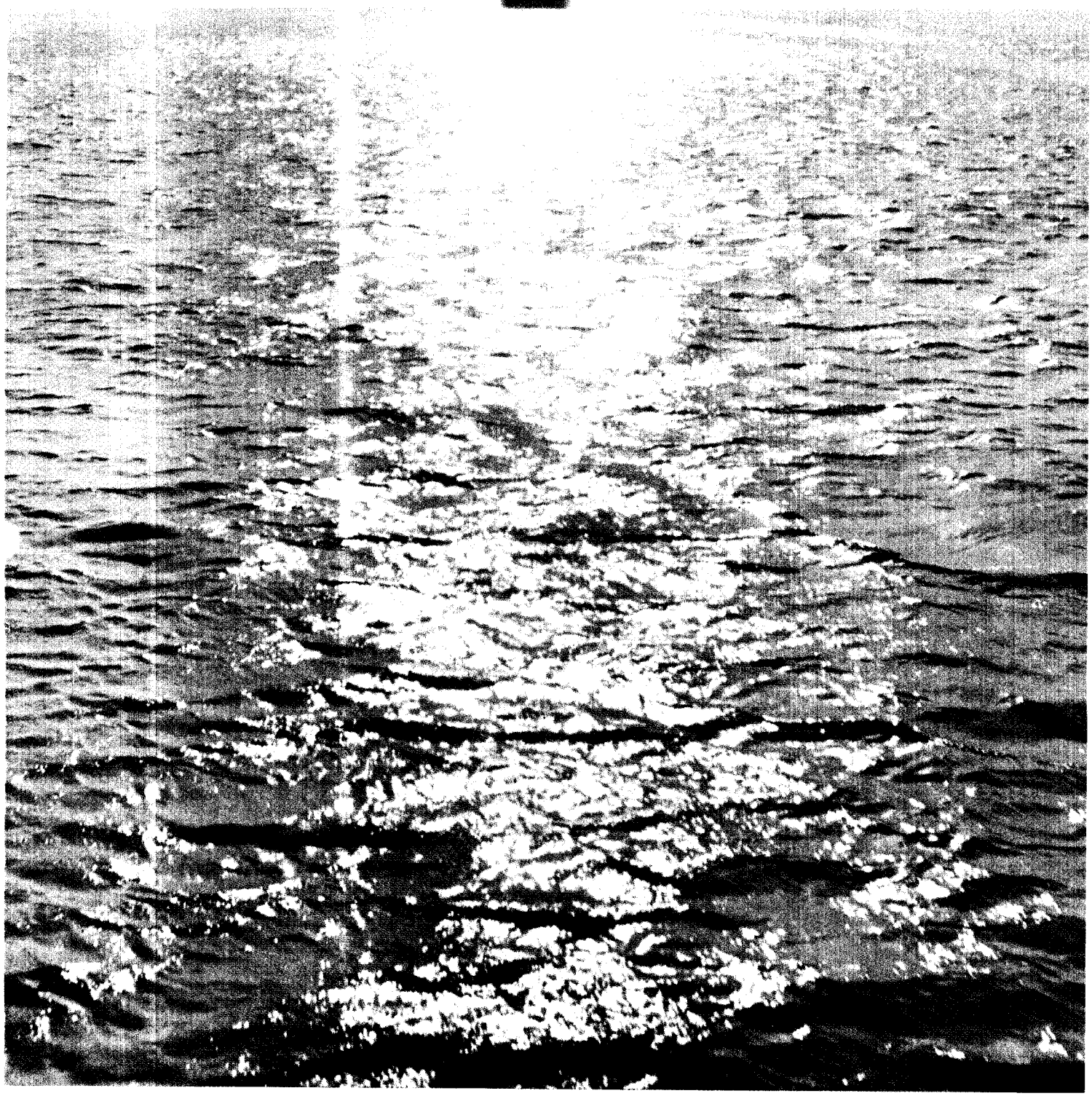

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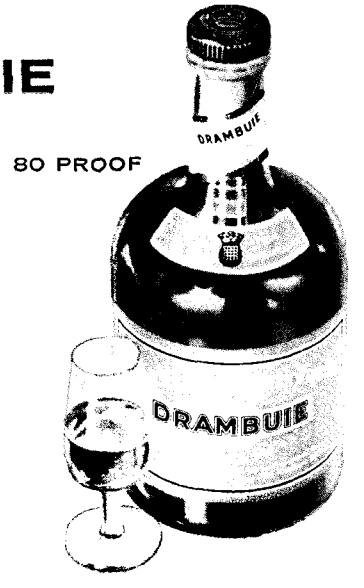

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